Largest Selling Man's Magazine

# TRUE

## THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

SORGE?

See Page 25

A Fawcett Publication

DECEMBER 25c

The Last of the Buffalo Hunters—Page 34

## Give the one Gift that says...

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# RANGER
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**HIGHLAND CREAM**
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
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Importers Since 1794



december, 1951

# TRUE

**the man's magazine**



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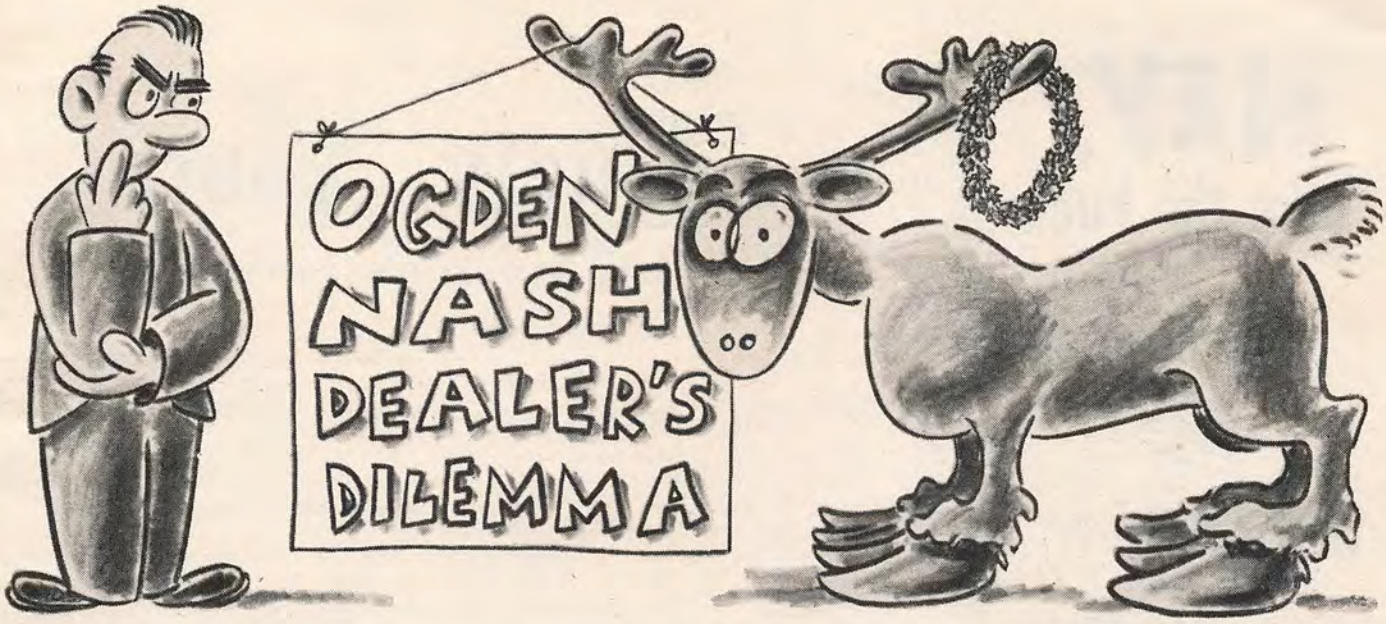
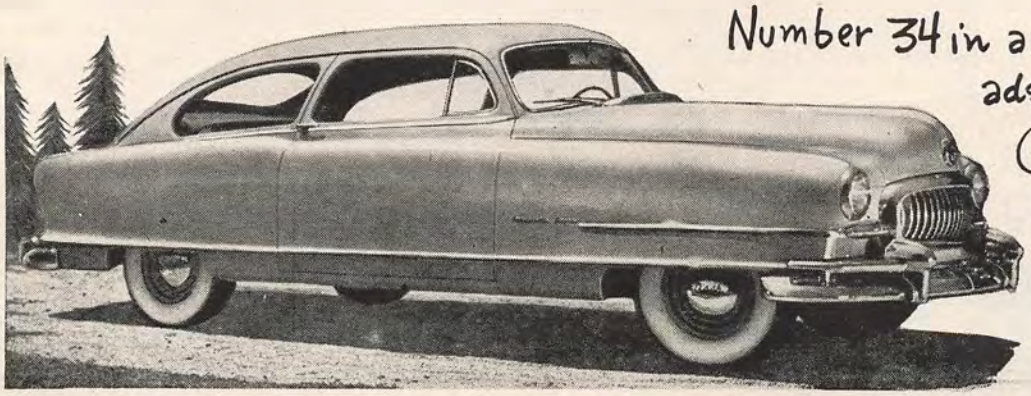



ONCE there was a man who opened a Nash Dealership in Ogden, Ute.,
And when people who weren't bona fide hunters and fishermen came in to buy a car, he gave them the boot.
Well, one day a little fat guy with white whiskers and a red suit walked in and said, "How much trade-in allowance can I get on six reindeer and a sleigh?",
And the Nash Dealer said, "Hey!
"Don't be ridiculous!
"I suppose next you'll be telling me you're St. Niculous!"
"Yep!" said the roly-poly gent, "And I'm tired of living like it was still the horse-and-buggy age.
"What I need is a car with a huge compartment for luggiage!
"And instead of fooling around with Donner and Blitzen and such obsolete creatures,
"I want a Nash Airflyte, with Twin Beds and a Reclining Airliner Seat and Weather Eye Conditioned Air and all those elegant Nash features!
"Why should I be playing nurse-maid to reindeer by the squadron
"When I could be driving the car that is, according to what I've heard, the world's most modren?"
"That's a good question," the dealer said. "But while I dislike to appear capricious,
"I got a personal policy against selling a car to someone unless he hunts or ficious.
"And if I should violate this policy just once,
"This showroom would soon be cluttered up with a lot of characters that neither fishes nor honce.
"So naturally I can't go selling a Nash Airflyte to every Tom, Harry and Dick
"Who wanders in here claiming to be St. Nick.
"Then there's a problem about trade-in, too:
"I refuse to turn my used-car lot into a zoo!
"I'll admit I got a couple of used cars that are ready for the dismantlers,
"But at least they don't have antlers.
"However," said the Nash Dealer, "in view of the fact that you have been handing out gifts to all deserving parties from the goose-shooting flats of James Bay to the marlin grounds of Bimini,
"I figure it is high time somebody climbed down *your* chimini!
"So, in order that you can make your rounds in greater comfort, not to mention more economically and faster,
"Here, with my compliments, are the keys to this new four-door Nash Airflyte Ambaster.
"And if anybody should ask you why I violated my long-standing policy, it's because
"It's a mighty poor policy that doesn't have a Santa clause."

**MORAL:**

For your hunting and fishing friends, a Nash Airflyte would make a Christmas gift positively de luxe.

(Or, if they already have a Nash, how about a copy of *How To Catch Fishermen* by Ed Zern, on sale at all stores that sell buxe?)



Number 34 in a series of NASH ads by ED ZERN (with abject apologies to Mr. Ogden Nash, who has kindly agreed not to sue)

*Nash Motors Division,*
*Nash-Kelvinator Corporation,*
*Detroit 32, Michigan*

HEY!
Take the buck out of that bronco

Eliminate Sticky Valves

add BARDAHL to your motor oil

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BARDAHL'S Revolutionary POLAR ATTRACTION Formula Makes Oil C-L-I-N-G To Metal Parts.

Get a quart of BARDAHL TODAY!

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Proven Tips From Automotive Experts
Write to: Dept. T-4
Bardahl Mfg. Corp. Seattle 7, Wash. or Bardahl Oil Co. St. Louis 20, Mo

# Truely Yours

**tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th St., New York 18, N.Y.**

## The Holohan Case

Just finished the very interesting article about the murder of OSS Major Holohan, in the September TRUE. I haven't words to tell you of my horror at such a crime. And do you mean to tell me that there is no law in this great land of ours that can do anything about two such murderers. . . ? It doesn't seem possible that a crime such as theirs can go unpunished . . . honorably discharged and receiving monthly checks from our Government. It doesn't make sense.

*—Mrs. John D. Manuel, Pewee Valley, Ky.*

You are to be congratulated on your covering of the Holohan Story. That will not only sell TRUE but, unlike so many circulation-increasing stories, it also sells journalism.

If the congressmen in Washington cannot pass a law to plug up the loophole protecting that . . . misjustice, they are not worthy of their government checks.

*—William B. Ranck, Aibonito, P. R.*

*A Congressional investigation was opened shortly after* TRUE *published this story, which had forced the Defense Department to release details to the newspapers on August 16, our "On Sale" date for that issue in some sections.*

Anent the Major William V. Holohan murder case, so well covered by your leading article in September. . . .

When Mr. Joseph R. Holahan, executor under his brother's last will, discovered that the Major had bequeathed 20% of his estate to be distributed among needy priests for their personal use . . . upon the advice of a friend, Mr. Holahan wrote to us, a group of more than 70 priests working in the Catholic home-mission field . . . As all of us made the Vow of Poverty, it was an easy matter to select ten of our priests most in need—and these men have all benefitted from Major Holohan's thoughtful bequest.

*—Rev. Gilbert Hay, Missionary Servants of the Most Holy Trinity, Silver Springs, Md.*

## Cheetahs Can't Win?

Coyotes and the Cat (*Sept.*) . . . that story takes the cake . . . I haven't been so amused since Warren Buck sold this nut the animal.

Tell Mr. Mannix I saw cheetahs in southern Asia treed by a little nondescript snake. While hunting in Leopoldville (Belgian Congo) I saw a small fox terrier stand its ground and drive away a mother cheetah, then bring the cubs over to us for our approval. We kept two cubs, which proved to be nothing more than the usual cat, very brave while superior force was available and cringing cowards when alone.

My nephews, aged 8 and 12, have a great sport . . . slugging coyotes that have had more than their fill in melon, squash and avacado patches. They use baseball bats. Suggest to people who enjoy such rot to start with kittens, alley and manx cats, and maybe the Commander of the Happy Hunting Ground will bless them with a small, courageous, appreciative dog.

*—W. H. MacConnell, Cincinnati, O.*

. . . the author mentions his desire to try out the cheetah on Mexican wolves. If he means the large red timber wolf of the Sierra Madres, my experience tells me that the first mature wolf the cheetah manages to catch will be his last. . . . A timber wolf's head is disproportionately large and gives the jaws unbelievable strength . . . instead of biting and tearing, they shear through flesh and bone like great scissors. One of our burros in Sonora last March was hit by a wolf. Fires had been built to frighten the beasts off, but in the small hours one came through and, as the burro-man put it, "took its meal" from the hind legs—a bite apiece. There was a double-handful of flesh gone from each leg of the poor animal, but the tendons had been missed and from all accounts that burro is recovering.

*—William Richardson, Santa Barbara, Calif.*

## Don't Forget . . .

"Anybody Can Remember Anything" (*Sept.*)—No! Not even by the Bruno Furst system. It's just the law of association worked into a cross-word puzzle. . . Mr. Zolotow "remembers" that Niagara Falls is 571 feet high. Having recently visited there I can say, without the help of Furst Aids, that the American Falls is only 167 feet high, and the Canadian Falls just a wee bit higher, and no more. . .
—*Chester W. Quimby, Owensboro, Ky.*

*It is something of a compliment to Mr. Z. that he gets most of his material first-hand, from people, rather than from libraries—to the extent that when he leaned on an encyclopedia for this gag he flubbed it. The altitude above sea level at Niagara Falls is 571 feet. Over-going barrels continue to fall about 170 feet, as usual. We are shopping around for a memory course that will enable writers to remember such useless data just long enough to get it in the story.*

Just to let you know how highly I regard Maurice Zolotow's article, Anybody Can Remember Anything, which concerned Dr. Bruno Furst. . . I may be slightly prejudiced in my regard, inasmuch as I am public relations representative for Dr. Furst. However, the huge mail response proves that I am not alone . . . In all my 17 years in the publicity business, I have never before seen so tremendous an amount of mail pulled in by a single magazine story . . . letters from all over the country.

One item, however, Mr. Zolotow omitted . . . the fact that Dr. Furst conducts a correspondence course in memory and concentration for those who are unable to attend classes in person. The majority of the letters received to date seek information regarding that subject. It would, I believe, prove a reader service to let them know that they can write to Dr. Bruno Furst, either at the School of Memory and Concentration, 113 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y., or at his office, 251 West 92nd Street, New York 25, N. Y.
—*Spencer Hare, New York, N. Y.*

[*Continued on page 6*]

Give him this really

# Masculine Gift!

**America's #1 stimulating hair groom—**

**VITALIS!**

**For Men of All Ages!** It's *sure* to please—this large bottle of Vitalis in its special Christmas package! Dad's favorite—and Junior's too!

And for two very good reasons: —Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp with a wonderfully refreshing wake-up tingle, prevents dry, flaky scalp; and (2) grooms hair in a clean-cut masculine way. Directions for famous Vitalis "60-Second Workout" on package. Contains new grooming discovery

**VITALIS** and the

**"60-Second Workout"**

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*

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Because you think you can't afford to?

Because you're afraid that there's too much risk?

Because you think a broker won't bother with your $500 . . . saves his service and his help for big customers only?

Or, because you really don't know too much about stocks or how you buy them anyway?

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It's written for you—a four-page pamphlet that answers the common questions anybody might ask—answers them in the plainest English possible.

If you've never bought stocks before, we think you'll find those answers interesting, helpful — yes, and surprising, too.

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*Offices in 97 Cities*

# Truely yours

[*Continued from page 5*]

### Imagination Strained

What in the name of Nineteen Curses *was* that thing you ran in October, under the title and where I usually find It's Only Your Imagination . . . ? This feature seldom fails to hit home with me, if not my funnybone, but it will take more than my imagination or that of several dozen people I've tried the picture on, to explain the October deal. . . .

*—Peter Bowen, New Orleans, La.*

FIRST COUPLE ON THE FLOOR

*Dropped the caption. Sorry. Here it is again, complete.*

### Baseball Farce

The frightening thing in the national scene is this growing insistence on Baseball, which ranks next to Mother and Home, in approximately that order, with possibly a little shuffling come springtime.

A very great writer wrote a book in which it was mentioned that the most terrible thing about this baseball farce is that a few men play while millions stand by and watch. . . Take the baseball crew and put them against the Hayes', the Cathcarts, the Stefanssons, and who stacks up as the Man? To be fair, the majority of your articles deal with men and not with hickoryheaded microbrains.

Back, loosely, to the author* noted above: "Observe this man. He cannot sail a boat. He cannot hunt. He cannot fish. He cannot take care of himself in the woods. Many times, he cannot even speak his mother tongue correctly. Sorry, sorry, sorry. But, behold! he can take a bat of wood and with it hit a small ball farther than another man. He is a Hero. He is a Great Man."

Outside of that, no complaints.

*—Alex Apostolides, Santa Monica, Calif.*

**(Philip Wylie—The novel, Finley Wrenn.)*

### Moderate Beating of Wives Dept.

The letters appearing in your Wife-Beating Department strike me as being fabrications. I doubt that the women are married; if they are, they have written you fiction in the guise of fact. There is some mild masochism and sadism in all of us, of course, and the female reputedly has the higher percentage of masochism. However, these tendencies usually emerge in neurotic "outbursts" of temper, in mulishness, quarrelsomeness and hypochrondia.

I am an English professor and have tutored "difficult" students, both boys and girls. . . I suspect the "wives" who wrote you suffer more from daydreams than from rebelling husbands. . . Many American wives would be improved by an occasional moderate beating, but if you were to investigate the letters, you'd probably find 16-year-old girls with active imaginations, not yet wives by some years, and a good deal of maneuvers by doting "Mom" against the male enemy.

*—William Donahoe, Washington, D. C.*

*We get all kinds, Professor, including some to make us wonder what the cops can be doing in the writer's district. If they run to more than 1% fiction (allowing for ordinary female exaggeration) then we have lost the power to evaluate letters, conferred upon us by an old fortuneteller-by-mail and con man.*

I married two years ago, at 23. When things didn't go my way, I threw violent tantrums. . . The first one after marriage brought marked results. Hubby let me go through the kicking and yelling routine . . . then escorted me out to the woodshed and there demonstrated the influence of a foot-and-a-half of harness strap, slit at the end. . . One strapping did what two costly psychiatrists had previously failed to do: cured me of having temper tantrums.

*—Susanne Rohr, Butte, Montana*

The "minutes" referred to in my previous letter are minutes of having my rear-end tanned with hubby's strap. Right now, I'm in arrears with my penalties and am trying to work off one hour and twenty-five minutes. I hope this clarifies my letter, printed in September's TRUELY Yours.

*—Mrs. John Scarbo, Long Island, N. Y.*

Now that I can see out of my left eye a little, I'd like to warn other readers regarding wife-beating.

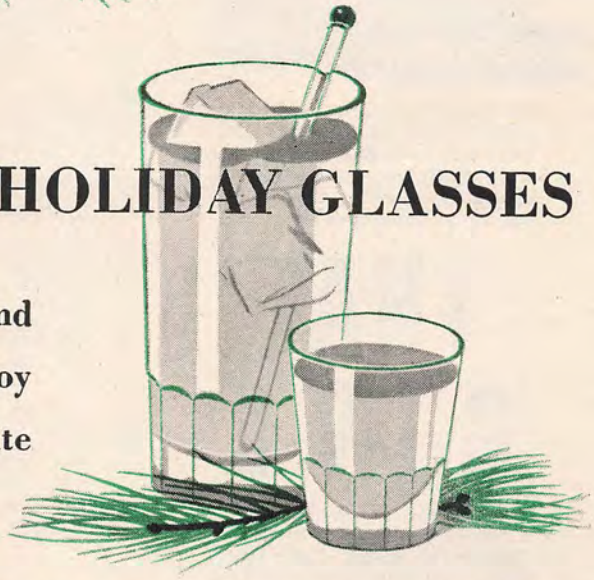
Various letters in TY sounded so encouraging I could hardly wait for an opportunity to be a masterful he-man. . . This, I thought, was just the thing to cement our love. (Besides, I outweighed her 50 pounds.) Remembering my Judo instructions, I approached in a low crouch . . . Unsportsmanlike, she disregarded Queensbury rules . . . picked up a small, sturdy chair. Alas, I'm afraid she has too much American red blood. Anyhow, I can still kick the cat occasionally.

*—Michael Fedenich, New York, N. Y.*

*Mike's subscription, of course, must be suspended immediately. Not wanting to compound his troubles, however, he will be permitted to buy* TRUE *at the newsstand until he licks this situation.*

[*Continued on page 8*]

# THE FAVORITE IN YOUR HOLIDAY GLASSES



**Look no further for a winning bottled in bond bourbon. Choose CHURCHILL and you'll enjoy a full-flavored distinguished Kentucky favorite**

BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY • 100 PROOF • THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION • OWENSBORO, KY.

*For Christmas*

GIVE THE

EXPANSO'S Bias/cut—G-I-V-E-S—cuts out chafing, binding. Made of exclusive Melloweve broadcloth. Mercerized *and* Sanforized for luxurious long-wear, perfect washability.
*from* $2

GIFTS

EXPANSO'S completely hidden spring assembly G-I-V-E-S with his every motion! In fine selected skins of rich shell cordovan or prime genuine alligator leather. Cordovan $4 *and* $5. Alligator *from* $10

THAT G-I-V-E

*At your favorite men's or department store. Or write:*
**KNOthe Bros. Co., Inc.**
*Makers of KNOthe Quality Pajamas*
**24 West 40th St., New York 18**
*Ask for* EXPANSO *pajamas, garters, suspenders, too.*

# Truely yours

[*Continued from page* 6]

### Free Trieste Type

In your July issue, I ran across the article entitled She's My Type, by reporter Bob Considine. From what I can gather, he must know quite a bit of Miss Ingrid Karasch and I must say he has a fine eye... I wonder if he by any chance had the pleasure of meeting Sylvia Sumpolec, also of Vienna and a very close friend of Miss Karasch. I'm almost positive that a photograph of Sylvia [see above] would put that of Ingrid in second place, as I happen to know both young ladies.

*—Johnny A. Hrovat,*
*Free Territory of Trieste*

### Automobile Row

In your March issue, I found myself deeply interested in Automobile Row... Reminds me of early days when my father and I were manufacturing two-cylinder opposed gasoline motors for the Schacht High Wheel buggies, the Pope Motor Boat Co. of Fond Du Lac, Wisconsin, and were just about to get a contract from Sears Company and the Schaub & Son Sales Co. of Chicago (no relation). In California, right here in Carmel, Alton Walker has one of those Schacht High Wheel buggies in which is my motor, and every moving part of the machinery was machined by me . . . had the pleasure of riding in this high-wheeler during the great Centennial Parade here.

During the 1907-09 Panic we fell, with many hundreds of other manufacturers...

*—Armand J. Schaub, Monterey, Calif.*

That was a good one about the Rolls-Royce vs. Cadillac contest proposed by Glen Rice of California. He must be a very naive, little-traveled young man. Tell him to come up here where winter conditions *are* winter conditions, and we'll show him a Rolls with 180,000 on the "clock" and test it with any new Caddy he cares to produce. Incidentally, how about some dope on the Daimler and Bentley?

*—G. Thompson, Uxbridge, Ontario*

Your article on Henry Ford (*Oct.*) entitled Thirty Years With a Model-T Genius, was one of the best I have ever read. You should try to get more inside dope about the big industrialists, like Ford. If you do, tell both sides of the story.

*—Don Johnson, Phoenix, Ariz.*

Perhaps Rolls needs no testimonial, especially from a man dead 25 years who was then rated third richest man in America . . . James Buchanan Duke lived in almost hysterical terror of newspaper men. . . Paradoxically enough, when I was in that trade, I was virtually kidnaped by him in 1923 and carried off to his castle in Charlotte, N. C., where I abode in splendor for two days. We traveled in his Rolls-Royce.

It was the first vehicle of that make I had ever seen. I marveled and was presumptuous enough to wonder why he did not get himself a replacement for this 12-year-old. He seemed surprised... Once in 1914, he had owned another make, rated the best of American cars, but said he just couldn't afford it... He had paid $11,000 for the Rolls-Royce. Explaining why this was a bargain, he said of the American car: "Including first cost, depreciation and upkeep, it cost me 30 cents a mile to run it. This Rolls cost me three times as much to buy, but up to now has cost me, including purchase price, 11 cents a mile to ride in it... This car's got 300,000 miles on it and will last as long as I live... Had to throw the other car away at 30,000 miles."

*—Ben Dixon MacNeill,*
*Buxton on Cape Hatteras, N. C.*

### T. I. P.

Every Saturday morning at 10 o'clock in every U. S. Army camp Uncle Sam allows his GIs one solid hour to "spout off." This hour, in Army terminology, is T.I.P. (Troop Information Period) . . .

If a man doesn't like how ole' Sam is running the war . . . he *sounds off!* If he doesn't think the Marshall Plan is effective . . . he sounds off! Even in regard to

*"Eleven o'clock Already, Sarge?"*

President Truman's policies he is allowed complete liberty of speech . . . not subject to the conventions of military law. . .

*—Pvt. Joe Di Tosto, Camp Hood, Tex.*

**TRUE**
**THE MAN'S MAGAZINE**

**There is no fiction in TRUE. Every article and story is accurate and true.**

***Watch for the January Issue On Sale at Your Newsstand on December 21st***

only the Van Heusen CENTURY shirt
has the patented soft collar
that perspiration won't wilt
that laundering won't hurt
and won't wrinkle...ever!

**Wrinkle-proof for life!** Never but *never* a wrinkle! It's a specially woven one-piece collar, as soft as a fine linen handkerchief. Not fused, not lined, needs no stays.

**Perspiration won't wilt it!** Always neat . . . always comfortable—the smart Van Heusen "Comfort Contour" collar styling is in for keeps, no matter what the temperature.

**Laundering won't hurt it!** Easier to launder because: **1.** there are no wrinkles to iron out; **2.** the fold line is woven in place; **3.** needs no starch. Result: more wear, more comfort. *A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size!*

In white or colors, with regular or wide-spread collar. Get Van Heusen Century shirts, now, at your Van Heusen dealer.

Tie shown: *new* Van Heusen Century Shirt-mate, $1.50

Phillips-Jones Corp., N. Y. 1, N. Y., Makers of
Van Heusen Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Collars

Van Heusen®
REG. T. M.
CENTURY shirts

white—**$3.95, $4.95;** colors—**$4.50**

Fashion Academy Award 1951

Town and Country. Choice of 6 designs, engraved and inlaid in permanent ceramic colors. $7.50.
PCB
Leather-Crafted. Genuine leather cases in 4 smart colors. Calf or Morocco. Gold-leaf border. $5.50.
Sports Series. Popular sports motifs engraved and inlaid in bright color. $4.00.
Sure-fire gift for Sportsmen!
ZIPPO
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# Football by Lamplight

Back in 1905, Fairmount College (now the University of Wichita) had a football squad composed of thirteen simon-pure amateurs. They not only received no pay for playing; it often cost them money for the privilege of getting kicked in the teeth.

The college fathers, regarding football as an Eastern folly, relented only to the extent of supplying pants for the players. The team was on its own, playing for the fun of it, and gate receipts at games were put in a kitty to pay for jerseys, broken noses and travel expenses.

Roy J. Kirk, now a San Francisco newspaper man, was student manager and a guard on the squad. That fall the team won its first two games, and the next opponent was Cooper College (now Sterling College) of Sterling, Kans.

Receipts from the first two games, played on Saturday afternoons, had not met expenses. The team was in the red and the players had been forced to pay their own fares home from the previous week's game.

Kirk went into a huddle with Bill Davis, captain and center, and Bliss Isely, a tackle. They had to have a better gate at the Cooper game, but how could you draw a crowd when everybody but kids and collegians worked Saturday afternoons? They couldn't play on Sunday—that was downright immoral.

That left only Saturday night. It was Kirk who got the brainstorm. Electric lights in those days were weak as well as unreliable, but he recalled that W. C. Coleman, the lantern manufacturer, had sucessfully lighted a state encampment of the G.A.R. with his gasoline lanterns. Why couldn't he light a football field?

Coleman, who lived in Wichita, mounted his lanterns on thirty-six poles spaced along the sidelines and two at each end of the field at the town ball park, and was paid $40 for the job. The first night football game in history was announced for Saturday night, October 6, 1905.

Four or five times the usual crowd—1,500 people—paid 25 cents to see the game and Kirk's idea was a financial ten-strike.

But immediately after the kickoff, it became apparent that a G.A.R. encampment and a football game presented different problems in illumination. Coleman had ordered reflectors to direct the light of his lanterns on the field, but they did not arrive in time. This resulted in a goodly percentage of the candlepower boring straight into the customers' eyes.

The players were having their own troubles, for the distribution of light was spotty, with glare toward the sidelines and erratic zones of gloom in midfield. They could see each other pretty well, though it was difficult to tell friend from foe. Howard Darling, the Fairmount fullback, was wearing a black jersey and he saw scoring opportunities in the dimness. Smearing his face and hands with dirt so that he melted into the shadows, he took the ball and ran for a touchdown along the sidelines without a Cooper man seeing him.

Mr. Coleman had done his level best to light the field, but he didn't allow for punts. When a man punted, the ball zoomed above the lights and into total darkness. A moment later it would light and there would be a rush of twenty-two men for that spot. In one such mass collision, a Cooper man's noseguard was hurled into the crowd at the sidelines.

In the second half, with Fairmount leading 12-0, the Cooper captain instructed his kicker to punt straight upward, hoping that in the confusion Cooper might recover the ball for another series of downs. He was foiled, for a Fairmount man trapped the pigskin and the Wichita team then bulled through for their third touchdown.

Fairmount won the game 24-0, scoring four touchdowns (which then counted five points each) and kicking all four points after touchdown.

The experiment had failed. It was the last night game for a quarter-century. Fairmount's remaining games were played by daylight before small crowds, and the team wound up the 1905 season victorious but in the red.—**W. A. Swanberg**

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# the EDITOR speaking

Anybody who likes buffaloes up close should get a kick out of this month's TRUE cover, although he may be certifiably crazy—because who likes buffaloes *that* close? This is another Fred Ludekens special—where does the man *keep* all that money?—and we could if we wanted to tell you how he lay flat on his back, easel and brushes in hand, and let the buffs run over him to get just the right angle, but it wouldn't be true, and therefore how could it get into the magazine? Now, what *really* happened was that when Ludekens was a small boy scout a nice old lady gave him two nickels for fetching her a can of beer, and since that was the most money our hero had ever seen, the two buffaloes on the nickels looked as big as houses to him and he's never forgotten them to this day. If there are any questions, please send a stamped addressed envelope, and don't stick the stamps on too tight. We *never* have enough stamps around here.

Incidentally, and before we forget it, if Mr. John Martin, who wrote to us some months ago but didn't give any return address, would be so good as to write again, we would be happy to hear from him. You remember, John? Something about a little old Mercer Raceabout?

To get back to the buffaloes, you will find on page 34 an interesting piece of prose on the subject by Mr. Lucian Cary, who never shot a buffalo in his life, but

*"He wins prizes in cat shows, too."*

who knows people who have. Something that Mr. Cary did not get around to mentioning, so we will tuck it in here, is that the buffalo, or more properly, the bison, is a member of the ox family, but is nonstandard and superior in that he has fourteen instead of thirteen pairs of ribs. This type of rib has nothing to do with the standard rib, or joke, such as: "Who was that old ox I saw you with last night? "That was no ox, that was my bison."

The gay Yuletide season will be upon us now at any minute. Naturally, you have not done any shopping. Better get busy. If you have no money, which is normal, and thus feel that you cannot afford to do much shopping, just compare the amount of money you have now with the amount you'll have *after* Christmas, and this will make you feel so rich that you'll dash right out and buy up gifties and goodies like you were the Aga Khan or somebody. There is little you can do, though, to take the curse off that last-minute rush unless you're as smart as Eleanor Roosevelt, which is doubtful, and do your Christmas shopping all through the year, whenever you see something that would make a nice present for your boss, your butcher, or whoever. Anyway, you'll never get as many presents as you send out. This is one of nature's laws, like gravity, or the Law of the Bookmaker (he always wins). That is, you won't be able to beat it if you let things run their regular course. There is, however, a gimmick that is not too bad, and this is the right time to start it. This Christmas, after you've bought presents for everybody you don't like, get big-hearted and buy a few for your favorite slob, yourself. Buy half a dozen things, a gun, couple packages of cigarets, a yacht, a blonde, new set of tires, new boots, hunting knife, set of upper plates—anything you like. Wrap everything up and hide the whole bundle. Stash it away good and forget all about it, after taking the precaution of putting a reminder note for yourself on the calendar under December 24, 1952. That will make next Christmas a really jolly one for you. Some of the things will have been paid for by then, you'll have been sued for some of the others; nothing to worry about, you'll never do a day of it as long as there's a lawyer left in the land. And when you open your presents under the Christmas tree, you can say, "Well thank *me!* Just what I've always wanted!"

This works for birthdays, too. It's worth while to explain it to your wife, as well. Why should the poor girl have to sob bitterly on her wedding anniversary just because you forgot all about it? She can buy something nice for herself, tuck it away, and be happy. Don't let the question of cost put her off. A strong, willing woman can always find work to do, particularly in times like these. Of course, she may not want to work. In that case, the hell with her. If her own wedding anniversary doesn't mean any more to her than that, she deserves no sympathy at all. Whose idea was it to get married in the first place?—k.w.p.


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# this Funny Life

The battleship U. S. S. Mississippi had just received a yard overhaul after thirteen months in the South Pacific and it was the crew's last stateside liberty. At 1 a. m., just returning aboard, I heard an uproar and turned to see a very drunk bos'ns mate staggering up the gangway with a fifth of whisky in each hand. With the left-hand bottle he saluted the quarterdeck, and with the right-hand bottle he saluted the officer of the deck. The O. D., a good spud, was trying to keep a straight face, explaining to the bos'n that Navy regulations do not permit men to bring whisky aboard.

"Tell you what I'm going to do: I'll turn my back and I want to hear two splashes in the water. Then go below and we'll forget the whole thing."

The officer turned, there were two splashes, and he was satisfied. But I was in better position to see the mate lurch rapidly out of sight with a bottle in each hand—and in his stocking feet.

*—John E. Hamilton, Los Angeles, Calif.*

The upper classmen at a small Midwestern college I attended had, in an elaborate hoax, enrolled a horse and were turning in exam papers and obtaining grades for the animal. As was inevitable, before time for graduation the administration officials had discovered the horseplay, but quietly let it continue unexposed. At the final ceremonies, after all students had been presented with diplomas the Dean, a distinguished gentleman of good humor, ascended the platform and said, "Gentlemen of the departing class, today we graduate a horse."

A roar of laughter from the well-informed audience.

"But," the Dean continued, "gentlemen, let me assure you that this is the first time in its history this institution has ever graduated a *whole* horse."

*—Joseph B. Hicks, York, Pa.*

During the early, or non-inflated, 1930s, a friend of mine worked as a government agent and travelled the Tennessee mountains, making small allotments to impoverished farmers for seed and needed improvements. In one particularly hard-hit section he found an old lady who lived alone, scratching out a precarious living on a single acre of barren land. Her cabin had a dirt floor; its windows were partially covered with tar paper; sunlight came through big cracks in the door.

"If the government will allot you a few hundred dollars," the agent asked the lady, "what would you do with it?"

The woman thought for a moment, then smiled, "There's been mighty lean times along the Ridge here . . . reckon I'd give it to the poor."

*—Minnie Hash, Chancellor, Va.*

---

Abraham Lincoln's own favorite story, among the many that circulated about him during his lifetime, was about the two Quakers discussing the Civil War leaders, Lincoln and Jefferson Davis.

"I think Davis will succeed," said one.

"Why does thee think so?" asked the other.

"Davis is a praying man," was the reply.

"But so is Lincoln a praying man," retorted the other.

"Yes," countered the first, "but the Lord will think that Lincoln is joking."

*—Dan Bennett, Pacific Palisades, Calif.*

My friend writes me that his sergeant grew extremely weary of hearing about "Rotation" as his men talked endlessly of getting home from Korea.

Calling them together, the sarge barked the command "About face!" four times, rapidly, then roared: "You men have now been rotated. Don't let me hear that damned word around here again!"

*—Fred I. Meeks, Culver City, Calif.*

Arriving in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, some years ago, I stopped to ask directions from an old Dutchman at a farmhouse.

"Vell," he said, "I tell you. You keep on chust like you're going till you come to such a liddle vite school house." The old man paused... "No, dot's already too far—you got to turn around and come back a vays."

*—A. E. Cornell, Tunkhannock, Pa.*

---

The young wife of my good friend was not anxious to have a family right away. She visited her old family doctor to seek his advice.

"Well, there's one way that never fails," he said. "Simple, too. You just lean over and touch your toes ten times without bending your knees."

"Is that so?" said the girl. "Before, or after?"

"Instead of," said the old doctor.

*—Gerald Raftery, Elizabeth, N. J.*

---

A few nights after being relieved off the battle lines, we were luxuriously enjoying warm beer with our bull-session. One of the Marines had recently received a "Dear John" letter and it brought varied expressions of worry from the other men, married and otherwise.

Over in a corner enjoying his brew quietly was a blond-headed kid from Hoboken. Suddenly he filled a lull with, "I ain't worried about my girl."

"Why not?" several asked, resenting his smugness. "She's no different from our girls—you're here and she's there. You think she won't play around?"

"Not much," he answered calmly. "She's got two more years to serve in reform school."

*—Sgt. Frank L. Creasy, USMCR, Korea*

---

Among carpenters, a "hammer choker," one who holds his hammer by the middle of the handle, is sooner or later the butt of a traditional prank. When he isn't looking, another carpenter will saw off the unused portion of the handle.

This had happened twice to Slim Bassett, without curing him. The next time he left his hammer unguarded on a sawhorse, one of us grabbed a saw and attacked its handle. Halfway through, there was a horrible screech of teeth on metal and we had a ruined saw on hand.

Slim had drilled a hole lengthwise into the new handle, inserted a quarter-inch steel rod, then plugged the hole with sawdust and putty.

*—John D. Bell, Los Angeles, Calif.*

*TRUE pays $25 for each of these true, humorous anecdotes. They must be original, not previously published, preferably taken from your own experience. Payment is made on acceptance; if you do not hear from your submission within four weeks, consider it rejected. None can be acknowledged or returned. Address True Magazine, Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York 18, N. Y.*


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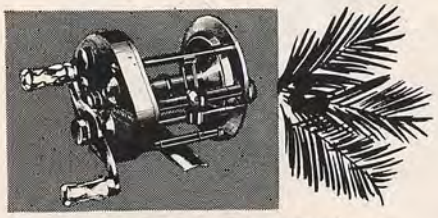

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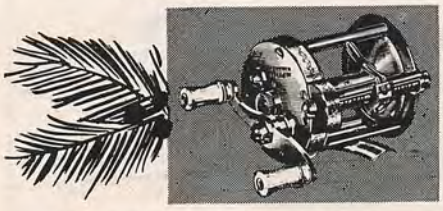

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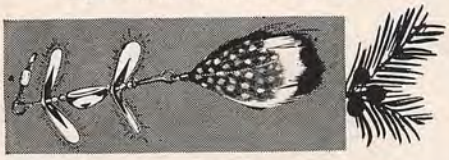

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# Man to Man answers

**conducted by Robert E. Pinkerton and the staff of True**

We think of machines as contrivances which make practically everything we have, and that is the modern use of the term, but Roland Stanislaus of Denver wants to know what the first machine was and who invented it, and when.

Only 300 years ago, "machine" meant something wholly different, largely because a machine as we know it didn't exist, and also since "machine" meant only something that made labor easier. On that basis, the first machine must have been a broken branch thrust between two rocks to pry them apart. Just how and when that started will never be known, but undoubtedly it was learned by primitive man in many parts of the globe. From the basic principle came the lever, a strong bar across a fulcrum with a small weight far out lifting a greater weight on the shorter side.

Many believe the wheel first carried man from a primitive state and paved the way for mechanical advancement, but it is probable the first wheel was used horizontally by potters in the Near East thousands of years ago. Not until much later, before the Alexandrian age, was it placed on vehicles. Before that, the wheel was used in the first real tapping of power other than that of human bodies. Water wheels aided irrigation and it is believed the Chinese devised the windmill. Vitruvius describes something that must have been a toothed wheel, or gear, for transmitting power in the century before Christ.

Warfare produced the most elaborate early machines, largely due to the Greek scientist Archimedes in aiding the conquests of Alexander. He devised catapults of several varieties and even adapted their power to distances, or range. In the defense of Syracuse in 215 B.C., he hurled stones and darts against men and threw big rocks to sink ships. Later the Romans improved on his inventions.

Mining also produced early machines when it became necessary to raise weights or water, but these devices did not come until slave labor was scarce. The sail, of course, had supplanted the oar early, and horses and oxen were used, yet some of the first treadmills were operated by men.

Coal and steam were known early but not employed as extensive power producers until about 250 years ago. The first clumsy engines pumped water from mines. The modern scientist was beginning to develop about this time. With

[*Continued on page* 18]

It served its purpose before the machine age: the sharp-forked limbs of a tree were pulled through the soil as an early ancestor of the plough.

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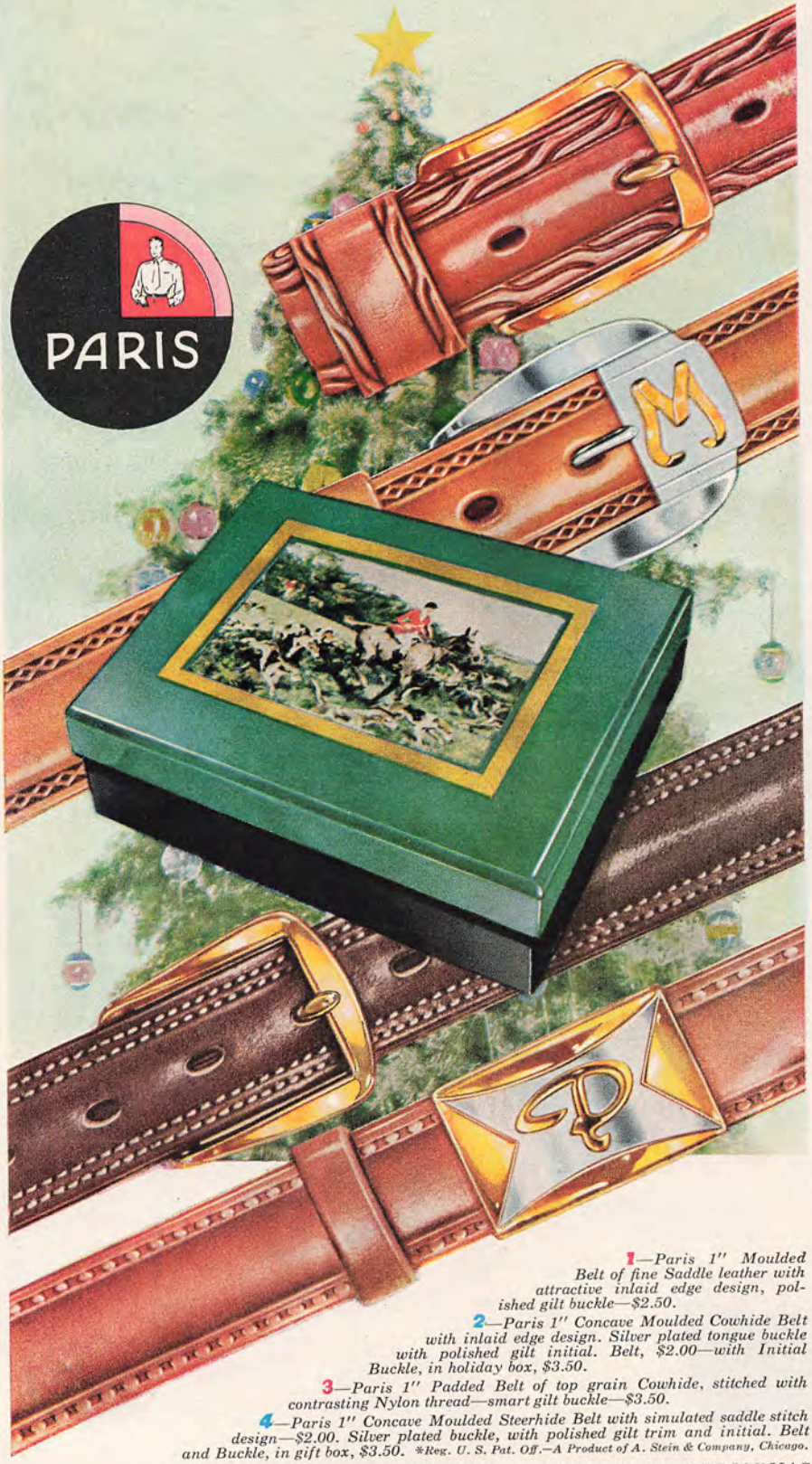


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*PARIS BELTS · SUSPENDERS · GARTERS for CHRISTMAS*


[*Continued from page* 16]

him, theories came first, their application later. When engines were built, men already had ideas for their use other than in mining, and the modern machine as we know it began to emerge. With this start of the industrial age came a need for better metals, an understanding of chemistry and advanced physics.

Today you need only look out the window or open a newspaper or magazine to know how far the machine has come in so short a time, and perhaps the reason is sociological. When slaves were plentiful and wants few, machines weren't necessary. But the curiosity of men, 2,000 or more years ago, laid the foundation for what the world needs and has today.

**Q. Does the Morse code have any advantages over the continental code and what are the differences? Pvt. F. H. Radford, Camp Gordon, Georgia.**

A. The Morse code, still used in the United States and Canada, was the original. When Europeans adopted the telegraph, they changed eleven letters, C, F, J, L, O, P, Q, R, X, Y, Z, all numerals except the 4, and the comma and period. This is called the continental Morse, and sometimes the international code. In nearly every instance of change, the Morse code remains shorter and more simple. The Morse has pauses within letters between dots or dots and dashes, the continental has none. Each code brought trouble. As continuous sending by telegraph key often incapacitated senders' arms, nearly fifty years ago a device appeared called a "bug," of which many varieties were produced. When a lever was pushed to one side, the key sent a continuous stream of dots, to the other side only dashes. This removed much of the strain. When newspapers began to send long dispatches and a great volume of words went over the wires daily, W. P. Phillips invented a new device, a code within a code, known as the Phillips. It was a great condensation in spelling and used many code words. For instance, "scotus" meant Supreme Court of the United States. With this code of many hundred contractions, operators commonly sent 10,000 words in an eight-hour shift and greatly exceeded this if the news had to type fast. The man on the receiving end was marvelously accurate. During the Democratic national convention in 1904, a New York city operator received 16,000 words on his shift. His only error was one misplaced comma.

**Q. What woman founded the American Red Cross? William Guidi, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.**

A. Clara Barton, who became its first president when sixty years old. She died in 1912. The Red Cross idea was born twenty-two years earlier when Henri Dunant, young Swiss banker who greatly admired the work of Florence Nightingale, saw the bloody battle of Solferino in northern Italy. More than 50,000 were killed and wounded and no care was provided. Dunant started a hospital in a

[*Continued on page* 20]

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[*Continued from page* 18]

church, wrote to friends, received money and supplies. Out of this work grew his determination to organize permanently. Five years later Switzerland asked twenty-five nations to hold a conference, which became known as the Geneva Convention. Rules governing treatment of prisoners and wounded were adopted, later extended. The United States did not act on this until a year after Clara Barton had founded her private association in 1881. In 1905, the organization was given official status with the President of the U. S. as president ex-officio.

**Q. How did the term "Pops" originate, as it is used in the Boston Pops summer concerts of the symphony orchestra? Edward C. Branch, Forty Fort, Pennsylvania.**

A. The word was derived, according to a history of the concerts, from "popular," but it is admitted it may have come from the popping of corks as refreshments were served. These concerts began in 1885, four years after the founding of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The conductor since 1929 has been Arthur Fiedler.

**Q. I saw a swarm of large black flying ants, which shed their wings after coming to earth. What sort were they? Winston Weber, Odessa, Washington.**

A. A great variety of ants exists, but yours sounds like the black carpenters, so named because they make their homes by digging into wood. The rest of what you saw is normal with most ants. The workers, or neuters, never have wings, or fun. Males with wings don't live long, having only one purpose. Females have wings in most species but, after mating in mid-air, in a flight such as you probably saw, they return to the ground, pull off their wings and go about the business of starting a new colony. While ants have a social organization exceeded only by that of man, their actions are not due to intelligence but to instinct.

**Q. For what or whom was Pompey's Pillar in Montana named? Wilbur Thompson, Palouse, Washington.**

A. This isolated rock, 200 feet high, stands on the south bank of the Yellowstone River not far from Custer's battlefield on the Little Big Horn. Though British fur traders probably saw it earlier, it was first described by Captain William Clark of the Lewis and Clark expedition. He climbed it July 25, 1806, carved his name in stone at the top and named it for Little Pomp, son of his guide and interpreter. The rock was used by Indians as a lookout station and for sending smoke messages.

**Q. I recall visiting a CCC camp in Michigan in November, 1932. Or am I wrong? Kenneth Granroth, Lake Minchumina, Alaska.**

A. Sorry, Ken. You are confused in your dates or you saw a private or state project. Roosevelt had been elected only that

[*Continued on page* 22]

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[*Continued from page 20*]

month, was not inaugurated until March, 1933. One of his first acts was to recommend the establishment of the Civilian Conservation Corps.

**Q. How does a cricket live through the winter? Ralph Wilson, Tipton, Michigan.**

A. Of several varieties of crickets, some, as the house or hearth cricket, live in human dwellings and can keep warm and exist perfectly. Others bore holes in earth and store food. When you consider that at least ten million species of insects are believed to exist, only a fraction of which are known to scientists, it is easily understood how it is impossible to apply any rule to all. Most live, breed, and die in a season. Some hibernate through a winter as do certain mammals and reptiles, such as the bear, and snakes. One insect, the ladybird beetle which was imported into California to kill cottony scale insects in citrus groves, gathers in huge masses in the Sierra Nevada mountains for the winter months. Tons of them are collected and sold by the pint to fruit ranchers. They are kept in cold storage until the plant lice need killing.

**Q. Did I see the Star of India, a sapphire, in the Museum of Natural History in New York in 1948? A friend says it is one of the crown jewels of England. Clarence Ledford, 7th Fighter-Bomber Sqdn., Taegu, Korea.**

A. If you have a bet on this, collect. It was in the museum in 1948 and still is.

**Q. Is the fish called red horse a sucker or a carp? Gene Cromer, Sharonville, Ohio.**

A. Several varieties of red horse are found in North American lakes and rivers and all belong to the sucker family and are native fish. The carp is Asiatic, was introduced in Europe and later in America, much to the regret of today's fishermen as it destroys food and crowds out game fish. The red horse is also called red fin. The red drum, a large marine fish of the Atlantic coast, is sometimes called red horse. Once a citizen of Kentucky was called a "Red Horse," and that long before the days of "Big Red," as Man o' War was known.

**Q. Did Pat Valentino of San Francisco ever fight Joe Louis? J. K. Jordan, Toledo, Oregon.**

A. In an exhibition bout in Chicago in 1949. Louis won by a K. O. in the eighth round.

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge, including questions on resorts, fishing and hunting, vacations, where to go and how to get there. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-12, 67 West 44 St., New York 18, N. Y.

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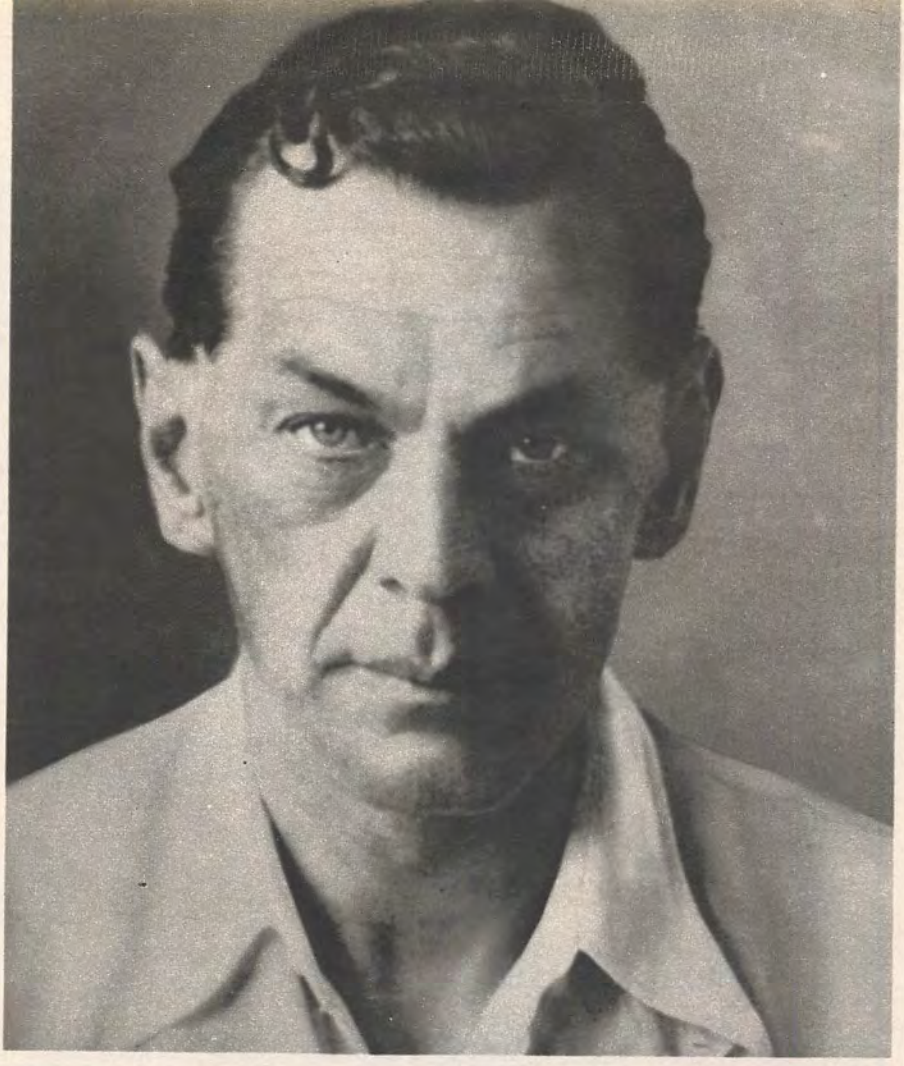
1942 Jap police file on Sorge: "Contents of this document vitally affect Domestic Administration and Foreign Relations and should be kept absolutely secret."



This Tokyo snap reveals intense and serious look of Stalin's spy.

# THE ALMOST PERFECT RUSSIAN SPY

***Compared to Richard Sorge, the Communists who stole atom-bomb secrets from Canada a few years ago were a bunch of fumbling amateurs. Here, for the first time, is the story of the incredible man who was Stalin's top known secret agent***

BY HEDE MASSING

During the early morning hours of May 20, 1941, sentries outside the German Embassy in Tokyo came to smart salute as a powerfully built man with a slight limp passed and entered the building. Once inside, he walked quietly to the desk of Kretchmer, the German Military Attaché, and began picking the lock. It was not quite 7 and the offices were deserted.

This man was neither an intruder nor a stray thief. As the sentries' salutes demonstrated, he had every official right to be in the Embassy, any hour, day or night. He was, in fact, Herr Doktor Richard Sorge, Press Attaché of the Embassy and the close friend and advisor of the Ambassador himself, Major General Eugen Ott.

Within a few minutes the tumblers were aligned. Dr. Sorge opened the desk drawer

Sorge adjusts Leica camera he used as a spy during an outing in Japan in 1935.

General Ott, Nazi Ambassador.

Sorge's aide: Ozaki Hozumi, Jap Red.

**Austrian-born Hede Massing was a Communist for nineteen years, a courier and spy for a Communist "apparatus" for four, and during that time had ample opportunity to observe the members and the methods of the Party's inner councils. She was the first wife of Gerhart Eisler, who was described as the leading Communist in the United States before he jumped bail while under indictment for contempt of Congress and fled to Europe aboard a Polish ship in 1949. Eisler is now Chief of Propaganda for Communist East Germany.**

**Mrs. Massing quit Communism in 1938, and in recent months has testified before the United States Senate Internal Security Committee.**

**Mrs. Massing met Richard Sorge many times in Germany, Russia and the United States. She knew him well. This story is based not only on reports made by the Japanese police and found by American forces in Tokyo, but on her own personal knowledge of the man himself.**

**—The Editors**

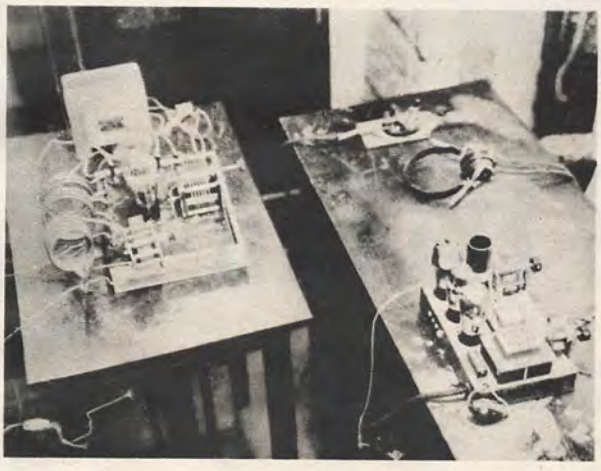
and quickly removed the blueprints of a new Japanese fighter plane slated for production in three months. Carrying the blueprints to the Embassy's photography room, he took a Robot camera from his pocket and made copies.

By 8, when the earlier birds of the Embassy staff began to flutter in, the original blueprints were back in the re-locked desk of the Military Attaché, and Sorge, with the microfilms in his pocket, was on his way to have breakfast with Their Excellencies, Ambassador and Frau Ott.

These breakfasts were a common occurrence and an honor enjoyed only by Dr. Sorge. Neither the military, naval, aviation nor commercial attachés had such a definite "in" with Hitler's representative. Nor was there anything strange about that. Sorge and the Otts had known and admired each other ever since 1933, when Sorge, then a German newspaperman, had met Ott, then a lieutenant colonel and assistant military attaché. Over the years they had become the closest of friends.

This May morning, the Ambassador had sensational news for his friend. The Ambassador put down his coffee and turned to Sorge. Hitler, he announced with some pride, had definitely decided to attack Communist Russia. Approximately 170 of the best German divisions would be used. There would be feints, naturally, one toward Lenigrad,

Radio man was Max Klausen, German Communist.



Transmitter (left) and receiver in Klausen's home.

Prime Minister, Prince Konoye, had his top secrets stolen.

another toward Rostov, but the main attack would be aimed at Moscow itself. The jump-off, confided Ambassador Ott, was set for the 20th of June. In just a month.

History has harbored few secrets more important than this. The decision by Nazi Germany to invade Soviet Russia was a turning point, not only in the war, but in the lives of all of us. If successful, such a mammoth attack—the greatest in manpower in all history—would smash Stalin forever and make Hitler master of the world. But if Stalin got wind of the plan in advance. . . .

After breakfast with the Ambassador, Sorge went about his usual duties: Reading the world's newspapers in seven languages, press releases, interviews, conferences at the Embassy and lunch with local, important German businessmen who droned on forever about munitions and oil, tractors and subs.

Sorge was always glad when he could get out and nip a drink. That evening he had cocktails and dinner at home, alone, and then hopped on his motorcycle and tore off to 22 Sanai Cho, the home of an acquaintance of his, a French reporter, Branco de Voukelitch. Despite the fact that their two countries were technically at war, they saw each other occasionally. Nor was there anything strange about that. The German Ambassador, for one, knew all about the friendship, Doktor Sorge having carefully explained to Ott that he was purposely maintaining contact with the Frenchman "in order not to sever all connection with reporters representing enemy countries and countries unfriendly to Germany." The Ambassador agreed that this sounded like common sense.

In short order, Sorge and Voukelitch settled down to a solid drink. Both members of the working press, there was plenty of professional gossip to hash. Also, both were camera fans. Voukelitch even had built a darkroom right in his house. In fact, when Sorge handed him the roll of film he had been carrying since early morning, the Frenchman promised to develop it.

Sociable as Sorge undoubtedly was, he never felt entirely at ease in Voukelitch's house—there was also a very good reason for this. The German had successfully double-crossed Voukelitch at what is often regarded as a Frenchman's favorite indoor sport. Shortly after Voukelitch and his wife, Edith, had met Sorge in Japan, the Doktor had seduced the wife. Later Voukelitch divorced Edith—on no account because of Sorge—and married a charming Japanese girl. Within the year, according to reports, the second Mrs. Voukelitch was not indifferent to the Doktor either. Sorge's perfect score in this department made [*Continued on page* 93]

# DEATH ON THE FOURTH

***To young Micajah McGehee of Natchez, Fremont's proposed expedition across the Rockies promised Indians, buffalo and high adventure. One of those promises, in a way, was kept***

BY GEORGE SCULLIN

*Illustrated by Tom Lovell*

Afterwards, down in the warm smoky gloom of a pueblo in Taos, Kit Carson summed it up for young Micajah McGehee. "You should'na done it, not unless you got a head as hard, and as pointed, and as empty as a buffalo horn. Asides, no one but a fool would walk ahead of Preacher Bill when the parson was afreezin' and astarvin'."

Young Micajah didn't want to listen then. He sat and shivered over the smoking coals as though he would never get warm again. His eyes were swollen shut, red slits in a black blob of face, and his ears were like slabs of sow belly. His bare, swollen hands seemed to weigh tons each; and his feet, cushioned on a dirty blanket, looked like boiled bear paws. He kept his mind far away when he could, forcing it back to his father's plantation near Natchez, Mississippi, where there was no such thing as ice.

But the moans of the other survivors kept returning him to the present and to the gentle drawl of Kit. Kit's voice helped him forget the pain as the frost left his flesh, though it couldn't help him forget the frozen horror of the trail. There were eleven ice-hard corpses back along that trail, some still sitting upright and smiling at the warm prospect of home and fireside. Some were prone, their limbs outstretched and unbendable. And there were some who had been dismembered. "Wolves," was the taciturn explanation. But there had been no wolves, no coyotes, no life whatever back there along that trail, except human life. And now the trail was ruled without dispute by that other presence, just as real, called Death.

Micajah dozed over the fire, awakening only to eat, then dozing some more. In time he went out into the sun, warm sun, and though it hurt his eyes, it healed his [*Continued on page* 64]

**The men huddled into small groups. One bitter night finished off the last of the mules.**

Services were held outside of church in the fresh air during the height of the 1918 flu epidemic. Everyone, from office workers to street cleaners, wore masks to avoid inhaling the deadly germs.

# The Great Plague Of 1918

*The greatest disaster in American history you won't find even mentioned in many of the history books, and has actually been forgotten by many who lived through it. Yet it killed more people than both World Wars combined*

## by Stewart Holbrook

On the fine autumn-hazy morning of September 7, 1918, an enlisted man of D Company, 42nd Infantry, in training at Camp Devens, Massachusetts, reported to the regimental infirmary with sore throat, fever, and severe pains in his back. He was sent to the base hospital for observation.

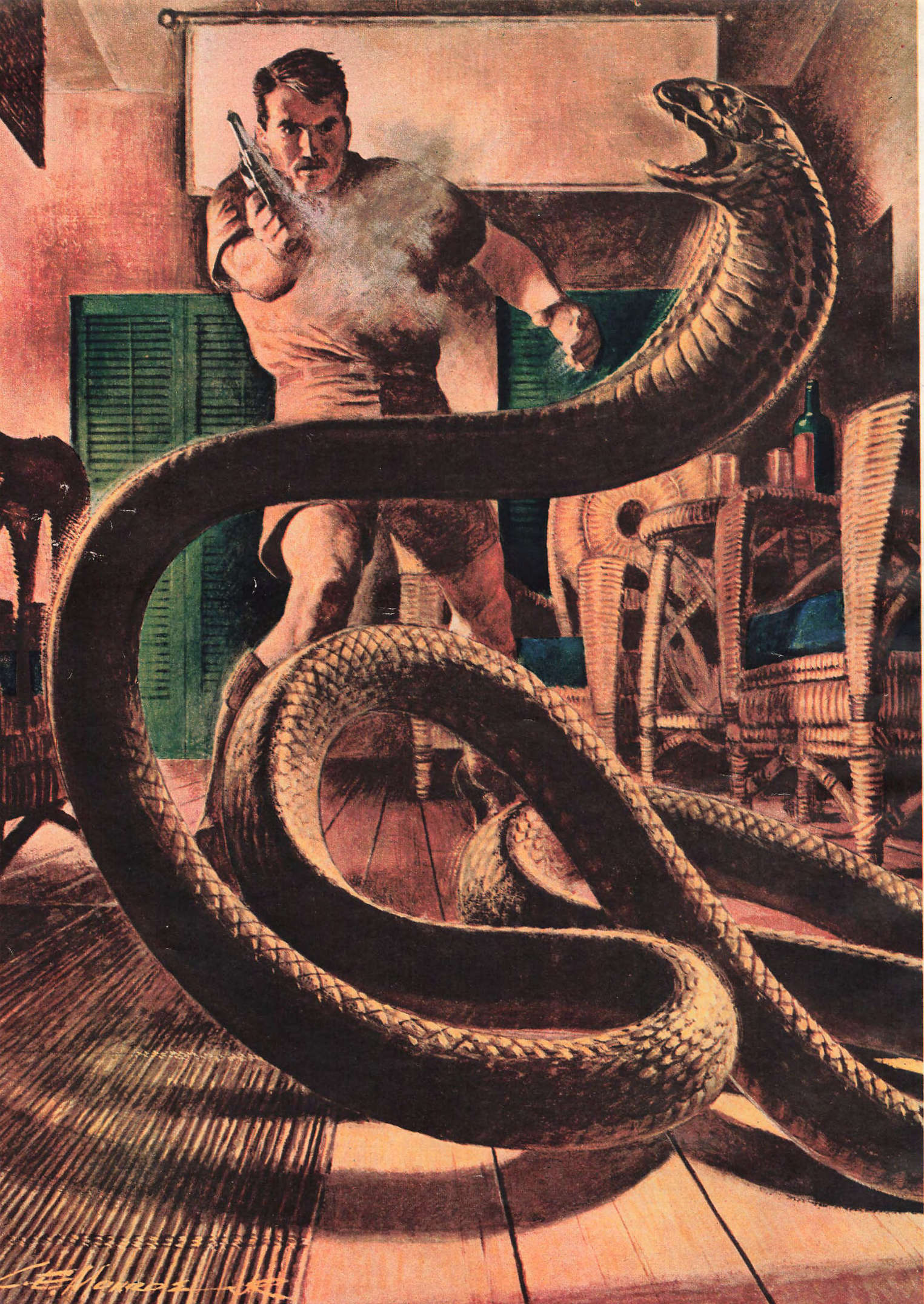
Next day, same company, same regiment, 12 more soldiers appeared with similar symptoms. By the 16th, 37 men of D Company were in the hospital and one had died. By then the disease had been diagnosed as influenza and was spreading rapidly throughout the big cantonment. Two days later, 600 men were sent to bed, and the dead were piling up in neatly stacked coffins in the Quartermaster sheds among the scrub pines along the Boston & Maine railroad siding. By September 20, medical officers knew they had real trouble: on that day, 1,543 new cases.

Such was the start in the United States of the most savage epidemic this country has ever known. Every fourth man in Army camps in the United States came down with influenza, every 24th man developed pneumonia, and every 67th man died. Pathologists called it pandemic influenza. Before it ran its course it brought death to 548,452 Americans, both soldiers and civilians; to another half-million Mexicans; to 44,000 Canadians. In Alaska whole villages of Eskimos lost their entire adult population. It was the same, or worse, overseas. Within a few months this modern plague was to take a world-wide toll of 21,642,000 men, women, and children.

In all recorded history, the influenza pandemic of 1918 has only two rivals. One was the plague of 542 A.D.; the other, the Black Death of the 14th century. Human efforts could do nothing to curb the epidemics. They ran their course, immune to the incantations of magicians and witch-brews of physicians. It was much the same in 1918; the enlightened medicine of the 20th century failed tragically to make any headway against the modern plague. It came without warning and killed suddenly. It spread explosively. Then, just as quickly, it vanished.

Here at home it erupted in several cities simultaneously, and jumped from one end of the United States to the other. It leaped across oceans and appeared in remote regions—Africa, Japan, Laborador, the South Seas. In the Fiji Islands nine tenths of the population fell ill and a quarter died. Its crest rolled across five continents like a tidal fever.

It may seem odd that at the time this most terrible epidemic of modern times received so little attention in the press. (There is only fleeting mention of [*Continued on page* 106]



*Illustrated by C. E. Monroe, Jr.*

# LEGEND OF THE VENGEFUL COBRA

**Many people believe that if a cobra is killed, its mate will surely seek out and strike in revenge the person who killed it. Still Dr. Wright tries not to let himself think that what happened to Margrit and Nelson Gormley was more than coincidence**

**BY DR. HARRY B. WRIGHT WITH GEORGE VEDDER JONES**

Singapore is a place where you have to break your journey if you are flying as we were between Hong Kong and Jakarta, Indonesia. It lies at the southern tip of the Malay Peninsula, and is the principal city of unsettled, bandit-ridden British Malaya.

I think I was about 12 years old when I first got the idea that Singapore was a kind of modern Sodom. I could picture sloe-eyed Eurasian girls in diaphanous pink kimonos who winked at you and tried to lure you into the unspeakable refinements of Oriental love. But you had to watch your step because each wore a knife in a garter about her thigh; or was a leper; or the secret agent of a foreign power.

Actually quite a lot of sin goes on in Singapore. A taxi driver will take you to establishments in the Chinese quarter where you can see girls do things that you wouldn't want to write home to your wife. Or he'll take you to a gambling place or an opium den. You can try smoking some opium if you like, though he won't recommend it.

But in the part of Singapore you normally see if you're stopping overnight between planes, there is about as much sin as at an afternoon tea in an old ladies' home. This Singapore is typically British.

When we checked in at the Raffles Hotel, we found a bridge party for wives of government officials in progress. In spite of the heat, the Malay room servant kept trying to bring us hot tea or draw us a hot bath. In the dining room, retired British civil servants in starched white tropical suits frowned haughtily at our American seersuckers as they ate their roast mutton and spoke in whispers. No Eurasian girls stood in any of the doorways. In fact there [*Continued on page* 112]

**Ross fired at the cobra's head, and it reared up, hissing and thrashing.**

*Photo for TRUE by Carl Iwasaki—Black Star*

Still rugged, the colonel hunted last year.

# LAST OF THE

***Colonel Frank Mayer—now 101—is the only living man who can tell you what it was like to hunt buffalo in the days when the great herds roamed the Western plains. He was there***

## BY LUCIAN CARY

*Illustration by Fred Ludekens*

# BUFFALO HUNTERS

Colonel Frank Mayer, of Fairplay, Colorado, is the last of the men who hunted buffalo professionally. The colonel was born on May 28, 1850, so he is now 101 years old. When I saw him last June he had a little trouble getting out of a low rocking chair, yet once on his feet he stood as straight as a soldier on parade.

He's a bit deaf and he says his eyes are no longer good enough for rifle shooting. Just the same he killed a nice 4-point buck—western count—in October last year. But he says that's the last one. His hunting days are over.

However, he talked freely and well for nearly four hours in a voice still firm. He answered every question I asked him except one. He said he didn't know how many buffalo he had killed in the slightly less than four years he hunted them. It must have been many thousands.

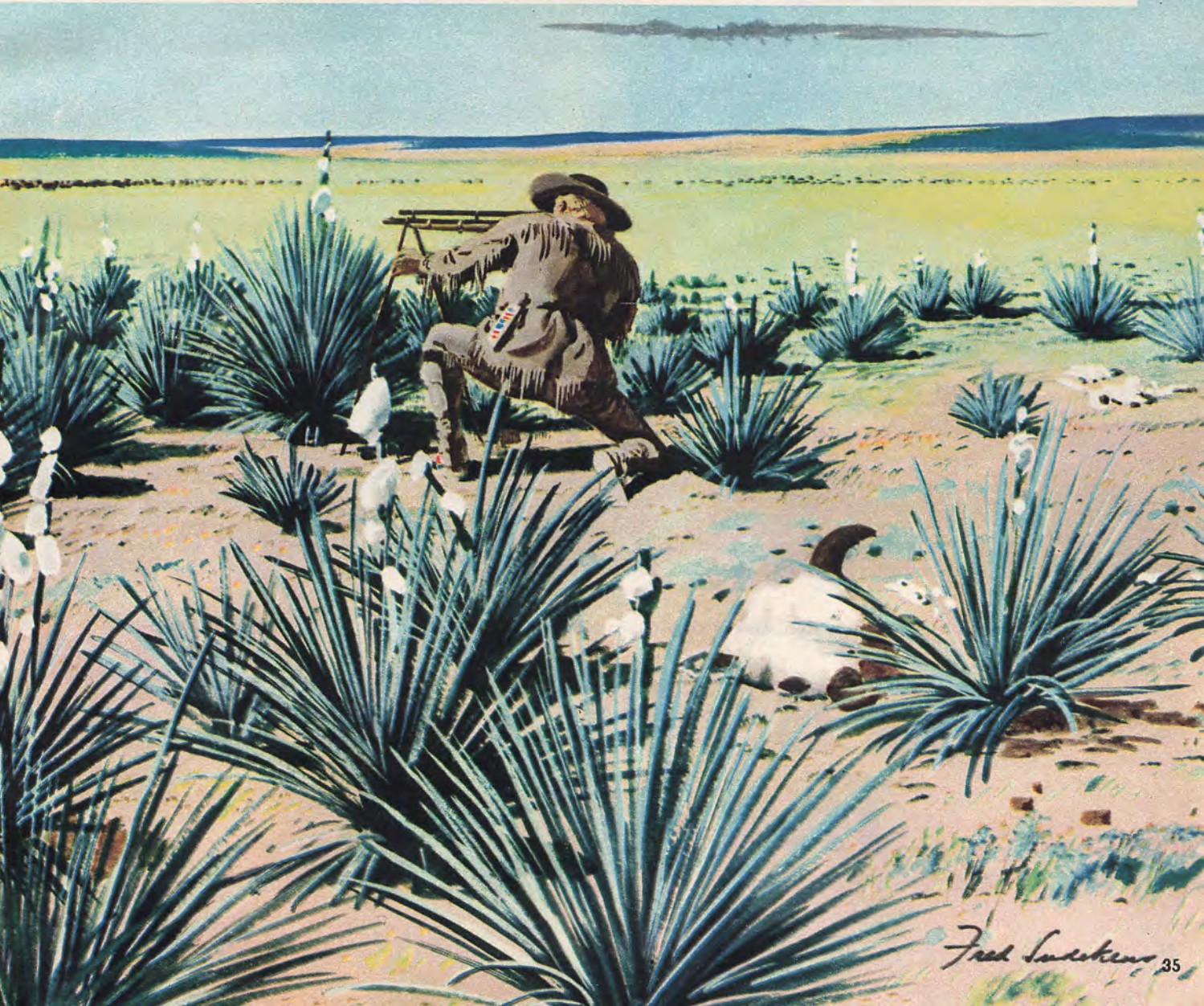
I asked him what other game he had killed.

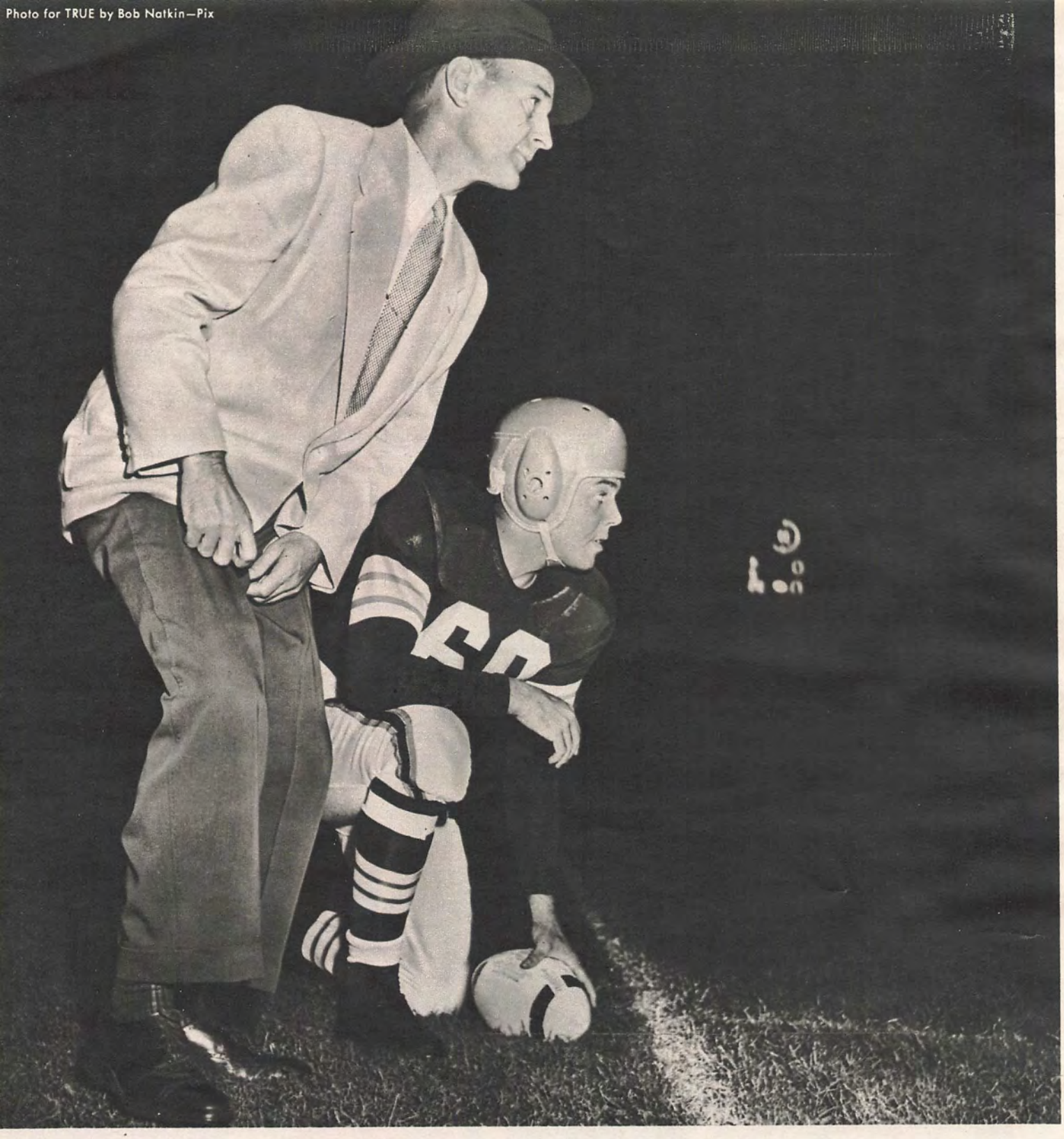
"Everything on this continent," he said. "Including Indians."

In the course of his talk, Colonel Mayer gave me a clearer picture of how men who knew their business hunted buffalo in the years of the great killing than any I've found in print.

Originally the animals ranged from the Atlantic Coast to the Rockies. Daniel Boone killed them in Kentucky. There were many [*Continued on page* 118]

**The colonel would order his horse to lie down. Then, to start the bulls milling about, he'd wound a cow.**

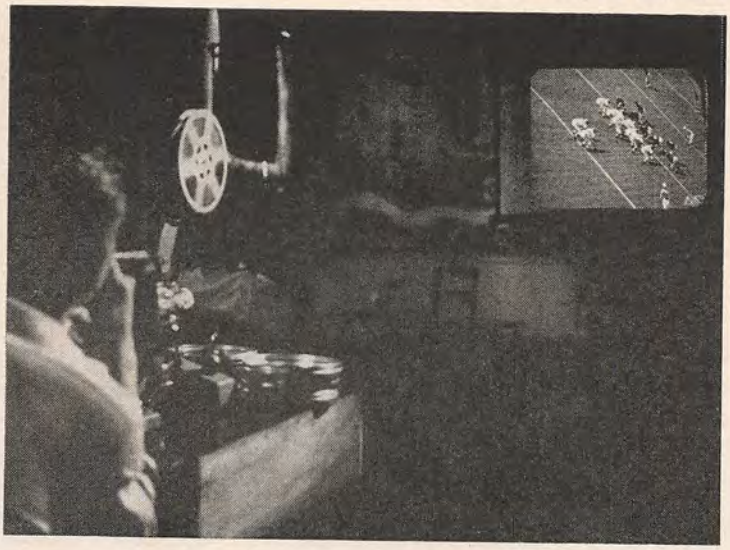





Coach Paul Brown and the sturdy right arm of Otto Graham helped Cleveland beat the College All-Stars last August.

# The Brain Behind The Browns

Photos for TRUE by Ed Nano—Pix



Brown and two assistants, Line Coaches Fritz Heisler and Wilbur Eubank, study films of a recent Cleveland game.

***Coaching a pro football team the way Paul Brown does it is a full-time job all year round, and calls for no less than 5,000 post mortems per game. It's paid off so far in five league championships in a row***

# by Stanley Frank

It's 10 o'clock on a bleak Friday night this month and a gale off Lake Erie is howling through the canyons of downtown Cleveland. Or maybe it's 9 a.m. on a Monday in July and the heat already has wilted the week end out of working stiffs, or it's 4 o'clock any Saturday afternoon when the business district is deserted. The time is irrelevant because the routine never changes in Room 405 of the old Leader Building. There, in the office of the Cleveland Browns, the professional football champions, Coach Paul Brown and his four aides always are looking at movies. The most indefatigable movie buffs in America, Brown and his staff peer at films eight to twelve hours a day, 300 days a year, reviewing the pictures of every game played by the Browns at least 5,000 times.

That's right; *every* game is examined more than *5,000 times,* an inconceivable figure which we will document presently. According to the record book, the Browns won the pro title last December 24th in the Cleveland Municipal Stadium by defeating the Los Angeles Rams, 30-28, but anyone who believes it is laboring under a delusion. That championship, like four others that preceded it, was won in Room 405 more than a mile away, in interminable movie sessions that have been more valuable to Brown than Otto Graham's finesse or the muscularity of Marion Motley, the prehistoric fullback who can knock down a brick wall with his bare head.

Now using movies to correct mistakes, study personnel and uncover opponents' weaknesses hardly is a new dodge. It was standard operating procedure when Brown was the obscure quarterback of Miami University's undistinguished teams more than twenty years ago. Brown, who has created or contributed nothing new to the basic strategy of the game, simply has taken a bright idea and exploited it more intensively and intelligently than anyone else, a characteristic stunt that has made him richer and more famous than the fellow who dreamed up the gimmick in the first place.

Since hard work is neither romantic nor spectacular, it is not surprising that there were exactly twenty-one seconds remaining in his nineteenth season as a coach last December when Brown finally made the diehards concede he was the leading master mind in the business. At that precise instant, Lou Groza kicked the 16-yard field goal that wrapped up the National League championship for Cleveland. In view of the fact that it was the fifth successive pro title won by Brown, it was pretty ridiculous that his proper recognition rode on one hit-or-miss kick, but it was a circumstance for which he could blame no one but himself. He takes his work much too seriously and attains results that are altogether too successful, a parlay that rarely endears a young, ambitious fellow to the opposition.

For the last decade it has been as obvious as the rump on Chubby Grigg, Cleveland's 280-pound tackle, that Brown is the best and smartest teacher of tactics and techniques in the game. There is no other explanation for his remarkable record in every phase of the sport—high and prep school, college, service and pro. Going into the current season, Brown's teams had won 194 games, lost twenty-seven and tied nine. His batting average with the pros was even better. His Cleveland outfit had won sixty-four, lost six and tied five and never failed to pick up all the marbles in its league. During one stretch, Cleveland was undefeated in twenty-nine consecutive games, an all-time record. Any questions?

It seems there are, for Brown is, by all odds, the most controversial figure in football. Although he left Ohio State nearly eight years ago, the shadow he still casts over that explosive situation led to unprecedented agitation for his return last February. Any opinion of Brown anyone looks for can be found in Columbus; he is both revered and reviled. In Massillon, Ohio, where he started

his career, admiration of Brown verges on idolatry and anyone foolish enough to put the rap on him is a cinch to wind up taking nourishment through a tube.

Owners and coaches in the National League generally describe Brown as an arrogant wise guy who is ruthless in achieving his objectives. It is extremely doubtful that he ever will win a popularity contest in the organization he almost wrecked during the bitter, costly, four-year war with the All-America Conference. The reason is thoroughly understandable. If not for Brown, the Conference would have folded two years sooner. Brown's personal prestige and the caliber of his teams kept the Conference alive by drawing huge crowds that gave the other members courage to carry on while cutting heavily into the National League's patronage and provoking fantastic bidding for players that tripled payrolls. Commissioner Bert Bell estimated that the war cost both sides a grand total of $8,000,000. When a truce was declared in December, 1949, with Cleveland, San Francisco and Baltimore taken into the National League, the old powers thought they would get hunk with the upstart by knocking his brains out. That's what they thought. Brown made them howl louder than ever by winning the National League title with virtually the same team they had been deriding as the cheese champion of the Conference.

Brown is the last bloke who would be picked out of a sizable crowd to kick up such a terrific uproar. The smallest, mildest-mannered and most personable of all the pro coaches, he looks like a teacher which, indeed, he was for ten years and, for that matter, still is although his curriculum now features the art of knocking down people. In any other line, Brown would be considered well built but he is dwarfed, of course, by the behemoths with whom he works. He is rather sensitive about his physique and constantly reminds associates that he is heavier (170 pounds) and taller (5 feet 11 inches) than he appears. People who remember that Brown quit Ohio State as an undergraduate when he was told he was too small for football believe the brush-off gave him a Napoleonic complex that is the key to his driving ambition. Could be, but if that were true it would be revealed in his relationships with the sweaty heroes. It is significant that the men who play for Brown respect him and, more importantly, bear down all the way for him, a factor that carries more weight than the analyses of curbstone psychiatrists.

For a fellow who knows more angles on the gridiron than Euclid ever dreamed of, Brown is pretty naive at times. During the war he was the athletic officer at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station and had charge, in a manner of speaking, of the baseball team studded with major-league stars. Walker Cooper, the Braves' catcher who was at Great Lakes, was being sued for divorce and his wife had offered in evidence letters from a correspondent that began, "Dear Cupid." There never has been a device, apart from Indian smoke signals, for spreading news faster than the grapevine of baseball and big-league clubs that visited Great Lakes for exhibition games gave the business to Cooper, but good, opening with "Dear Cupid" and going on from there to open-air discussions of more intimate details of his private life. It was the sort of going-over baseball jockeys dish out every day, but Brown was dumbfounded.

"You never heard such language," he says. "Those ball players yelled things to Cooper that I'd never heard mentioned in public. I was awfully embarrassed for Cooper, but he seemed quite pleased by the attention given to his exploits in the — ah, bedroom."

Behind this diffident front are a mind like a bear trap and a fierce pride that have made Brown what he is today. Ridiculing him or his accomplishments is begging for a comeuppance, and rivals have the scars to prove it. Last season the opening game in the National League was the collision football nuts had been clamoring to see since 1946. It pitted the Cleveland Browns against the Philadelphia Eagles, the greatest natural in sports since the second Louis-Conn fight. The Browns were four-time winners in the defunct All-America Conference and the Eagles had won the National League championship two successive years. Both teams were veteran outfits and each was determined to prove its circuit had been playing better football before the merger.

Greasy Neale, the Eagles' coach, was asked a few days before the game what he thought of the Browns. "They're just a basketball team," Neale scoffed. "All they can do is throw." He referred to the passing of Otto Graham, Cleveland's star.

Brown burned over the implied insult that his team was deficient in blocking, tackling and running. He swore the Eagles would eat those words, but first he decided to make Neale squirm under his own lash. So on September 16, 1950, before a partisan mob of 72,000 in the Philadelphia Municipal Stadium, the Browns left the Eagles for dead by licking them, 35-10. Graham passed Neale crazy, completing twenty-one out of thirty-eight tosses good for 346 yards and three direct touchdowns.

The payoff came on December 3, when the teams next met in Cleveland. The Browns again won by 13-7—and they didn't throw a single pass all day.

"It was a silly grandstand play," Brown admits, "but I wanted to prove we could win the hard way."

A more typical incident came in the first game Cleveland played under Brown. It was an exhibition in 1946 against the Brooklyn

*"You're the worst case of whatever this is that I've ever seen."*

Dodgers at Akron, Ohio, in the heart of Brown's home territory. Brown confides that he went into the game intending to play "intercollegiate style" and hold his passing down to a minimum so that he wouldn't give away the trick stuff he planned to use during the regular season. Besides, Graham, his passing ace who had been with the All-Star squad for the annual game sponsored by the Chicago Tribune, had joined the team only the day before and was not familiar with its plays. It was a sound scheme but it had one conspicuous flaw. Brooklyn refused to co-operate. Led by Glenn Dobbs, who was voted the most valuable player in the Conference that season, the Dodgers rolled to a 21-0 lead. The overflow crowd of 40,000 was razzing Brown for his outfit's sorry showing when he decided to end the nonsense and take the wraps off Graham. Cleveland eventually won, 35-21.

The episode is revealing on three counts. It shows that Brown is: (1) always in there thinking, two jumps ahead of the opposition; (2) a guy who hates to lose; (3) quick to recognize mistakes and change his tactics.

"That game taught me a valuable lesson," he said. "It was my first experience with the pros and I learned you've got to throw the ball to win. Pro players are too strong and too smart defensively to be overpowered by running. I know we and all other pro teams are criticized for passing too much, but that's the only way you can move the ball. As a matter of fact, we didn't throw enough last season. We had a lot of rain and we passed on only 34.1 per cent of our plays. I'd like to get that figure up to 45 per cent. That doesn't mean, though, you can neglect your ground game. Most people don't realize that we led the National League in rushing last year, averaging 4.6 yards per try."

Brown is the first to concede that he is not a creative coach. He uses the T formation with ordinary variations all coaches adopt to suit their material and the only outstanding maneuver he has perfected is the draw play, in which Graham fades back as though for a pass and then turns the deal into a run. Like all good football plays, it starts as though it can be either a run or a pass, with the final decision masked until the last moment, and it has been giving the opposition fits for years. If a pass is on the fire and Graham is not rushed, he will murder you with his pinpoint pitches. If you charge him and the draw play has been called, blockers will spring up suddenly all over the place and clear the way for Graham on what can best be described as a moving mousetrap.

The draw play paid handsome dividends for Cleveland in the clutch last December in the championship playoff. Los Angeles was leading, 28-27, and there [*Continued on page* 77]

# IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

## BEDEVILED BENNY LOM

Frustration and a memorably misguided teammate seemed bent on staying a step ahead of Benny Lom in the Rose Bowl game of 1929, when Benny was giving his all for California against Georgia Tech.

Things had begun to go haywire early in the game. A triple-threat halfback, Lom had a knack for quick-kicking. He got one off, taking the defense so much by surprise that it looked as if Georgia Tech would be put in a hole. But the ball sprang a leak in midair and dropped straight to the ground. The play was recalled and by then, of course, Tech was prepared for a punt.

Next came the famous Roy Riegels wrong-way run. It was Lom, incidentally, who got that play started. Benny tackled Stumpy Thomason, Tech's heralded running back, and Thomason fumbled. Under the rules of the time, a man who recovered a fumble was permitted to run with it. Riegels, who was a center and California's captain-elect, picked up the ball on the Tech 35-yard line and started for the right goal.

But, unaccustomed as he was to ball carrying, Riegels got twisted. Hit by a tackler and spun around, he shook loose and then sprinted away in the wrong direction. Most of his teammates were looking the other way as they sought out opponents to block.

Lom, playing in the secondary, saw what was happening and gave chase. Finally, as Riegels neared the California goal line, Lom lunged out at him, got hold of him by one wrist and whirled him around, hoping to make up ground in the right direction. But just then Frank Waddey, Tech end, hit the scene and smashed Riegels to earth at the 1-yard line.

The safety on the blocked kick followed, and Lom's next bit of heartbreak came when he recovered a fumble by the famed Tech fullback, Father Lumpkin, and ran it back 60 yards. Benny crossed the goal line exultantly only to hear the fans moan once more. The referee was nullifying the touchdown, claiming he had blown his whistle before the fumble.

Lom kept plugging. He was the game's leading ground gainer, and in the last quarter he got off a scoring pass. But Tech had picked up a touchdown in the third period, and the safety was still the difference. For consolation, bedeviled Benny Lom was named outstanding player of that eventful day.—**Bill Roeder**

A True Book-Length Feature

# "Devil In The Driver's Seat"

by Tom Bailey

*Illustrated by Stan Galli*

At the head of the caravan, he rode hunched and grim, looking neither to the right nor left.

## It took a hard man to be captain of a wagon train on the trail to California in 1849, if he expected to get through. And Cal Hubbard was determined to make it

For some of our early pioneers who crossed the continent in covered wagons, the journey was a comparatively safe, utterly fascinating adventure, but for others it was a living nightmare, an ordeal more horrible than the wildest bloodcurdling yarns dreamed up by pulp-fiction writers. The things that happened to Cal Hubbard, for instance, shouldn't have happened (in his own words) "to a mangy coyote."

The tale of Hubbard and his eleven covered wagons which left Memphis, Tennessee, May 12, 1849, and literally fell apart—all eleven of them—ten months and five days later at Sutter's Fort, Calif., is one of the sagas of pioneer times. It has never been told in its entirety, for no better reason perhaps than that the effort required to assemble all the facts seemed out of proportion to the reward. Part of it was ably related by Mark Twain, during his earlier newspapering days in California, from Hubbard's own reminiscences, and published in [*Continued on page* 130]

# Old Iron Legs

***After 13,000 miles of walking, you really begin to get the feel of it. John Stahl, for instance, strolled through a Nicaraguan revolution without noticing a thing, and is pointing now for Tasmania***

## by Homer Croy

A few years ago John F. Stahl was a postal clerk in Menlo Park, which is about 35 miles south of San Francisco. He felt like hell and retired from the service because his stomach was shot. He did not think he would live much longer; in fact, the doctors told him he wouldn't. He had once worked on the Panama Canal, so he thought he would go down and look it over before the end came.

That was sixteen years ago. He's still kicking. And it's all due to an idea that hit him when he was visiting the Canal. By chance he happened to overhear some Boy Scouts talking. They were going to walk from Venezuela to the World's Fair in New York. "If they can, I can," he told himself.

He had never walked much in his life. He hadn't even been a postman; if he had been, the story would be better. But he wasn't and that disposes of that.

The idea had him by the toe. But he knew no more about walking than a Cub Scout does of tatting.

There was a tremendous to-do when the Boy Scouts set off. Bands played; people whooped like cranes; mothers choked. Off down the street marched the gallant lads bound for the Flushing Meadows. Grover Whalen was to welcome them at the other end.

John played with the idea for some time. Why not walk, himself? By November it had him by the Achilles' tendon. So on November 14, 1939, he started to walk. No bands. He couldn't even make a fire by rubbing sticks together.

In practically no time at all he had a couple of bunions as big as biscuits.

The first week he nearly died. He was carrying far, far too much. "I looked like a Fuller Brush man," he says reminiscently.

He began to shed things; in a few days he had on just about as much as Ann Corio. His feet pained him greatly, for he had started in a pair of walking shoes he had bought from an Army-surplus store. He was so green at walking that he thought heavy shoes were best.

He wanted to turn back. He called himself names that if anybody else had said them he would have beaned him. But he kept plugging along.

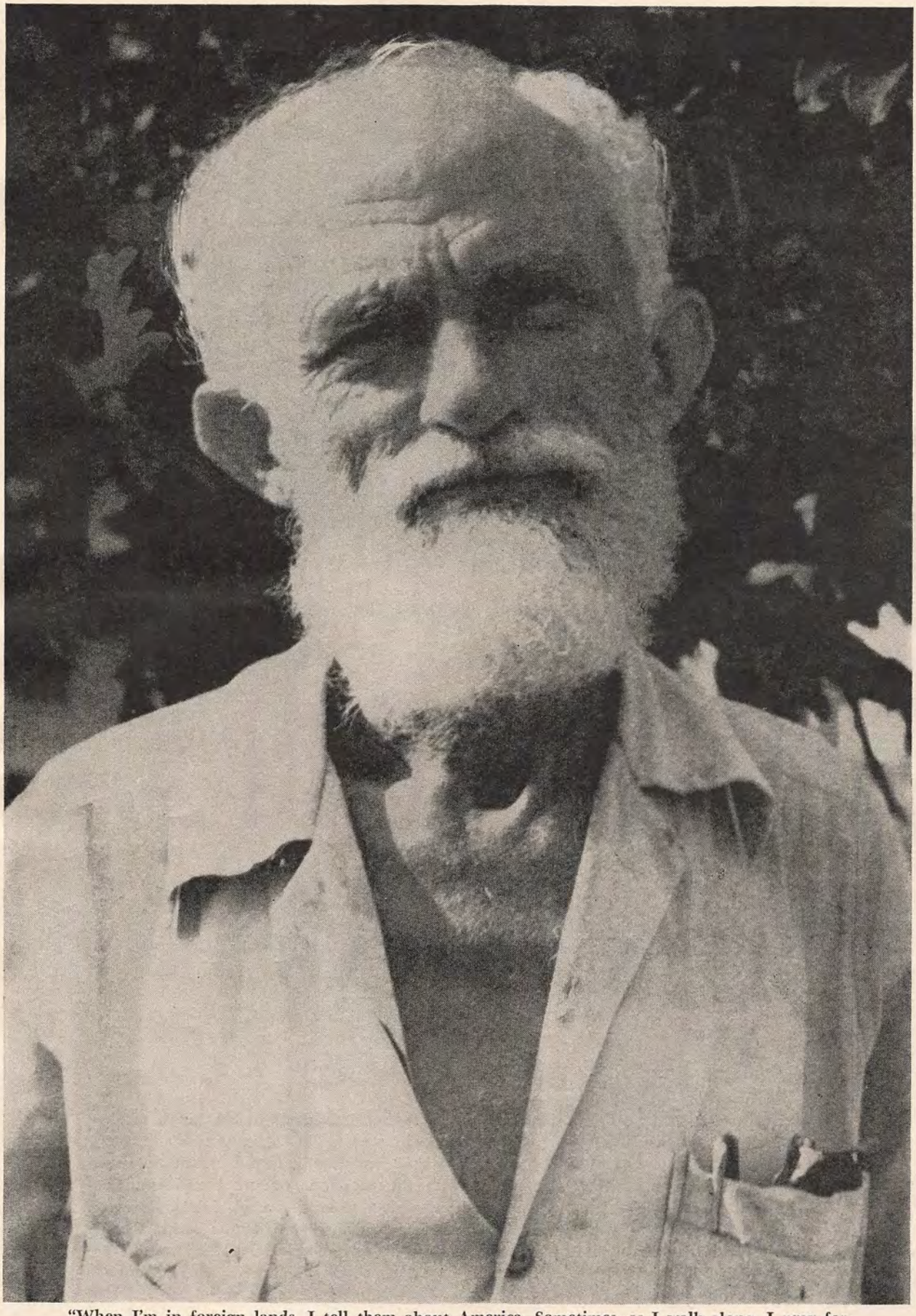
Well, to make a long walk short, he beat the boys to Laredo, Texas. "They carried too much equipment," he says. "Old people are better walkers than young people; they'll stick when the going gets hard."

This is Old Iron Legs, the champion long-distance walker of the world. He was born in Upper Sandusky, Ohio, August 13, 1882. A simple go at arithmetic will tell you he is 69 years old.

He has knocked off the following:

| | Miles |
|---|---|
| From Balboa, Canal Zone, to Austin, Texas ("Never fudged an inch," he says.) | 3,700 |
| From Victoria, Mexico, to Panama, Republic of Panama ("I really got the feel of the thing.") | 3,624 |
| From Tallahassee, Fla., via Panama City, Fla., to Austin, Texas | 974 |
| Tour of the twenty-one missions in California | 870 |
| From Trinity Center, Calif., to Redwood City, same state | 440 |
| From Campeche, Mexico, to Merida, Yucatan (John's comment: "I don't know why I bother to list *this*.") | 145 |

[*Continued on page* 83]



"When I'm in foreign lands, I tell them about America. Sometimes, as I walk along, I pray for my friends. Sometimes, I look up at the sky and thank God I am getting so much out of life."

Says Vargas of model Irish McCalla, "She poses with an inspiring savoir-faire."

# TRUE GIRL

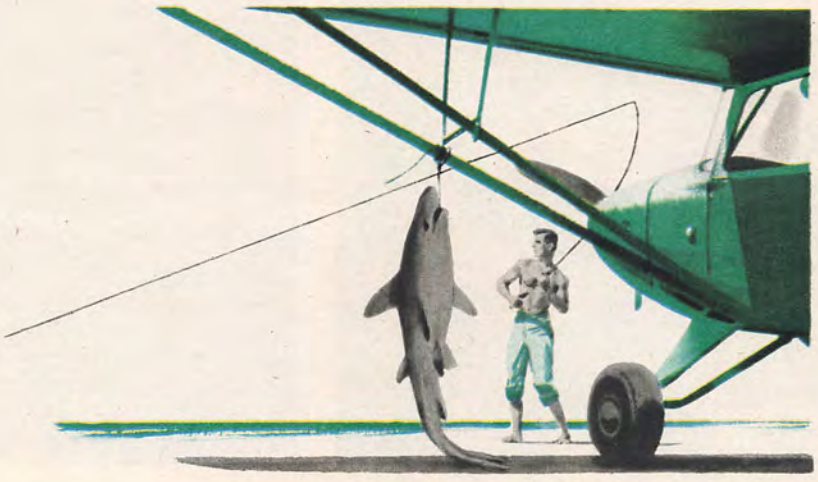
## by

# VARGAS

Irish McCalla, they call her. She was busy with her sketchbook at the beach when Vargas, a connoisseur of such matters, wandered over to please his critical eye. He persuaded her to put aside her sketchbook and lend her bountiful charms to this Thanksgiving issue of TRUE. Miss McCalla plays the saxophone, can prepare a Hawaiian luau—quite a feast—with her own capable hands, longs to go native in Tahiti. During the War, she served as a lifeguard. She almost had to drown several guys to get them to shore. Irish is admirably built for subduing: 5′ 10″ in her none-at-all, bust 39″, waist 24″, honey-colored hair, seagreen eyes. She hails from Pawnee City, Nebraska, where twenty-three years ago she was born on Christmas day. That explains the mistletoe.

vargas

groh



# Sighted Shark - Caught Same

***Mr. Frank used to go after sharks by wading out from shore carrying a hook with a fresh-killed chicken on it, and hoping the shark wouldn't move in before he could let go. Fortunately, he has a better way now***

## by Pat Frank

*Illustrated by Glenn Grohe*

The hurricane season had ended, and the sky was that gaudy, almost Mediterranean blue that canopies north Florida in late autumn. We took off from the airport at two hours before low tide, and in fifteen minutes we sighted the island. Great rollers were curling over the outer reef, but within the lagoon only child-sized breakers washed up on the glaring white beach. Above the clatter of the motor I could hear Leroy Johnson yelling, "Look! Look!"

Then he put the plane in a tight vertical bank, and simply by turning my head I could see them. The lagoon was stiff with sharks.

We dropped to 200 feet, still circling, and I tried to count them. Ridiculously close to shore, schools of small sharks, four or five feet long, patrolled the sloughs. Larger sharks, in pairs, glided in somewhat deeper water. In the center of the lagoon was a great gray solitary shape—a hammerhead maybe twenty feet long.

In my first sight of the lagoon we later called "Shark Heaven," I counted, altogether, a hundred and twenty sharks.

Johnson yelled, "Pick one."

I said, "Let's try a little one first." I didn't know, then, what my comparatively light tackle would endure. The shark is nature's masterpiece of streamlining and power, and is unmatched for ferocity and strength. Make no mistake about it, he is a game fish—big game.

"Those?" Johnson pointed to a group of sharks snuzzling the shore.

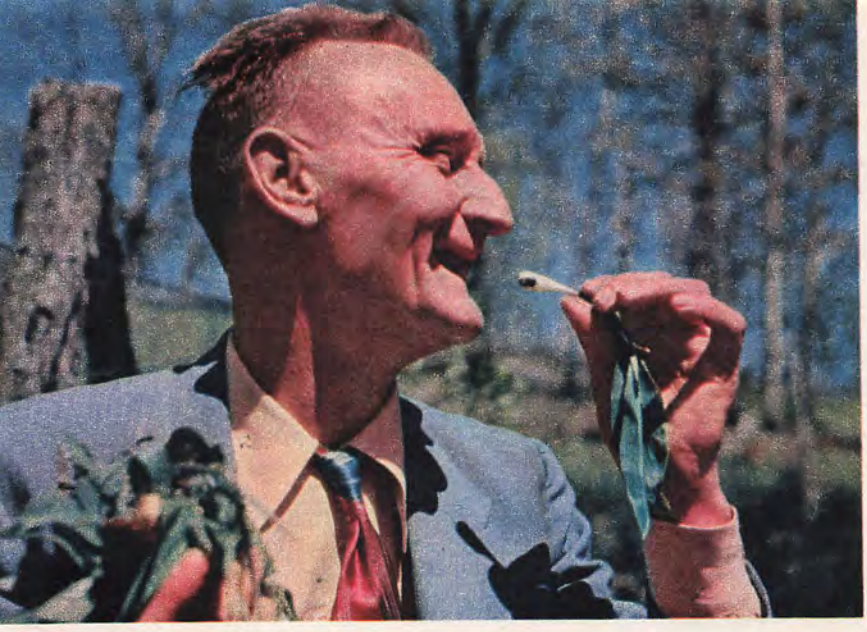
"Okay."

He set the tandem Cub down on the hard-packed sand, and gunned her until we rolled to a stop at the water's edge. When I got out of the plane I could see one dorsal fin not fifty feet away, and a bit farther out there was a churning of white water. Small fish flew into the air like spray.

I had trouble assembling the rod. My fingers were shaking. Sharks always give me buck fever. I slammed half a mullet on the biggest bass hook in the world, and cast it out. In a few seconds there was a tentative tug on my line, and then it twanged taut and I was tied to a five-foot tiger shark and he was headed, against all my strength and the reel's full brake, for Casablanca.

Hunting sharks has always fascinated me. I'm not sure why. Perhaps it is because my boyhood was spent on a Florida beach where if you fished or swam a great deal you were never unaware of the presence of your torpedo-shaped neighbors with [*Continued on page* 86]

**Johnson banked the plane and yelled, "Look! Look!" The lagoon was stiff with sharks.**



You don't need teeth to enjoy a ramp—not when it's been cooked by Maggie Lewis. She's 106 and the Ramp Conven-
Below, Coosee Jones and G. L. Ballard prove their right to the title, Champion Ramp Skinners, by preparing fifteen bushels

Above, right, the ramp eaters converge on the chow grounds. Below, a little hog rifle shooting and a little likker
for the more important business at hand. Good times like this have often brought feuding families together without

tion's official chef.
for the noon meal.

tasting make by-play
a shot being fired.

Photos for TRUE by Allan Gould

Full-blooded Cherokee; he likes ramps.

# RAMPS JUST AIN'T FOR WEAKLINGS

***When the local folk in the Great Smokies get together to feast on their favorite vegetable, feuds take a holiday and skunks give up in despair. And visitors better stay upwind***

**BY ALLAN GOULD AND EMILE C. SCHURMACHER**

In the Great Smokies of North Carolina they tell a story about a feud two mountain lads started over courting the same girl. Only instead of fighting it out with guns they went into the woods and picked and ate several full grown ramps. Raw. Then they met at six paces, each determined to "breathe down" the other.

It ended in a draw. And when they recovered consciousness a couple of days later they decided to visit the girl together and let her do her own choosing. So they camped out in the woods for almost a week until they were sufficiently deodorized to go calling. When they did they discovered that in the meantime a puny non-ramp eater from the other side of the mountain had run off with their girl.

The mountain folk tell many tales about their native ramp. Some may be a little bit exaggerated. But not that part dealing with its potency. For a full-grown ramp is downright aggressive, the stinkingest of vegetables, bar none. Compared to it a pungent whiff of garlic is as rose petals to the nostrils. It is more overpowering than the scent of a belligerent skunk. And the people of the Great Smokies are so fond of it that they hold a big ramp convention every spring just to eat it.

The mountain kids are weaned on it. Many an old timer living in bear country west of Asheville will solemnly tell you that before he was old enough to tote a gun he could tree a bear by maneuvering upwind and breathing real hard. Then he'd lie under the tree on his back and breath upward until his paw came along with a muzzle-loading "hawg" rifle and shot the critter for pot meat.

Even today every school in the Great Smokies has an inflexible rule that any youngster who attends class after eating raw ramps must sit by an open window for the next three or four days. *Outside* the schoolhouse, that is.

Technically speaking a ramp is a ramps and that's the way you'll find it in some dictionaries. But mountain folks leave off the "s." It is also called "ramse," the old English word for strong smelling—rank.

In Continental and other effete circles where ramps are grown small, tame and domesticated they are eaten delicately and sparingly in salads.

But in the Great Smokies where it flourishes wild in woodsy ground at an altitude of from 4,000 to 5,000 feet it achieves its maximum vigor and pungency. Non-confirmed ramp eaters who would like to taste it raw should do so only in the spring. And not at all if it is any bigger than a medium-size scallion. There's also a

**When two thousand ramp eaters get together down in the Great Smokies, it's a great opportunity for the revivalists.**

**After consuming bushels of the foulest vegetable known to man, the dancers cut loose with squares and jigs.**

special warning to honeymooners touring ramp country. Eating them can lead to divorce in any state where cruelty is admissible as grounds.

"Howsoever," defensively says Maggie Lewis, 106-year-old ramp epicure of Black Camp Gap, "if you parboil your ramps to take the strong out of them and then fry 'em in good grease the smell won't stay with you for mor'n two days or so."

Miss Maggie who threatens to whup the ears off anyone who dares to call her "grandmaw" or even "auntie" unless he's at least a kissing cousin, has been eating ramps for more than a century. She doesn't claim that they are responsible for her longevity. They've just helped to keep her healthy and spry. And keep the rattlers away.

Miss Maggie is official cook of the great ramp convention which takes place at Black Camp Gap in the spring of every year and which hundreds of mountain folk attend. At the last one, in 1951, there were more than 2,000 of them all munching and crunching ramps together.

An unusual and little known type of Americana, the ramp convention got its start about a quarter of a century ago when a party of four 'coon hunters happened to come upon another 'coon hunter named Buss Saunders who was eating his evening meal at his camp near Black Camp Gap.

Buss was a "branch boy," which means that he lived so

**It's also a time for the mountain-music boys to team up in impromptu combos and play favorite old-time tunes.**

**This works up an appetite for the next mess of ramps. It also provides an annual floor show for the onlookers.**

far back in the mountains that it took three or four "branches" of running water to form a little brook. He didn't come out of his retreat very often, maybe two or three times a year for the "foreign" hunting. Nevertheless he was a hospitable lad and he apologized to the others for not inviting them to take pot luck with him.

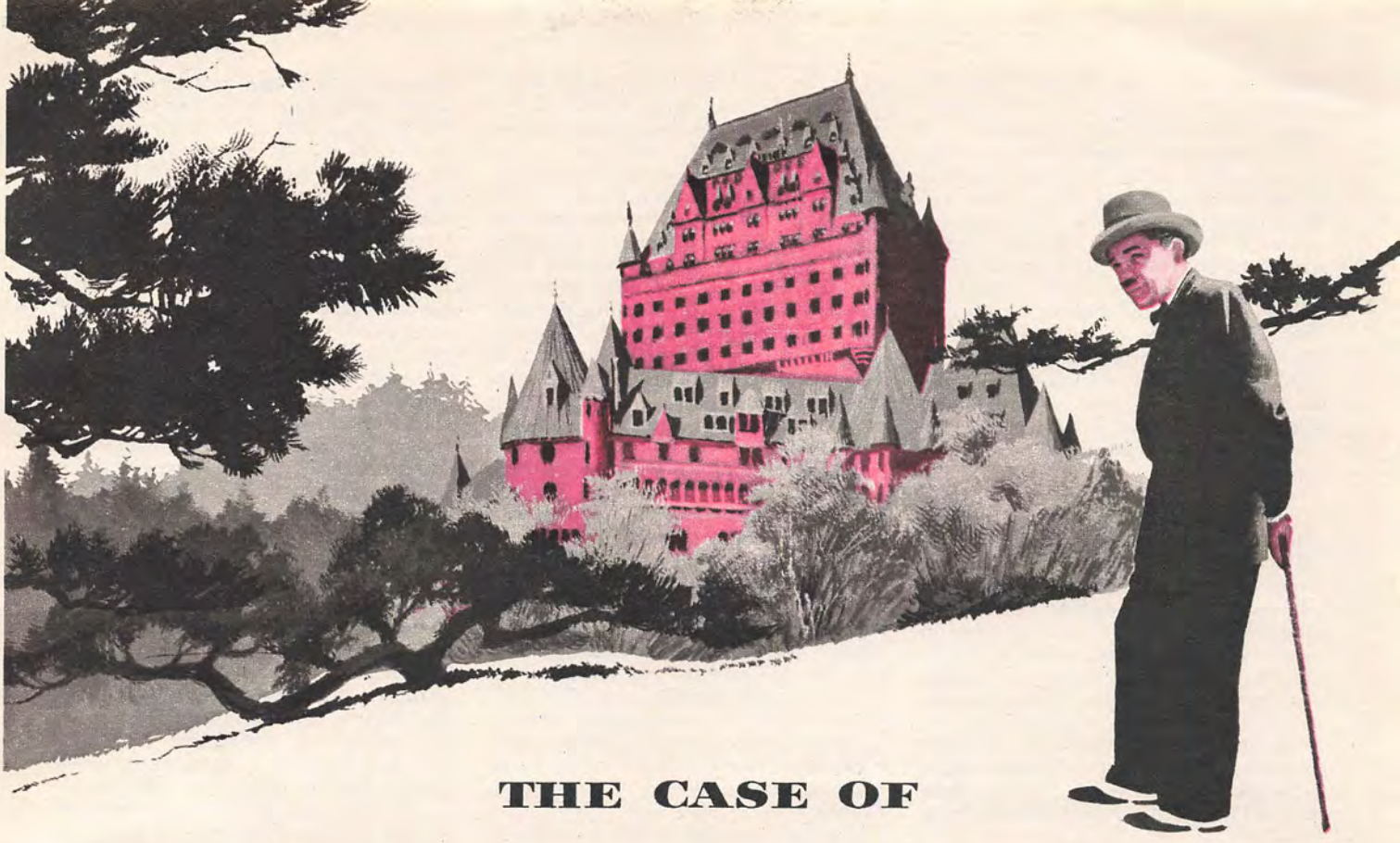
"On account I'm eating raw ramps," he explained. "And I sure am stinking."

"That's all right," said Bert Wayne, one of the party of four, reassuringly. "Over to Swannanoa where we come from when a feller eats raw ramps we don't let it crowd out the sociability. We just eat raw ramps too, sort of immunizing everybody all around."

So the party of four coon hunters dug up some big caliber ramps on account of Buss already having a considerable head start. Then they ate them and Buss happened to remember that he had a fruit jar full of home-distilled mountain dew in his croker sack.

They passed the fruit jar around and after awhile they told some stories and sang some mountain songs and had such a hell of a good time in general that when they parted on the following morning they vowed that they'd all meet at Black Camp Gap again in the spring of the following year to eat some more ramps together.

They kept their word and when the five met they were joined by almost a dozen other [*Continued on page* 105]



THE CASE OF

# The Twenty-Three Murders

***The Royal Canadian Mounted Police called it the cruelest crime in the history of the Dominion. But they'd have had a much harder time getting their man if it hadn't been for Edmond Chasse***

by Alan Hynd

*Illustrated by Glenn Grohe*

The newspapers (as well as motion pictures, radio, and, lately, television) have long been under indictment by psychiatrists, educators and other double-domes as stimulants to criminal deeds. Whenever the cops flash their potsies on some moronic murderer and are startled to learn that he can talk, and he says, in answer to a question about what lodged the idea for the caper in his head, "I seen it in the papers," the Fourth Estate is charged with another overt act.

In May of 1949 the papers carried a story about a designing doll in the Philippines who, having wearied of her husband and signed up a lover, got rid of the husband by way of hustling him off on an airplane trip and planting a time bomb on the plane so that neither the husband nor anybody else on the plane ever came back. But the lady in the Philippines had been guilty of an oversight. She had not thought to set her time bomb so that the explosion would take place over water, in which case the remains of her handiwork would never have been recovered for examination. As it was, the explosion took place over land and the debris yielded clues pointing unmistakably to an explosion and the law took it from there.

Of all the millions of readers of the newspaper story that came out of the Philippines, one reader —a reader who lived on a sordid street in the ancient French Quarter, or Lower Town, of Quebec, Canada—was influenced by it. This reader was, after a fashion, a plagiarist—an unoriginal author who appropriated the plot of the authoress in the Philippines. As a result, twenty-three persons perished when a time bomb went off in an air-

plane in what the Royal Canadian Mounted Police have called the cruelest crime in the history of the Dominion.

As if by way of compensation for what it had done—putting the pattern of a crime in the head of the plotter—the Fourth Estate itself helped furnish the means in the form of a reporter for the great Montreal daily, *Le Canada*. Well, not *exactly* a reporter; more of a journalist. The difference between a reporter and a journalist is, as any newspaperman knows, that a journalist carries a cane. *This* journalist—a 61-year-old French Canadian by the name of Edmond Chasse, the Quebec correspondent for *Le Canada*—not only carried a cane; he wore spats.

Chasse, then, was not, as the late Alexander Woollcott was fond of calling all newspapermen, an ink-stained wretch; he was, rather, a highly polished fashion plate—an alert, smallish man with sharply cut clothes and graying hair, to whom you would have given a double blick had you happened upon him hastening through the lobby of the Chateau Frontenac, or taking his morning constitutional near his home on Quebec's handsome and sedate Grand Allee, where he lived only two blocks from his good friend Louis St. Laurent, Canada's Prime Minister.

It was Monsieur Chasse, cane, spats and all, who heard the first meaningful rumor, who ran down the first clue, who leveled the original finger of suspicion, at a time when even the renowned Royal Canadian Mounted Police, one of several law-enforcement agencies working on the case of the twenty-three murders, was, while not exactly fumbling the ball, still behind its own goal line.

It seems that Monsieur Chasse fell to talking to a taxi driver, and that the taxi driver had heard another taxi driver speaking of a third taxi driver who had in turn spoke of having driven an ugly-looking woman in black, carrying a mysterious package, to l'Ancienne Lorette airport, about five miles by taxi clock from the Chateau Frontenac, on the morning of Friday, September 9, 1949—a fateful date, as shall be seen.

The ugly-looking woman (Monsieur Chasse was to learn) got into a taxi driven by one Henri-Paul Pelletier at the Palais Station of the Canadian Pacific Railway in Quebec's Lower Town—the section of old, quaint and sordid streets as contrasted with the city's Upper Town, with its Chateau Frontenac, its sleek shops and its socially conscious residential addresses. Pelletier's passenger was a squat and fortyish woman with a hard, square face and small black pig eyes—a sort of female Rasputin. She said she wanted to get the package she was carrying on a northbound Quebec Airways plane that left at 10 o'clock. It was now about 9:20. The woman, settling herself in the cab, cautioned Pelletier not to drive fast. Her package was very fragile; she didn't want it to be jounced.

At the airport, the woman in black told Pelletier to wait. She waddled into the express office, checked the package, which weighed twenty-seven pounds and cost her $2.72, and inquired twice of the express clerk if he was certain that it would go out on the 10 o'clock plane. When assured that it would, she got back into the taxi and left the airport.

The 10 o'clock plane, incoming from Montreal, was bound for Seven Islands, in northeastern Quebec Province, with a stop at the town of Baie Comeau, about halfway between Quebec city and Seven Islands. It was a DC-3 with a crew of two—pilot and stewardess—and a passenger list that included the president, a vice-president, and the president-elect of the Kennecott Copper Company, en route on an inspection of mining properties; two executives of a Canadian paper mill, and ordinary men and women and three small children. Several passengers were to get aboard at Quebec, bringing the total number of persons in flight up to twenty-three.

During the first part of its flight after taking off from Quebec, the plane would be flying over long stretches of primeval wilderness; then its route would take it out over the St. Lawrence River at a point where the St. Lawrence was more than ten miles wide, as it cut a diagonal swath from the north to the south shore of the river, placing it over the water for a period of about fifteen minutes beginning at about 10:25.

The DC-3, which made the round trip from Montreal to Seven Islands, a distance of approximately 500 miles, three times weekly—Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays—was usually right on the nose in arrivals and departures. This particular morning, though, she had been delayed getting out of Montreal so that she came down late at Quebec and left late—seven minutes late. That seven minutes was to make a great difference all around; it meant that at 10:30 the plane, which normally would have been out over the St. Lawrence River, was, instead, still over land.

The hour of 10:30 was important because that was the moment when the ship, traveling at about 5,000 feet altitude near a stretch of desolation known as Mount Torment, was rocked by an explosion. Several lumbermen, a gang of railroad section workers and an eel fisherman in the region, who had glanced up to watch the ship in flight, now saw it begin plummeting toward a slope of Mount Torment. Then, seconds later, the observers heard the sound of the explosion that had caused the ship to plummet.

It was afternoon before the first eyewitnesses could make their way through the evergreen fastness to the crash scene. The plane had landed into the mountain but it had not, singularly enough, caught fire; its gas tanks had not exploded although the pilot had not shut off the ignition. Everybody on board was dead, of course, but although the bodies were mangled they were not burned.

The odor of fire was, therefore, not present to obliterate another odor—that of dynamite. The men who sniffed around that plane that September afternoon two years ago, especially the lumbermen, had worked with dynamite all their adult lives. They knew dynamite when they smelled it, and they were smelling it now. That's where those seven minutes came in; had the plane not been delayed it would have been out over the St. Lawrence when the explosion took place and dropped into the water, and nobody would have had a chance to smell anything.

The tragedy occurred about forty miles north of Quebec city and it wasn't too long after the natives reached the spot that the law arrived and took over—the law in the form of the National

Transport Authority, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Quebec Provincial Police, and investigators of the Canadian Pacific Railway, which operated Quebec Airways. The law smelled that dynamite, too, then imposed a censorship on the natives. The natives were not to breathe a word about the smell of dynamite to *anybody*—least of all to newspapermen.

The censorship had no sooner been imposed than there materialized, out of the fastness surrounding the tableau of doom, Monsieur Chasse of *Le Canada*, spats, cane, and snapping brown eyes. The law forthwith set up a layer of insulation between what Chasse had come to look at and Chasse himself. But the law could not establish such insulation between Chasse and the lumbermen, railroad section hands, and the eel fisherman who dwelled in that primeval region. Chasse's heart beat to the same rhythm as the hearts of these simple men; Chasse was far from simple, but he, too, had been born in Quebec. The affinity of one French Canadian native of Quebec for another French Canadian native is a unique and wonderful thing.

And so it was that Edmond Chasse returned to Quebec city that Friday evening, to file his story for his paper in Montreal, in possession of the information that what had caused the ship to plummet into the face of Mount Torment had been a dynamite explosion. The law must have known the same thing. Yet the law was saying nothing about it. Very well, then; Chasse would not tip his hand, either.

What the law was doing was bringing pieces of the interior of the ship and the clothing of some of the victims to a makeshift laboratory in one of the rooms in the Chateau Frontenac. There it was definitely determined that a dynamite blast of intensity great enough to instantly kill everybody in the ship had taken place in the skies above Mount Torment. This explained why the pilot had not shut off the ignition. It is instinctive with a pilot to shut off the ignition at the first sign of trouble that might cause the gas tanks to explode; the fact that this pilot, a wartime veteran, had not done so indicated that he had been killed before he could obey his instinct.

In checking the airport records of freight aboard the plane, the dicks came across a phony. A twenty-seven-pound package placed aboard at Quebec, and supposed to have contained a piece of religious statuary, had borne the name of a nonexistent addressee. Since a package weighing twenty-seven pounds could have held just what a fiend would have needed to blow up a DC-3, the police fell to the task of laying hands on whomever had dropped it at the airport.

The airport express clerk—a gent by the name of Willy Lamonde—recalled the person who had sent the package. The sender had been a woman, a particularly ugly woman, a regular dragon—a five-by-five with a square, mean face and pig eyes. Woman about 40 to 45. Dressed in black. Lamonde had no way of knowing whether the woman had been a passenger on the plane. The police figured she had not.

If the woman in black had come to the airport for the sole purpose of placing a package of dynamite aboard the DC-3, she had probably come by car, had the car wait, and departed in it, since private car or taxi was the most accessible means of reaching the airport. On the chance that the car the woman had traveled in had been a taxi, the detectives began to question taxi drivers. Inasmuch as taxis arrived at the airport from any one of a number of starting points, this procedure was a roundabout one at best—a task harder than it would seem to be.

Meantime, Monsieur Chasse of *Le Canada*, was going around Quebec city, sniffing here, sniffing there, like any man with a nose for news is supposed to do. Frequently, in the Chateau Frontenac, he would run into his good friend, Inspector Rene Belec of the Mounties—a lean, fortyish French Canadian with tight lips—as Inspector Belec was entering or leaving the room where the investigators were headquartering. Inspector Belec would smile mirthlessly to Monsieur Chasse, shake his head from side to side, and say he was sorry but he had no news to give out. But somehow, Chasse got wind of what was coming to light inside that room and elsewhere. He learned that the law was on the prowl for an ugly woman in black who had sent a package on the plane. He learned that pieces of metal and other component parts of an alarm clock had been found. Since an alarm clock is to an infernal machine what a trigger is to a gun, Chasse now had corroboration, as if he needed it, that those twenty-three persons aboard that plane over Mount Torment had been murdered.

But who among the twenty-three had been the target of the murder? The pilot? The stewardess? Some individual passenger, or group of passengers? Those three officials of the Kennecott Copper Company looked mighty interesting. The men were Americans, bent on business involving millions of dollars. Was it possible that their deaths were the end result of some superplot such as one would normally encounter only in fiction? South of the border, the Federal Bureau of Investigation started an investigative ball rolling to find out.

Edmond Chasse, however, was thinking in more domestic terms. He had a hunch that some individual in either Montreal or Quebec (but probably Quebec because the plane had blown up after leaving there) had wanted to get rid of one of the passengers on that ship and had killed the other twenty-two persons on board in the process. That being so, there was no telling where a good journalist might turn up the clue that would pay off. Chasse engaged everyone with whom he came in contact—taxi drivers, waiters, other reporters, people on the street, but especially taxi drivers—in conversation about the tragedy.

It was on the Monday following the Friday of the explosion that Chasse was taxiing around Quebec in the course of what he elegantly chose to call his inquiry. "Tell me," he said to the taxi driver, "what do you make of the accident?" The driver had no opinion. What, he asked Chasse, did Chasse make of it? A fair enough question. "I think," said Chasse, "that was no accident. That was a *crime*." The taxi driver turned around. A crime? A *deliberate* crime? Why did Monsieur Chasse think such a thing? "Because nothing was wrong with that plane mechanically. It was blown up by dynamite." The taxi driver was silent for a block or so. "What you say,"

# Meals for Men

## ELK ROAST

For quite a few years, elk has been among the rarer items on the hunter's table. But for sportsmen who like the fine, almost beeflike, flavor of elk meat I have good news. Recent reports from Uncle Sam's Fish and Wildlife Service say there is a general upward trend in our elk population; the increase is so rapid that keeping the herds in balance is becoming a pressing problem in some places. Translated into knife-and-fork terms, this means that there will be more elk meat for game cooks.

The elk increase applies particularly to the Yellowstone and Jackson Hole sections of Wyoming. However, there was no scarcity last fall of elk in Idaho's Chamberlain Basin when Pete Barrett, Outdoors Editor of TRUE, and Ted Trueblood went gunning.

Pete was on hand to enjoy the elk roast which appears at the top of this column. It was highly fitting that he should be. He helped get the elk, and asked Trueblood to send me some of it. The piece Ted sent he described as a "wedge roast," and apologized for it, saying it was all he had left.

To be candid, I did not know what a wedge roast was. But I do know that the major cuts of elk—except, of course, overage bulls—respond to cooking as do rib-roasts, top-of-the-round and so on of prime young steer. Older elk is apt to have the gamy flavor of very adult deer and should be handled as you would handle venison.

I wrote Mr. Trueblood for details. He replied: "What my butcher calls a wedge roast comes from the hindquarter, below the round steak. He cuts steaks until the leg gets too small. Then, on the back side (just above the big tendon that goes to the knee) he takes out a triangular piece of meat and calls it a wedge roast. That explains why this particular cut is full of gristle and the toughest on the animal."

Since this column, in part, is devoted to testing recipes that turn inferior cuts into superior dishes, I welcomed the wedge roast. It weighed exactly ten pounds. I suspected it of being on the dry side, so I rubbed it with seasoned olive oil every few hours from before breakfast until cooking time (about 4 p. m.) on the day we had it for supper. Seasoned oil is made by adding generous doses of pepper and salt plus a bud of garlic (mashed) to olive oil.

Just before 4 o'clock, I started the oven at 350°, rubbed the roast with seasoned lard (same as the oil), put it into a low roasting pan and covered it with cheesecloth that had been thoroughly "wrung" with seasoned lard. You do this by putting a heaping tablespoonful of *seasoned* lard in a yard of cheesecloth and squeezing the cloth so that it absorbs the lard. Spread the cheesecloth over the roast and it will act as a "wick" that lifts fat from the bottom of the pan and distributes it all over the roast; a self-basting process that can't be beat.

Allowing fifteen minutes per pound, I kept the wedge roast in the oven two and a half hours; meanwhile, we readied parsnips for sautéing, boiled and mashed a mess of potatoes, opened a jar of sweet-sour pickles, and pulled the cork on a bottle of rich red California wine. (Room temperature; be sure.) Half a cup of that wine and a can of creamed mushroom soup were used in making a gravy out of the fat-free drippings in the roasting pan after the meat and fat were removed.

**—Hans Christian Adamson**

he said finally, "makes me think of something that happened Friday morning at the Palais Station." And what, Chasse quickly demanded, before the man could change his mind and button his mouth, was that?

What had happened Friday morning, half an hour or more before the plane with the Indian sign on it had been due to take off, was that a woman—a singularly ugly woman in black—had appeared in the Palais Station carrying a heavy package and asked one of several taxi drivers standing around waiting for fares to take the package to the airport and check it for her on the 10 o'clock plane for Seven Islands. For some reason or other, none of the taxi drivers would accept the commission. This resulted in the woman getting into a cab herself—the cab of Henri-Paul Pelletier—and going to the airport.

Chasse lost as much time getting to the taxi stand at the Palais Station as a Hollywood wolf loses in his pursuit of a new blonde in town. He learned that Pelletier had, after taking the woman in black to the airport, dropped her at a street intersection along the Rue Monsignor Gauvreau, in the ancient French Lower Town. Chasse began to sniff around the Rue Monsignor Gauvreau—a neighborhood of small, shabby, and rickety houses. Chasse, with his affinity for the natives, learned of a character in the thoroughfare whose name was Mrs. Marguerite Pitre (pronounced pit) but better known to neighbors as the Raven. Mrs. Pitre had fallen heiress to this appellation by virtue of her penchant for black—black everything, from shoes to hat.

Mme. Pitre was just the doll to intrigue a newspaperman, murder or no murder. She was, Chasse soon learned without so much as laying eyes on the woman, a many-faceted individual. She kept a couple of roomers in the little two-story dirty-gray frame house where she lived, she worked occasionally as a waitress in Lower Town indigestion traps, and, on the side, was reputed to function as a procurer. This latter fact was of particular interest to Chasse. He knew that if he threaded into Mme. Pitre's past as a procurer that, while he might not necessarily uncover the answer to the infernal machine on the DC-3, he at least wouldn't find the work monotonous.

Instinct told Chasse that he would learn something about a woman such as Mme. Pitre in either the court or the law-enforcement records of the Lower Town. Chasse's instinct was right. The name of Mme. Pitre bobbed up in the records of a court proceeding that had arisen out of a disturbance in a Lower Town restaurant three months previously. It appeared that a waitress in the restaurant—a sassy little character named Marie-Ange Robitaille, 20 years old, provocative of face and figure—had gotten into an altercation with a patron by the name of Joseph Albert Guay—and that Guay, all wined up, had whipped out a revolver, then saved the young lady's life by not firing at her. Guay, a man of 32, who had described himself as a jewelry salesman, had been clinked

[*Continued on page* 122]

Fill his chair with cheer
He's your champion snow shoveler, the world's best eggnog mixer, chief in charge of trimming the tree. So, this Christmas, treat him extra-special. Give him the gifts he'd choose for himself...give him gifts by *Manhattan*.
Manhattan
THE MARK OF QUALITY SINCE 1857
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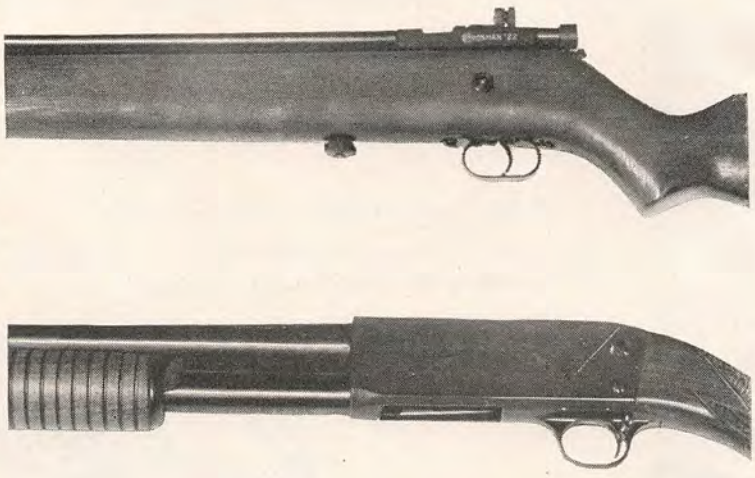
The Three Musketeers
Manhattan

# how to make it a Man's Christmas

*The gifts TRUE suggests on these pages are the 1952 versions of the things men have always wanted most for Christmas. Wives of TRUE-reading men please note.*

A TRUE APPROVED GIFT
*to John from Mary*

Photos for TRUE by Dolli-Avant



Top: Crosman $CO_2$ air rifle has 75 shot reserve $21.95. Ithaca Featherlight repeater 12, 16, 20-gauge $91.16.

Top: United 12x50 binocular $67.50. Revere B61 8 mm camera $112.50. Bausch Lomb 7x35 binocular $155.

Top: Marlin's model 336-.35S carbine holds 6 shots $80.80. Winchester 12-gauge, slide action shotgun $98.50.

A favorite brand, Christmas-wrapped from this selection of spirits, will provide a most pleasurable yuletide gift.

Wool-nylon Adler Dressocks $1.25. Van Heusen Vanaca shirt $10. Drake America cashmere pullover $24.75.

Masland's treated poplin Klamath fishing coat $18.50, trousers $8.75. Pendleton's wool Kilgour shirt $15.35.

Weldon's Ski-Mo pajama in winter weight cotton $5. T.V. Ease slipper socks, rubber soles by Esquire $2.95.

Levi Strauss's blue denim Levis, price $4, go well with the Levi Strauss Authentic Western red plaid shirt $3.

L. to r: Swank's leather set $5. Pioneer's "Flintlock" set 24K gold plated $4.95. Swank's sterling set $11.95.

Sir Walter Raleigh pipe tobacco under $1. Medico Crest imported briar pipes $3 ea. including 10 Medico filters.

Jantzen's Siskiyou pullover in worsted, nylon, and vicara $16.95. Botany 80%-wool, 20%-nylon flannel shirt $13.50.

"Dauntless" Buck Skein Joe surcoat, rayon gabardine $19.95. "Weekender," Buck Skein Joe wool shirt $9.95.

Cooper's lined knit shirt $6.50. Jantzen's Kharafleece sweater $11.95. Haggar's slacks wool and rayon $8.95.

Sunset Line silk fly line $10. Shakespeare automatic fly reel $10.50, glass Wonderod $25. Ashaway nylon line $9, and multi-color line $3. Horrocks-Ibbotson glass rod $17.

Allen-A's Atlastic T-shirt ($1.50) and briefs ($1.15) have rubber seams. Boxed set of three rayon Saluda shorts $4.

Paris's fancy weave suspenders $3.50. Interwoven's clip-on bow tie $1.50; four-in-hand $2.50; cotton dress socks $1.

Gillette super speed set $1.75. Mennen's gift set $1.29. Old Spice Travel set $1.50. Seaforth Duralite Travel kit $4.95.

L. to r.: Wing-A-Roy corduroy shirt by Wings $7.50. Arrow's Alpine all wool flannel shirt $10. Tartan plaid Ripons $3.95.

L. to r.: Van Heusen's Tele-lounger pajama $7.95. Striped-top cotton pajama by Knothe $7.95. Evans's slippers $6.95.

If none of these gifts do, try one of these leading brands. Spirits of the season are tops for greetings of the season.

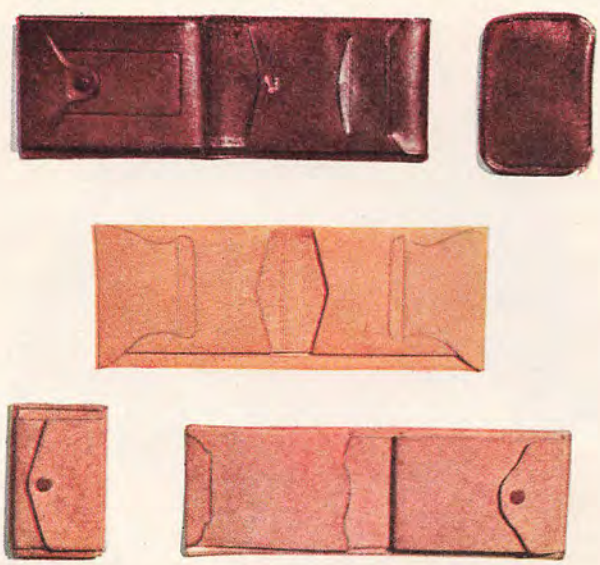
Essley's washable rayon plaid shirt $5.95. Californian Suede Master Jacket by California Sportwear Co. $45.

Zenith radio $39.95, batteries extra $5.90. Lionel steam and Santa Fe diesel engines. Complete sets from $17.75 to $70.

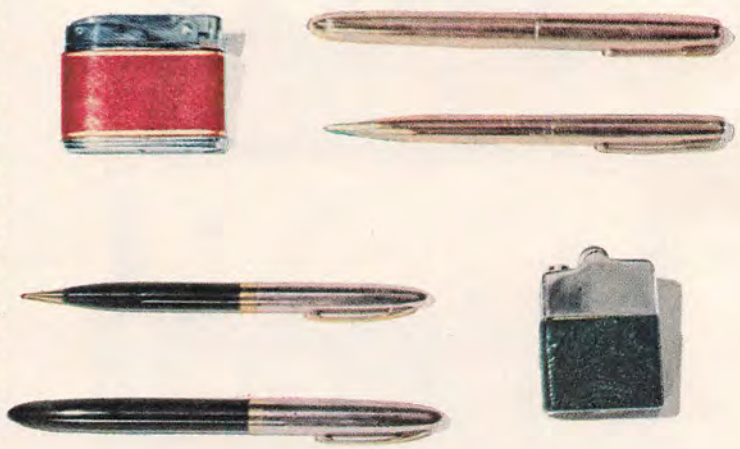
Botany all wool Clan jerkin, knit back $11.50. Woolrich's all wool shirt $10.50. G. H. Bass's Weejun moccasins $14.

L. to r.: Seven Seas Orlon slacks $12.95. Catalina suede jerkin $13. Marlboro gabardine and corduroy shirt $7.95.

L. to r.: Rainfair Nylonair nylon raincoat in case $14.95. Gold label Alligator 100% worsted raincoat $45.75.



Buxton cowhide wallet $5 key case $2.50. Pioneer Bill-File Roser pigskin $5. Swank's pigskin wallet $5 key case $2.50.



Clockwise: Ronson Adonis lighter $12.50. Gold filled Parker "51" Signet set $49.75. Flare butane lighter $6. Sheaffer Sentinel TM set black plastic with gold filled trim $20.

McGregor's Ben Hogan Parmaster woods $18 ea., irons $12.50 ea. Acushnet personalized golf balls in box $12 doz.

Robert Reis paisley print pajama $3.95. Manhattan striped Tele-view pajama $10. Evans's leather slippers $7.95.

Arrow Dart shirt $3.95. Tie $1.50. Van Heusen Century $3.95 up. Tie $1.50. Manhattan Dacron $10.95. Tie $2.50.

McGregor Drizzler lined jacket, $16.95. Cooper's rayon plaid shirt $4.95. Simpson's Heather Daks slacks $32.50.

Drake America wool argyle $3.95. Westminster Match box 3 cotton argyles for $5. Holeproof 50% wool, 50% nylon argyle $3.95; Thick and Thin nylon-cotton ribbed $1.25.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WELDON... THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S PAJAMAS

# Death on the Fourth

[*Continued from page 28*]

body and his mind. By spring he was almost the young man he had been, a downy-chinned 23-year-old with long, dark hair, fully capable of walking the rest of the way to California. He could even bring himself to recall much of his ordeal, and write about it. His record is still the best. In its way it tells the story of the most disastrous expedition in the history of Western exploration, but it does not tell it all. Between Macajah and the real story was a wall of horror, beyond which he could not go.

Romantic historians glossed over the real story for years. After all, John Charles Fremont was a hero, a dashing Sir Galahad in a fringed leather jacket, and once nearly President of the United States. Could anyone accuse him of leading his men on an idiot's trail and then deserting? It took the realistic historians of recent years to separate glorified fiction from stark fact, and expose a glamorous hero for the egotistical charlatan he was. Then in 1950 the U. S. Forest Service, at the urging of Judge Joseph H. Thomas, of Antonito, Colorado, retraced foot by foot the trail over which Fremont had led his men in the heart of that winter of 1848-49—a winter described by veteran mountain men as "the worst ever seed." Up in the heart of the San Juan Mountains of Colorado, in the meager shelter of a ridge surveyed at 12,000 feet, the foresters reached the end of their search. In a small, natural clearing surrounded by stunted spruce, they found the 102-year-old remains of three campfires, the charred wood still well preserved. Tree stumps bearing the marks of axes stood eight to twelve feet above the ground, decaying evidence of the depth the snow had reached that winter. And near the charcoal of one fire they found, under a litter of needles and dead branches, the rotten remains of a spruce sled, hewed out of logs by desperate men who became too weak to pull it away.

Since then Judge Thomas has pieced together the remaining bits of the local story, completing a work of research that has fascinated him for twenty years. It is through his findings and the work of the Forest Service that TRUE has at last been able to assemble all the facts covering that awful debacle known only as Expedition Four.

Even down on his father's plantation south of Natchez, Micajah McGehee could read all about John Charles Fremont. What the local papers did not carry, the New Orleans papers, brought up by steamboat, did. Lt. Col. Fremont was the hero of the day. He was the dashing cavalier with the long black hair who had three times blazed trails across the Rockies. He was the flashing-eyed man whose courage and audacity had conquered California and added it to the United States. He was the man being persecuted by corrupt politicians in Washington who would destroy their country. Or so the papers said.

Young Micajah was no fool, but he had

much of the dreamer in him, and certainly he was hard hit by a serious case of hero worship. Although well educated, or at least as well educated as any of the gentlemen planters around Natchez, his only worldly experience consisted of managing the slaves and the planting on his father's plantation. He would sit on his sweating horse in the hot Mississippi sun, watching the slaves chopping cotton, and he would dream of riding with Fremont. Across the Missouri. Into the snows of the Rockies. Some Indian fighting, buffalo hunting, some daring rescues, and then, at the end of the trail, that wonderful new country called California.

The news that Fremont was being court martialed shocked him. The charges were that in freeing California of Mexican rule, Fremont had disobeyed his superior officers and rebelled against the policies of the State Department in Washington. All for the sake of self-aggrandizement. That the charges were true meant nothing to the newspapers of the country or to Micajah. When the court found Fremont guilty, he joined the great public and the newspapers in the howl of protest. President James Polk, with an eye on the next election, personally intervened and ordered Fremont's reinstatement in the army.

Breathlessly Micajah waited for the next weekly paper that would tell him of Fremont's fate. Fremont, playing to his public, did what was expected of him. Haughtily he refused the offered reinstatement, preferring glorified martyrdom to the restrictions of an officer's life. He would, he announced, form another expedition at once, this time to blaze a trail across the country for a railroad that would run from coast to coast.

A railroad across the country! Every American was dreaming of just such a thing. It had size, it had daring, it offered untold riches. It was just the thing to inflame the imagination, and that it did in one tremendous wave of enthusiasm. Micajah was caught up in that wave and was helpless. Going against his father's wishes for the first time in his life, he boarded a steamboat out of Natchez and headed for St. Louis, where Fremont was to assemble the members of his expedition.

Micajah, tall, intelligent, farm hardened, and with the hero-worship shining in his eyes, was just the kind of man Fremont was looking for. Fremont liked men who would follow him with a sort of blind faith in his infallibility. "Stick with me," he told Micajah, "and I'll make you rich." He probably believed that himself. He, too, had a sublime faith in his own infallibility.

Fremont probably figured he had a sure thing. All he had to do was what he had done before; head into the mountains over some trail already established by mountain men, and then claim the route as his new discovery. The mountain men never talked about their trails; Fremont did. That was one of the differences between the explorers of the West and the exploiters.

But it soon turned out that this time it wouldn't be that easy. Always before, Fremont had functioned as his own boss,

[*Continued on page* 69]


For Christmas

Just a few of more than a thousand different *Interwoven Socks from which to choose . . . Famous *Wear-Resist Construction throughout . . . There is no more acceptable Gift for a man than *Interwoven Socks . . . At Better Stores Everywhere.

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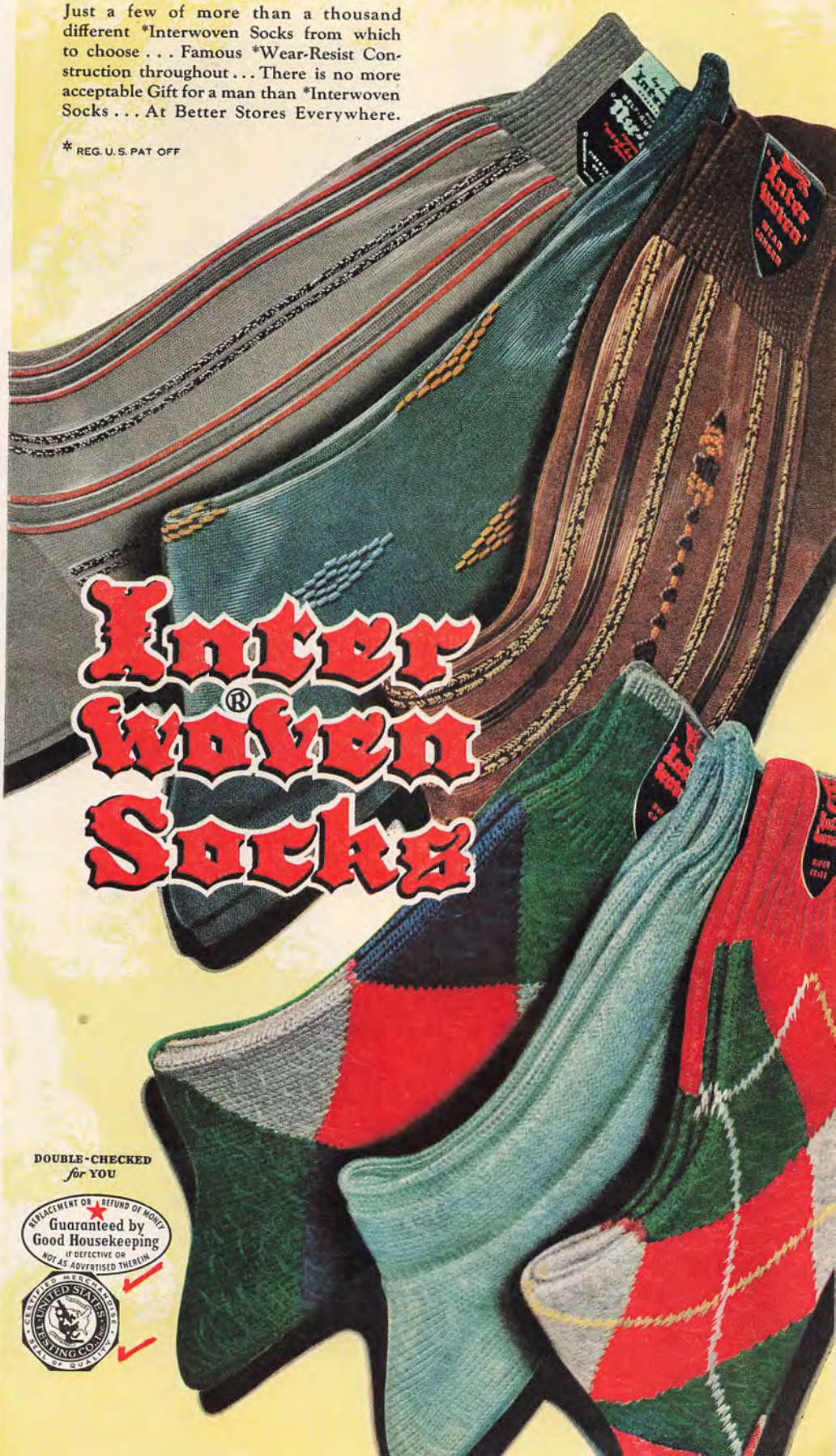

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**EVERY MAN** loves a white Arrow shirt . . . its flawless style . . . its cut-for-comfort tailoring! Like the Arrow *Dart*—most popular shirt in America! *Dart* has the wonderful nonwilt collar. *(Right)* for a change ask for a smart, classic Arrow striped shirt (shown with *Belmont* collar). Arrow shirts are "Sanforized"-labeled, can't ever shrink out of fit!

**THE FAMOUS** Arrow *Gabanaro* comes in *your exact* collar size, sleeve length. Tailored for action from rich, rugged washable rayon gabardine. 12 colors. Gabanaro features the new ARAFOLD collar which brings you new comfort . . . new smartness . . . *with* or without a tie! *(Right)* Arrow's fleecy, 100% wool Alpine Flannel. Washable. In solid colors and plaids.

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**ARROW UNDERWEAR** is *always* right! Undershirts. Shorts with GRIPPERS, or "Sprinter," model with all-elastic waistband. (Arrow shorts have *no center seam* to chafe!) ALWAYS GOOD — Arrow handkerchiefs. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

[*Continued from page 65*]
using his Army rank to draw upon the government for funds to finance his expeditions. Because he usually brought in a lot of publicity, he had been the fair-haired boy of the topographic corps, and even his most outrageous demands were usually granted. Now, however, he was engaged by some hard-headed business men. Among them were his father-in-law, Senator Thomas Benton, and three St. Louis magnates, Robert Campbell, O. D. Filley, and Thornton Grimsley. They wanted the publicity Fremont's name would bring them, all right, but they also wanted a railroad.

What was more, if they were to make a fortune selling stock in their railroad, they wanted a route for it that would enable it to operate all year round. There was no point in promoting a railroad that would run only during three months or so out of twelve. Said they, crisply, "Colonel, there ain't no use bustin' off in the middle of the summer on this here deal. You find us a route we can use in the middle of the winter, too, and the best way to do that is you go in the middle of the winter. If you get through, maybe we can get a railroad through. If you don't, we'll figger you was off on the wrong track."

That was something else again. Not even the mountain men tangled with the Rockies in midwinter. They holed up, quite sensibly, with their favorite squaws in such Indian communities as Pueblo, Hard Scrabble and Taos. At least the wise ones did. Some of the greener or more romantic mountain men would tie in with plains Indians, and suffer through a winter of starvation and bitter cold in hide-covered tepees. Fremont wanted no part of that northern route in the winter. He announced he would blaze a trail right through the Rockies, following the 38th parallel in as close to a straight line as was possible.

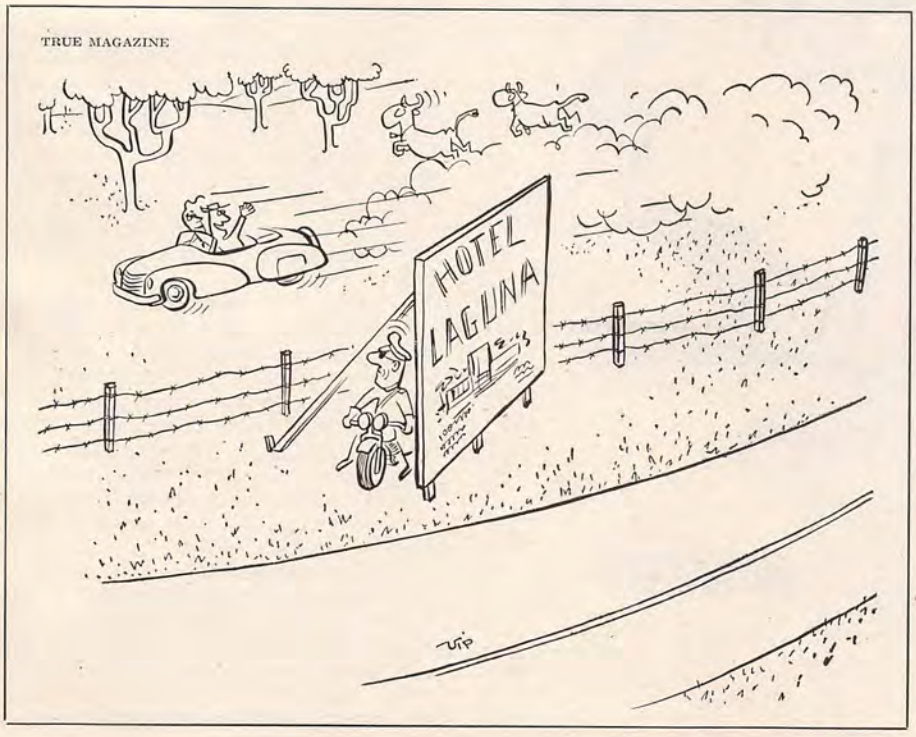
All this he announced quite flatly and bravely, without even knowing what mountains crossed the 38th parallel.

For the most part Fremont took with him friends from previous expeditions who had proved solid enough on the trail and suffered no personal delusions of grandeur later. Mild Charlie Preuss came along as topographical engineer. F. Creutzfeldt, botanist; "Doc" Kern and his two brothers, Edward and Richard, staff artists; Sanders Jackson, Fremont's colored servant; Micajah McGehee, Henry King, John Scott, and Thomas Breckenridge, assistants, made up the official members of the party. To this group was added the usual assortment of adventurers, including a captain from the British army, some French Canadian voyageurs, three California Indians, and a mountain man named Alexis Godey.

The expedition made its official departure from Westport Landing, now called Kansas City, on October 19, 1848. In spite of the lateness of the season, the weather was intensely hot as they plugged over the Santa Fe Trail to Bent's Fort. There an abrupt change took place. By the time they reached Pueblo four days later, a frigid blast was rolling down from the Sangre de Cristo mountains, bringing with it a blinding blizzard.

The snow curdled Micajah's blood. These were no gentle flakes drifting softly from heaven to carpet the earth with a fluffy blanket. These were stinging needles that drove at his eyes, flying grains of ice that filled his muffler and drifted down his neck, frozen adhesive that plastered his face and beard, packing his mustache solid with ice and blocking his breathing. He clung to the pommel of his saddle with hands that were numb, trying to ignore the feeling that his legs had turned to wood.

Pueblo likewise curdled his blood. In a sorry collection of mud hovels that were a poor imitation of the adobe pueblos



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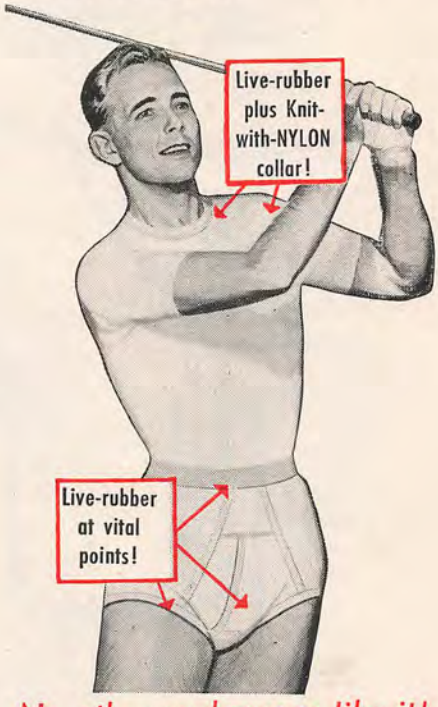


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farther south lived as tough a collection of men as he had ever seen or ever expected to see. With them were their squaws, picked more for endurance and serviceability than beauty and romance. But if the hovels had little else, they had plenty of food, a keg containing a fluid so potent that "one guzzle was calc'lated to fire the hair in yer nose." With their food, their kegs, and their squaws, the mountain men were prepared to spend a quiet winter of fighting, drinking and wenching.

Fremont had hoped to find Kit Carson either at Bent's Fort or Pueblo. Dick Wootton, a veteran mountain man who joined the party at the fort, had heard Carson was at Pueblo or Hard Scrabble, but Preacher Bill Williams at Pueblo reported that Kit had gone south to Taos. This was a blow to Fremont. Always before he had been able to ride along on Kit's knowledge of the mountains, which he "knowed like a farmer knows his own 'tater patch," but now it looked as though he would have to depend upon Dick Wootton and Alexis Godey. Good guides, both, up in the northern Rockies, but down here along the 38th parallel they were out of their element.

Preacher Bill allowed as how he knew as much about the mountains west of Pueblo as did Kit Carson. He was a strange man, this Preacher Bill. He had come into the mountains back around 1820 to convert the heathen, and had gone native instead. Now, at the age of 62, he stood as tall and strong as he had in his youth, with only traces of gray in his long hair and beard. At times he was given to dressing as a preacher and bellowing excerpts from half-forgotten sermons, but most of the time he dressed in the blackest, filthiest set of deer skins west o' the Missouri, and was as eager to take a scalp as the wildest Sioux. Other mountain men were willing to concede he knew his way through the passes, but most of them preferred to tackle the unknown wilderness alone rather than risk the dangers of Preacher Bill's company. They didn't trust him.

Fremont had no choice. He was not fool enough to think he could get through without the advice of experienced mountain men. He engaged Preacher Bill as head guide and turned over to him the final preparations for the assault upon the mountains. Muttering ominously about the dangers ahead, Preacher Bill rounded up 120 mules to replace the horses as pack animals, and when Fremont protested at the number he answered, "So some will toil not and neither will they spin, but they'll make good eatin' when times get bad. Mule meat's got more gumption than horse."

To feed the mules he scraped up 120 bushels of corn—all that the squaws had harvested—and then announced he was ready to go. The party at this point numbered thirty-five men. Shortly afterwards one man, looking at the snow storms pouring over the top of the distant escarpment of the Sangre de Cristo range, announced his preference for occupying Preacher Bill's vacated hovel. The other mountain men, gathered to see the expedition off, nodded gloomy approval, and voiced the opinion that no one would come back alive. Micajah, listening nervously to the dire forecasts, found no encouragement in Preacher Bill's reply to his old friends. "Sho, not all these leather heads will come back," said Preacher Bill, "but you can bet your top knot old Bill will be back come spring."

They left Pueblo on November 22nd, and broke the mules in to the trail in easy marches to Hard Scrabble. They left this mean collection of hovels on November 25th, and by afternoon they were gone into their own small world of horror.

The Kern brothers, diligently making notes for future paintings, described the evening view of the mountains, "the prettiest we have seen. Copper colors in the lights, and black blue and India red in the shadows." But to Micajah the range looked like a solid wall supported between peaks too high to contemplate. He felt better when blood-red clouds—the Sangre de Cristo—rolled up and hid the peaks.

The next day the snow whipped down, mercifully veiling the path ahead. Micajah's world was reduced to a hundred yards, all of it nightmare to this product of a sunny plantation. They were by now following the tortured valley of White Oak Creek. All of the debris of the mountain walls seemed to have accumulated there. Pine trees two feet thick lay tangled like jack straws between boulders as large as barns. While the Kern brothers, still fresh and eager, made copious notes of the colors of the canyon walls—blackish brown, streaked with white—the rest fell to and cleared a trail with axes, one log at a time.

The mules scrambled through the openings cut for them, trying to scrape off their packs. They were having a terrible time. Under their feet the snow would ball in icy stilts six to eight inches high, but no two stilts the same height. Up on one foot, down on another, a skid on a slippery rock, a crashing fall. Men picking them up had to work like demons, and were soundly kicked for their pains.

Preacher Bill endured the situation calmly. But not Dick Wootton. On the third day out of Hard Scrabble, Wootton took a good long look at the storm rolling down upon them from the heights, and declared, "That is too much snow for me." With that he went "while the gettin' was still good," back to Hard Scrabble, thus proving himself, Kit Carson said later, "the only man with a brain in the whole kaboodle."

The thirty-three who remained crossed the range through what is now called Roudidoux Pass, emerging on December 3rd from a tangle of spruce to see the Rio Grande valley spread far below them. Through frost-beaded eyelashes the haggard, half-frozen men stared at

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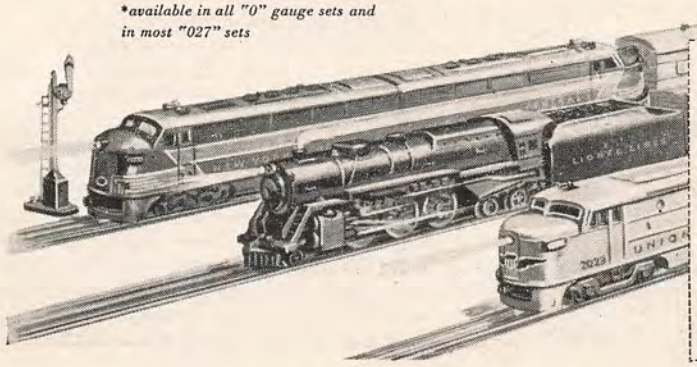

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the warm, sunny land, half fearing it to be a mirage. Fully a score of the men were suffering from frozen hands, feet, ears or faces. Their beards were solid lumps of ice, the result of labored breathing at high altitude. And if the men were in bad shape, the mules were in worse. From their nostrils and muzzles hung long icicles, and so heavy had been their breathing that their flanks were coated with heavy frost, while from their bellies hung icicles of melted snow and frozen sweat.

Even as the men looked, the sun was blotted out by heavy clouds. The wind increased to a howl, and once more their world was reduced to a hundred yards of flying snow.

They reached the floor of the valley still enclosed by the blizzard. If anything the wind was colder and more intense than it had been up on the shelf. There was more agony ahead. As they lurched across that vast emptiness now called Great Sand Dunes National Monument, the wind hurled great scoops of sand into their faces along with needles of ice. Drifts of mingled sand and snow piled up thirty feet high in the lee of the dunes. Even when a trail had been cut through these drifts, the sand below was so shifting, and the blasts of sand from above were so fierce that the mules had to be forced up and over by sheer man-power.

They crossed the dunes—"It is so easy to say," commented Micajah later—but they were never to find the sunny grassy plains. Two to four feet of snow covered the grass, and when at last they saw a meadow ahead, the tufts of vegetation they thought to be buffalo grass turned out to be the tips of five-foot clumps of greasewood. On these tips the mules grazed, pawing deep to get what nourishment they could out of the dry sticks. The men had to dig out brush for firewood, and in the glow of the meager fagots, spread their blankets on the snow to encourage the illusion that they could feel some heat.

They went on, reaching the Rio Grande midway between the present towns of Monte Vista and Del Norte. Never let it be said that Fremont was not with them. What his men took, he took, and probably with more suffering. But the men were risking their lives for only the small remuneration promised them by Fremont—salaries were rather vague on expeditions of this sort—while Fremont was playing for a transcontinental railroad. For the fortune he stood to make, a man could afford to suffer much.

Now the story gets grim.

From Del Norte at the 8,000 foot level the valley of the Rio Grande rises steeply to continental divide some sixty miles almost due west, climbing nearly a mile in this distance. In the winter the turbulent water twists and tumbles and roars, sometimes smothered under four-foot layers of ice and at other times flashing clear to leap over falls and hurl itself through terrible rapids. Around it are peaks towering well above 14,000 feet. In the gorges the walls are sheathed with ice from the flying spray, and prog-

ress between these icy, boulder-strewn cliffs is all but suicidal for both man and beast. Added to these natural hazards that winter was an unceasing blizzard dropping as much as a foot of snow a day, a forty to sixty mile wind, and a temperature well below zero.

Fremont gave his men no chance to consider the risks. Blindly, selfishly, he plunged on, passing back the word that Preacher Bill knew of a secret pass. "The worst is over men," he said. "All we do is cross the divide, and then it's down hill all the way to California."

Preacher Bill said otherwise, profanely declaring Fremont to be "full of loco weed," but the parson was still only a mountain man, and Fremont was still the glorified Sir Galahad who could do no wrong. The men, Micajah included, preferred to follow Sir Galahad.

The mules had no choice in the matter. They were starving to death. They were rationed at a pint of corn a day, which would not have been enough to sustain life in a warm barn. Every day saw one or more come to a shivering halt, quiver for a moment, and fall. Came the day when a mule, hip deep in snow, did not fall. It froze to death in its tracks, blocking the trail. The swearing men heaved it to one side, ignoring Preacher Bill, who suggested, "You kin skin me fer a skunk for saying so, boys, but you better plant a tall stake aside that critter. We might be wanting to find him, case we come back this way hungry." That night twenty more mules froze to death.

By dawn the men were afraid.

Fremont and Preacher Bill had a conference from which the mountain man came back shaking his head. "He wants to quit the valley and go up and over," he told Micajah. "It won't go. There ain't nothing up there but mountains sittin' on top of mountains."

The disagreement between Fremont and Bill Williams has been the subject of considerable controversy. The only possible conclusion, in the light of present findings, is that Fremont, headstrong as usual and driven by visions of glory and fortune, ignored the one man who knew anything about the country, and was personally to blame for the tragic events that followed.

The party left the Rio Grande, turning north up the course of what is now called Embargo Creek. If Micajah thought he had conquered the Rockies in crossing the Sangre de Cristo range, he now came to learn what real mountains were. The feet of the men froze solid to their socks and boots, and had to be thawed free over open fires. They had to cut their boots off, and improvise moccasins out of saddle bags and blankets. The new foot gear was an improvement; fewer feet were frozen. But there was little protection for the hands and face. When mittens became soaked from tugging and pushing mules over icy ledges, they would freeze to the flesh almost at once when exposed to the terrible wind. Mufflers wrapped over the face would freeze to the beard and skin, cemented tight by frozen breath. Eyelids froze together. The worst came when the flesh, frozen and thawed repeatedly, be-


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came watery and swollen, and froze again in its own drippings.

They kept on climbing. The surviving mules, desperate with hunger, ate their pack blankets and the blankets that covered them at night. They ate each other's manes and tails until the blood ran and froze. At night they would knaw at the blankets of the men who were trying to forget their agony in sleep. Moaning and coughing they would make the night hideous, and often, moved by some instinct for survival, they would take off back down the trail. Then the exhausted men would have to get out of their blankets and round them up again.

By December 16th the party reached the divide, but so furious was the gale blowing over the crest that Richard Kern noted in his diary later, "Had the animals gone over the hill, or had we remained there half an hour longer, the whole party might have been lost. Returned to our old campfires amidst a furious snow and windstorm that continued all day and night."

The next day they did manage to force their way over the ridge, but a few hundred yards down the slope they entered a growth of spruce in the shelter of which the soft snow lay fifteen to thirty feet deep. There they bogged down. At that 12,000-foot altitude the labor of breaking trail even a few feet was enough to cause the men to bleed from the mouth and nose; while the mules, some fifty of which still survived, found it impossible to move at all. Fremont gave the order to make camp in a tiny, circular clearing, fairly well protected from the vicious wind.

And there they stayed, day after day, while the wind raged above them and the snow sifted over them in great eddies. One fierce night, too cold to be recorded, finished off the last of the mules. For a while their stiff carcasses made mounds above the snows, and then even the mounds vanished.

For experienced explorers, their camp was amazingly crude. The men divided into three groups around three fires, and, except when gathering wood or chopping up a mule for meat, each group sat around the flames with their blankets over their heads to gather in the heat. As the fire melted through the snow, the snow around it packed down, and in time the men found themselves huddling over the coals at the bottom of a deep well of soot-blackened ice.

The wind whistling over these sink holes would hurl in huge blasts of snow. Each gust would cause the green spruce to send out swirling eddies of sharp smoke that burned into the lungs of the men, causing them to cough blood. It reddened their eyes and turned their faces black. Yet they sat there and took it, employing their time making new moccasins and mittens until their eyes became too inflamed to see.

A week of this convinced even Fremont that no railroad would ever follow this route. He gave the order to fall back, but now it became evident that his order had come too late. With no mules to aid them, the men were three days getting back across the divide. Some of the men could only carry themselves, and it was left to the others to make repeated trips back and forth to bring up the gear and food supplies.

As the desperate plight of the men became more and more apparent, young Micajah suddenly discovered a new strength in himself. Up to now he had been a follower, treated as a greenhorn by the other members of the party. Now he found himself making his own decisions—and found that others were willing to accept and follow them. When on Christmas day Fremont called a meeting of the leaders, Micajah was counted in.

It was Fremont's proposal that Preacher Bill and three of the strongest men, including Henry King, leave at once for the Rio Grande and proceed south for help, as far as Taos if need be. The rest of the men under Fremont would take the most direct route back to the Rio. (Fremont was convinced he knew a shorter route than the one they had taken up, though how he came by this conviction, never having been in the country before, is beyond explanation.) Fremont would then lead the way down the river to meet the relief party.

Preacher Bill and his men hacked off a few chunks of frozen mule, took out their shares of macaroni, salt and sugar, and shoved off. They were supposed to make the trip and return in sixteen days.

The remaining men found some relief in the thought that help would soon be forthcoming. They spent a week gathering together their equipment, scattered along the trail, some of it still on the backs of mules that had frozen. The week would have been better spent in getting out while they still had their strength. After the men had assembled most of their gear, and built a heavy sled with which to move it out, they found they were too weak to budge the loaded sled in the loose snow. A sort of quiet panic gripped them. Men who carried gold coin to stake them in California stripped themselves of the weight, and added it to the pile of stores. Everything not immediately essential to the preservation of life was added to the pile, and all turned to Fremont for the orders to move out fast.

The only order Fremont gave was perhaps the most remarkable in the history of exporation.

"You can come along if you want to," he said. "I'm leaving."

And he left. The men stumbled after him. They took only such food as they could pack on their backs, heading directly toward the Rio. Though the trail over which they had come was marked with frozen mules, any one of which would have provided food for a week for the party, they moved away from this source of life. Each step took them deeper into an empty country from which even the rabbits and crows had fled. The death of winter was everywhere.

Raphael Proue was the first to die. They were crossing a bald promontory of some five miles in which there was no shelter. The wind was so fierce and the cold so intense that the men cried aloud

in their agony, clawing like animals into the snow to escape the blasts. A wind-twisted clump of dead trees saved their lives when they managed to start a fire of branches. But the fire came too late to save Proue. He stumbled forward, croaking something about how good it was to be warm and safe at last. He stopped, his arms outstretched toward some unseen fireplace, and there he stood, a horrible grimace of a smile upon his face. He was dead. The men standing around the fire could see him standing there, a hundred yards away. They looked at each other uneasily, wondering who would be next, and then moved on uncomfortably before they were really warm.

The march became a rout. The men were straggled out over a stretch of three or four miles, with no attempt being made by Fremont to hold them together for the gathering of wood and the rationing of supplies. Micajah found a cave on the bank of a stream, and crawled in. It was dry in there, and being sheltered from the wind, felt warm. He lay there for hours in a stupor, watching men straggle by below him and not giving a damn. Suddenly a shock of warning passed through him. He was freezing to death. In a frenzy he rushed out, climbed the cliff above the cave, and began heaving logs down to the lip of rock in front of the cave. When the pile was large enough, he started a huge fire, the sight of which attracted a half dozen others to his shelter.

It then developed that the others had so counted upon reaching the Rio quickly, as Fremont had told them they would, and of finding game there, that they had failed to carry along much food. Except for the frozen mule meat, sugar and macaroni carried by Micajah, there was scarcely an ounce of food among the lot.

And another howling gale broke. They ate Micajah's food. They ate a roll of rawhide strings he had intended to use for snowshoes. They pounded their leather wallets between rocks and ate them. Micajah, exploring the depths of the cave, came upon a wolf's den in which was a pile of gnawed bones. These they pounded into a splintery powder and ate. They remained warm and stayed alive.

Up and down the creek, others were less fortunate. Fremont and his personal group lasted out the storm buried under snow in the lee of a huge boulder. But he, at least, had had enough sense not to trust his own judgment in the matter of finding game along the trail. His party had food.

The storm cleared, and once more the straggling march was resumed.

On January 9th, when Preacher Bill should have been back with his relief party, Fremont called a final meeting with the men who had caught up to him. To Micajah and the others he announced flatly that he was taking enough provisions, before the food was all exhausted, to last his party as far as Taos.

"I'm taking Preuss, Godey, Ted, and Sanders with me," he said. "I'll send back relief, but if you men want to get to California with me, you'll have to hurry. I'm on my way fast, and I won't be waiting for you long."

It fell upon Micajah to quiet the panic that began to spread as soon as Fremont and his group left. Two French Canadians refused to listen to his logic. They began running after Fremont, stumbling and falling, but struggling on. And so they left the world, still struggling, their arms outstretched and rigid when they were found.

Micajah led his group down the river, and for once the intense cold was on their side. Even the fastest parts of the river

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were frozen over, some of the ice being so recently formed that there was little snow to block their progress. But now a new form of torture developed. While in soft snow the men with frozen feet found movement endurable, but upon hard ice the jar of each step was an exquisite form of torture. One of the California Indians, no longer able to stand the pain, begged to be shot. When no one would oblige, he crawled into the snow and refused to go on. It proved to be a wise move. Relieved of the pressure of white-man superiority, he resorted to his Indian craft, made a decent camp, and saved his life.

Henry Wise looked back after the Indian, tried another agonizing step, and admitted he could not go on. He sprawled upon the ice, cushioned his cheek on his arm, and was dead before he could be turned over. That night a man identified only as Carver awoke with a vision that would lead all to safety. With glad cries, happy for the first time in weeks, he rushed off to follow his vision, and so he died.

A brilliant sun slashed through the cold the next day, ricocheting from a thousand banks of snow and ice into their smoke-inflamed eyes. Sorrel Tabeau, a French Canadian, became blind by noon. in anguish he cried, "This is a *mise Dieu* (visitation of God) and we can't stand it." With that he lay down, telling the others to leave him, and died. His friend from Canada, named Moran, refused to leave, and died with him. As Micajah put it, "They never came up again."

The rest of the men were in a mood to join the dead. Everything, from tallow candles to their belts, had been eaten. An otter, found frozen in the ice, had been their only food for twenty-four hours. Their leather moccasins had been consumed, to be replaced by wrappings made of blankets. Now the talk turned to the frozen bodies of the companions left behind. Certainly in some cases it turned out to be more than talk.

Micajah revolted. The men older than he, who should have been leaders, were turning out to be as ignorant and incompetent as children. Sharply he stepped into command. "We're going on as long as we've got the strength," he said firmly. "We are going together. That's the only way we can make it, and that's the way we are going to do it."

Words, and words only, but for once words were enough. The men found in Micajah's courage a rallying point. Though a man identified only as Rohrer died that night, the rest of the men still clung to the hope offered by Micajah. Had they not, there is no doubt that the disintegration of morale that had set in would have produced many more deaths than it did.

In the meantime Preacher Bill and his party were wandering aimlessly across the floor of the Rio Grande valley. The storms that had caught the main body of the expedition up in the San Juan mountains had caught them on the exposed prairie, and they had suffered horribly. They had been without fire and food for days, and then snowblindness had cost them all sense of direction.

It is entirely possible that Henry King froze to death during this awful ordeal. On the other hand, Preacher Bill was in fairly good shape when found—much better off, in fact, than his companions. Maybe Kit Carson knew what he was talking about when he said, "No one but a fool walks ahead of Preacher Bill when the parson is afreezin' and astarvin'."

Fremont and his party found Preacher Bill and two of his party wandering around half-crazed, and took them on to Taos. There Fremont sat down with Kit Carson, and was soon renewing old acquaintanceships over steaming cups of hot chocolate. Mountain man Alexis Godey was the one who organized the relief expedition, and went back with horses and food to bring in the rest of the party.

Godey found Micajah still holding his own small group intact. Some of the men were too weak to move, kept alive only by the encouraging presence of the others. "That Micajah boy shore has got the makin's," reported Godey later. "If he'd 'a pulled stakes on the weaklin's, they'd a friz afore he was outa sight."

The other members of the expedition not with Micajah were found straggled along the river for miles. For many of them, Godey's arrival was too late. Out of the thirty-three men who had gone into the mountains, eleven were dead.

Godey had to pack the survivors like grain sacks on the horses. None were strong enough to sit erect. Wrote Micajah, "Though the ride was almost killing, it was the most welcome horseback excursion we had ever taken." So agreed them all.

Micajah also revealed his secret for survival. "I kept my mind amused by thinking of farming. I kept hope alive, and never once suffered myself to despond." Somehow the heat of his Mississippi plantation had reached him through the snows of the Rockies, and somehow that had been enough.

The jinx that had dogged the party had not yet taken its full toll. The next spring Preacher Bill led a party of Mexicans up Embargo Creek to recover the gold and stores. On his return he was ambushed by Indians, and the whole party was slain.

As for Micajah, he went on to California, where he became one of the leaders in the development of the state. And as for Fremont, he was rewarded in his usual fashion. While continuing on to California by a southern route, brooding over the loss of his railroad, he was overtaken by men whom he thought to be pursued by Indians, so madly were they spurring.

"Where are they?" he shouted.

"Where's who?" came the reply as the men galloped on. "Ain't you heard? There's gold in Californy. Gold, gold, gold!"

And gold there was. On Fremont's own land grant there was enough gold to make him a millionaire several times over. Graciously he accepted his reward, conceding it to be entirely appropriate. He was magnanimous that way.

—George Scullin

# The Brain Behind the Browns

[*Continued from page* 39]

was one minute and forty-eight seconds to go when Cleveland got the ball on its 31-yard line. Everyone in the park expected a pass by Graham, who already had thrown four touchdowns. He faded, all right, but after the rampaging Rams had been sucked in he ran the ball fifteen yards. Now the Rams, badly confused, held back and Graham calmly hit Rex Bumgardner with a pass that took the ball to Los Angeles' 39. Another pass failed, but the Rams, still looking for the draw play, left Dub Jones uncovered for a Graham pass on the 11-yard line, setting up Groza's winning field goal a few seconds later.

Apart from the draw play, however, Brown has introduced no new gimmick. What, then, accounts for his astonishing success? The answer is as simple as it is obvious. His players put out for him and his preparations for a game verge on superhuman thoroughness.

"The football coach's main job is to cultivate 'heart' in his men," Brown says. "Desire is the most important single factor in the game and it doesn't make any difference whether your guys are playing for money or for a varsity letter that costs five cents to manufacture. A good football player must be a contact man, a fellow who enjoys the shock of hard blocking and tackling. If he doesn't get a bang out of it, there's not enough money in the world to induce him to play pro ball. I don't believe in pep talks, slogans and all that nonsense. I'm not interested in a man if I have to crank him up. I'm not a psychologist. I've never sworn at a player to steam him up. I'd be out of character if I tried to be the tough Butch type. To me, football is a cold teaching proposition, a science, but that doesn't mean it can be played mechanically. You can teach only men with the fundamental desire to play."

It is commonly agreed that Brown's greatest achievement has been keeping his team free of the complacency that generally overtakes athletes who have enjoyed a long run of success. John J. McGraw and Joe McCarthy are properly celebrated for winning four straight pennants, but Brown has won five in a row in a game that is much more emotional than baseball. It is noteworthy, too, that he has done it with nine men who have been the nucleus of all his pro teams—Backs Graham and Marion Motley, Ends Dante Lavelli, Mac Speedie and George Young, Tackles Groza and Lou Rymkus, Guard Lin Houston and Center Frank Gatski.

Many people have the impression that the Browns are an invincible bunch of man-eating monsters, but they are no bigger than any other pro team. And they've gotten their lumps on occasion. In 1949, the San Francisco Forty-Niners gave them a soulful 56-28 shellacking, the worst licking ever absorbed by a Brown-coached team. Our man Brown laid down the law and the following week the hired hands whaled the Los Angeles


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Dons, 61-14. Perhaps the best evidence of the spirit that characterizes the Browns can be found in the sensational rallies they have pulled. Two years ago they were losing by 28-0 to the New York Yankees and the Buffalo Bills and tied both games. In the climactic championship with the Rams last year, Los Angeles scored a touchdown on the very first play from scrimmage, an 82-yard pass from Bob Waterfield to Glenn Davis, the old Army flash, that might have demoralized the most experienced club. The Rams were ahead by 14-0 before the Browns got rolling and saved the most important game in their history.

There are few special methods or dodges Brown uses to instill his players with high morale. The only unusual thing he does is to mail their paychecks home instead of leaving them in the lockers after a game. He does it that way just in case a man gets the idea after a defeat that he is playing for mere money. He has taken several bad actors from other clubs and merged them into his organization with no trouble at all.

Brown can be a tough disciplinarian when the situation calls for it, but he has not been required to exercise his authority since 1946, his first pro season. Two days before the championship playoff with the Yankees, Jim Daniels, the team captain, fell among friends in New York, got loaded and socked a guy in a saloon brawl. Brown immediately fired Daniels, although the loss of the star tackle figured to jeopardize his chances of winning the title. That was the last time he had to make a muscle to keep the boys in line.

"I've never fined a player and I never will," he says. "I'd sooner release him than take such action. He's no good to me, anyway, if I have to punish him to make him give his best performance. If a man hasn't brains enough to keep in shape and play hard, I don't want him."

The opposition finds it so tough to beat Brown on the field because it can't beat his unbelievable attention to details in preparing for a game. Football coaching now is regarded as an all-year job and everyone in the profession preserves the fiction by appearing at his office five days a week. During the offseason, most of the colleagues go through the motions of answering their mail, then put their feet up on the desk and idly pick their teeth until lunch, after which they wind up a tough day with an excursion to the nearest racetrack or golf course. Brown and his four assistants check in at the office five days a week, except August through December, when they work seven days, and keep their noses to the movieola. The movieola is a small, hand-operated machine that enables the viewer to look at motion pictures run forward or backward in slow motion and it is very possible that Brown still would be teaching in high school if the thing never had been invented.

If Brown has one secret of success, it is the staggering welter of information he collects and digests from films or games run on the movieola. This is going to be hard to believe, but you'll have to take my word that every game Cleveland plays is run on the movieola more than *5,000 times* by Brown and his assistants, each of whom looks for something else.

The wear and tear on the films is reduced by making three prints of each game and by running them through the slow-moving movieola. This contraption doesn't generate as much heat as an ordinary projector, thus prolonging the life of each film.

There are about 130 plays in the average pro game. Each play is examined in slow motion twice to note the performance of each offensive and defensive man. That makes forty-four run-throughs of the same play, or 5,720 for one game. That's after the season. Better make it more than 6,000 separate studies of *every* game, for the pictures are run a few hundred times the week after a game to check up on mistakes, and then there always are general surveys being made. The day I was there, for example, Fritz Heisler, the guard coach, was going back over the entire season to determine the courses taken by Cleveland and opposing players on kickoffs. A chart was marked with more than one hundred wavering lines to denote runbacks.

This painstaking process takes more than nine months to complete. I saw Brown and his staff in June and they were working overtime to finish the survey of the 1950 season before the team assembled for preseason training in July, 1951. Their figures for 1949—1,634 power plays, 216 trap plays, 433 passes—filled a book thick enough to stun a horse. Each play was analyzed for the yardage it gained or lost every time it was attempted and the statistics were broken down further to show the different types of formations used against it—five-, six-, seven- or eight-man lines, plugging, looping, tight or wide defenses. The figures then were averaged to indicate the effectiveness against every team in the league of Cleveland's thirty-four basic plays—most with eight variations to hit around end or inside, outside and off tackle, on both the left and right sides of the line—and forty passes.

The general pattern of the team's play is just the beginning. An incredible mass of information is compiled from the movies to rate each player according to a system Brown has worked out over the years. The ten blockers on every play are watched to see whether each one hit his man at the point of attack, away from it, behind the line or deep in the secondary. Conversely, the defensive man who tackles the ball-carrier—lineman, backer-upper or deep back—is charted. One major concern of the staff is determining why blocking and tackling techniques broke down—because of poor approach (23.5 per cent in 1949), poor contact (12.5 per cent), poor follow through (33.1 per cent) or poor position to follow through (30.9 per cent). Similar ratings are given for protecting the passer and kicker, covering punts and defending on passes. Perhaps the one thing Brown stresses is second effort, or getting up off the floor after throwing or receiving a block and continuing down the field to lend a hand on a play after it has passed. That, to him, is the tipoff on a man's "desire."

When contracts are sent out in July, every player gets a synopsis of his work in all phases with an overall rating. The synopsis runs from three to four large, single-spaced typewritten pages pointing out the areas where the man needs improvement. This comprehensive summary also is calculated to cool off a player who thinks he should get a better shake on salary. It's impossible to argue against Brown's figures. They show every significant move on the field except the number of times a guy hitched up his pants or expectorated a faceful of teeth.

"We win our games studying the movies," Brown confides. "So much happens all of a sudden during the game that you can't see it all. I've gotten a lot of new slants on players from the movies. I picked up Chubby Grigg, a fine guard, that way. Grigg entered the Conference four years ago after he was graduated from Tulsa and went with the Buffalo Bills, but they let him go at the end of the season to the Chicago Hornets. He didn't do much there, but he always seemed to be awfully tough for us. I took a closer look at him in the movies and it was easy to spot his trouble. He was too heavy—he weighed 340 pounds then—but that was the least of it. His chief fault was poor techniques; he didn't know the proper way to handle himself. But he was rough, he had a fine competitive spirit and I knew he could be taught techniques. So I got him as a throw-in from the Hornets in a trade and today he's a regular.

"Technique—the right way of making a play—is the foundation of a team. You've got to build a new house every year. There are several men on my team—Horace Gillom, Tommy James, Lin Houston—who never have played football for anyone but me. Before the season starts, I treat them as though they've never been in camp with me. Repeating the same old stuff may get on their nerves, but good technique demands constant practicing and polishing.

"Once your men have it, the rest is easy. I've never scrimmaged any team after the season gets under way and we don't average more than an hour a day on the field between games. I rarely use the team as a unit in practice. I prefer to work them in small groups and assemble them once a week like highly machined parts of a Cadillac. Before every practice session, though, I get the entire squad together for twenty minutes of skull practice. Every man has paper and pencil for writing down his assignments, using all the processes of learning—listening, looking and writing. The scientific approach to football intrigues me, but as far as actual strategy goes, I'm more a teacher than a coach."

Brown began using his head to supplement inadequate brawn early in life. He was born at Norwalk, Ohio, on September 7, 1908, but his family moved to Massillon when he was 12. Then, as now, Massillon was crazy about football, a tradition that goes back to the 1890s when the Massillon Tigers and the Canton Bulldogs fielded the first professional teams on record. Rivalry between the towns was so keen that a quarter of a

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million dollars changed hands in 1905 when Massillon, with Red Salmon of Notre Dame, defeated Canton led by the great Willie Heston of Michigan. Brown never weighed more than 120 pounds in high school, but he caught the football fever and was quarterback of the team his last two years.

A dedicated football nut by the time he entered Ohio State in 1926, Brown was obsessed with the idea of making the varsity. He was stunned, consequently, when he was refused a freshman uniform on the ground that he was too light. Highly indignant, he transferred to Miami University, at Oxford, Ohio, where he was varsity quarterback for two years and played basketball and baseball. Having failed to set the world on fire with his athletic exploits, Brown decided to forget sports and study law. After graduating from Miami University in 1930, he took a teaching job at Severn Prep, a finishing school for the Naval Academy, to get enough money for law school. The football bug bit him again at Severn when he was pressed into service as the school's coach and he produced teams that won sixteen games, lost one and tied one in the next two years.

In 1932, Brown returned to Massillon High as an English and history teacher and football coach. He was attending the William McKinley Law School in Canton at night, but after two years of it he had no time, or interest, for the law. He was up to his receding hair line in teaching and coaching, handling basketball as well as football. "I was a pretty good basketball coach," he remarks plaintivly. "I had the team for seven years and we made the state tournament five times, but nobody paid much notice."

Small wonder, for Brown's football teams were the talk of Ohio and more remote sections of the country. After winning twenty-three games, losing six and tying one in his first three seasons, Brown fashioned a record that never has been duplicated. From 1935 to 1940, his teams lost only one game in sixty and won the state championship six straight years. Massillon High was such a tremendous attraction that it annually played to more people than every college in Ohio except Ohio State. In 1940, the team drew 161,000 paid admissions in eight home games. That was the year Massillon ran up 477 points in ten games while yielding one lone touchdown all season.

That was the year, too, the Ohio High School Coaches' Association finally got Brown out of its hair by putting on an unprecedented campaign that landed him in the head man's spot at Ohio State after Francis ("Close the Gates of Mercy") Schmidt resigned. Opposition to the appointment of Brown was just as strenuous as the pressure for it. Rabid Ohio State alumni wanted a big-name coach and the athletic department of the University didn't like the idea of having a bunch of outsiders dictate to it. Public opinion favoring Brown was so strong, however, that the officials of the state-supported institution had to select him. They drew some consolation from the fact that the high-school coaches, who agitated for Brown in the hope of opening up similar opportunities elsewhere for themselves, promised to induce their best boys to go to Ohio State, insuring a steady flow of good material.

Still, there was a good deal of antagonism to Brown and his first moves hardly were calculated to appease it. He put himself on the spot by bringing with him a crew of assistants who had worked with him in high school but were unknown to the fans. Fraternities always had been extremely powerful at Ohio State and even had gone so far as to influence the varsity lineup. Brown told them he was running the show and they could

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lump it if they didn't like it. He communicated the same sentiments to civic groups of downtown quarterbacks whose support or disfavor had decided the fate of more than one predecessor.

There was fervent rooting in many quarters for Brown to fall flat on his face, but the attitude gradually changed. Brown, who can charm the ears off a brass monkey when he turns on the personality, made some concessions to beguile alumni he had given the cold shoulder when he first arrived. Then there was his impressive utter absorption in his job. Brown has three sons and they still tell a story in Columbus about Mike, the middle boy who then was 5 years old. This was during the Superman fad that had kids turning nip-ups a decade ago and Mike one day tried to emulate his hero by leaping lightly from a second-story window. The boy broke his leg. Brown rushed to the hospital and as he entered the room Mike said:

"Hello, dad. I'll bet you're glad it was me instead of Horace Gillom."

Gillom then was Brown's varsity fullback.

As always, performance was the payoff that made the wolves pipe down. In 1941, Brown's first season at Ohio State, his team lost only one game and made everyone happy by getting a 20-20 tie with archrival Michigan, which had walloped the Buckeyes by 40-0 the previous year. In 1942, Brown became the boy prodigy by bringing the Big Ten and national championships to Ohio State with a bunch that won nine games and lost only to Wisconsin. Even better things were coming up in 1943. Thirty-four of the first thirty-seven varsity men were returning and a great freshman team, including Lou Groza and Dante Lavelli, figured to give Ohio State its most awesome powerhouse in history. But there was a war going on and by '43 all of Brown's vigorous young men were wearing other uniforms.

"The war broke up a dynasty," Brown comments. "I think we would've had the finest material ever seen at any college. If those boys had been able to play together, nobody would've licked us for years."

Most Big Ten schools were fortified with naval trainees in '43 but Brown, forced to play with pickups and 4Fs, had the only losing season of his career. He won only three games in nine, but one of those victories was marked by a dramatic incident without too many parallels. The Buckeyes were locked in a wild 26-all tie with Illinois and had the ball on the enemy's 28-yard line when the final gun went off. The crowd surged on the field and Brown followed his squad to the locker room. A few minutes later there was a pounding on the door. Brown, thinking it was an irate alumnus or some other species of pest, didn't answer. The pounding persisted and Brown finally opened the door. It was the referee.

"The game isn't over," the official told him. "You've still got one more play. Illinois was offside on the last one."

Eleven Ohio States hurriedly climbed back into their monkey suits and returned to the arena. En route, Brown told John Stungis he wanted him to try a field goal.


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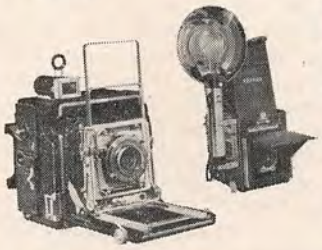

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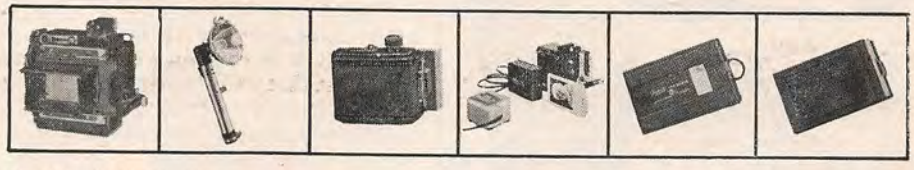

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"Gosh, coach, I've never kicked one of those things in my life," Stungis protested.

"There's nothing to it," Brown assured him. "I never missed one in a spot like this."

So Stungis went out and booted a 34-yard field goal that gave Ohio State a 29-26 decision fifteen minutes after the game apparently had ended. The kid was elated, of course.

"That puts me even with you, coach," he crowed. "I've never missed a field goal either."

"You're one up on me," Brown laughed. "I've never tried one."

By 1944, Brown was in service himself, having enlisted in the Navy, which assigned him to Great Lakes as athletic officer. Playing a schedule studded with Big Ten opponents, Great Lakes won nine games and tied one in twelve, a record that did nothing to tarnish Brown's reputation. In 1945, with the war over and enlistments cut sharply, Brown got off to a slow start, getting only a tie in the first three games. From there in, Great Lakes won six straight, including a stunning 39-7 victory over Notre Dame that was voted the Number One football upset of the year.

Brown upset more than Notre Dame. He threw Ohio State into a towering tizzy by revealing he had accepted an offer to coach Cleveland in the newly organized All-American Conference. His college salary had been $9,000 a year, but Cleveland paid him $25,000. Ohio State charged Brown with bad faith when it was disclosed that he had agreed to go with the pros in 1944 and had been collecting half salary while he was in the Navy. The hassel came to a head when L. W. St. John, director of athletics, stiffly announced on February 8, 1946: "Ohio State is counting itself extremely fortunate that Paul Brown has eliminated himself from the University picture."

The anti-Brown block further was enraged when he signed a number of players who still were eligible for varsity football at Ohio State. Among them were Groza and Lavelli, Tony Adamle, Ollie Cline, Bob Brugge and Lin Houston. It is a moot question whether any of those men would have returned to college and it is a certainty that another pro team would have snapped them up if Cleveland had not got to them first, but some people still insist Brown played his old school a dirty trick by selling the boys a bill of goods.

That was almost six years ago, but Brown has so many admirers in Columbus—especially among newspapermen, who always have liked him for his candor—that a rousing free-for-all can be provoked at the drop of his name. When Wes Fesler resigned as coach of Ohio State a year ago, a campaign immediately was launched to name Brown his successor. University officials wanted no part of the fellow, but the agitation forced them to announce that Brown was being considered. He was, in fact, invited to confer with them last February. Before leaving for the interview, Brown told Cleveland sportswriters that he had no intention of taking the job, even in the unlikely event it was offered to him. He explained he simply was keeping the appointment as a matter of courtesy, mainly to friends in Columbus. Ten thousand undergraduates and a sea of "B.B.B." banners (Bring Back Brown) greeted his arrival on the campus. Few of the students had been at Ohio State when Brown was there, but his reputation was such that his appointment practically amounted to a crusade. The students circulated a petition asking for the dismissal of Dick Larkins, director of athletics, when Woody Hayes was appointed head coach.

Even if the big brass at Ohio State wanted Brown, it would have been a lost cause. First of all, he gets $35,000 a year from Cleveland and a share of the profits, which makes him the highest paid coach in the business with the exception of George Halas, owner of the Chicago Bears. Second, the Cleveland team is Brown's own creation in a stronger sense than is true of any other club.

When the All-America Conference was formed in 1946, all members started from scratch in getting players. While other teams were breaking their necks to sign big-name stars or steal National League standouts, Brown quietly assembled a group of comparative unknowns. Brown had seen them play with or against his teams in high school, college or the service and his choices were an impressive tribute to his judgment. Graham, the works of Cleveland's offense, was more celebrated for basketball than football at Northwestern. Motley, the fullback, attracted little attention when he played at Nevada, but Brown remembered him from William McKinley High School in Canton. Nobody ever heard of Speedie when he was at Utah; under Brown he has become an All-League end. Then there was the group of Ohio State freshmen whose future development was seen by Brown.

Above all, Brown prefers the pros because the working conditions are right up his alley.

"This is the easiest job I've ever had," he says. "There are no headaches about recruiting, eligibility or outside pressures. I enjoy working with experienced men because they have the talent and the background for executing techniques the way I want them. Now I'm not rapping college football, but it can't be compared with pro ball. Our passing and defense are so much superior that it's no contest. That especially appeals to the perfectionist in me."

Brown gave a rather frightening demonstration of what he means after Cleveland won the championship last December. The tremendous climax had everyone making feeble passes at the air and when Commissioner Bert Bell recovered his aplomb he said: "In Los Angeles we probably have the finest personnel any pro club ever boasted. But in the Cleveland Browns we probably have the most intensely coached club in history."

The glowing send-off wasn't heard by Brown. He was in a corner with his staff discussing the mistakes made by the best team in America in one of the greatest football games ever played.

—Stanley Frank

# Old Iron Legs

[Continued from page 42]

"I walked in the Philippines once, but didn't have my diary so did not get to enter up my mileage. Wasn't worth mentioning. Probably, all told, it was under 500 miles."

He's had experiences that people sitting at home watching television are not likely to have. Example: Once in Costa Rica he was preparing to start off on a pilgrimage. And start he did, but after a day's journey he found that he would—if he pursued his present course—have to cross a mountain where bandits waited to welcome lonely travelers. The mountain was called the Mountain of Death; it is near Santa Marta de Dota. He was about to turn back, having no interest in bandit welcoming committees, when he saw ahead of him two farmers driving hogs. They had a pack horse which carried feed for the hogs and wine for the men. John does not drink and he does not like hog feed, but he saw an idea. He knows enough Spanish to get by, so he said, "Where are you going?"

They told him they were driving their hogs to market; that the mountain was too steep to haul the hogs and too expensive, too. He asked where the market was. They said it was on the other side of the Mountain of Death.

"How would you like me to help you drive your hogs?" he asked generously.

They said that would be fine, so John joined them and walked behind the hogs shouting *"Soo-hee! Soo-hee!"* in Spanish, as the hogs didn't understand English.

It took six days to traverse the Mountain of Death, for hogs are not good walkers. People are much better. They are also superior to hogs in other ways. At night the hogs were so tired they would throw themselves on their simple pallets and sleep the sleep of the exhausted. In fact, two hogs died on the way. John came in as fresh as a daisy.

Lurking men were seen twice, but they seemed to think that peasants driving hogs to market would not have any *do-ra-me* and so let them pass. What they did to the men on their way back, John does not know. He is afraid it was nothing complimentary.

"It was an interesting thing to do," says John reflectively, "but I wouldn't want to do it again—too much slippin' and slidin'."

One time he was plumping across Nicaragua, from Pena Blanca to Costa Rica, when he came to a little town where a detachment of armed soldiers were standing in the road, menacingly blocking his passage. He was flabbergasted. As he came nearer they began to shout. The leader started running toward him; the man seized his hand. It took some time for John to know what was up. Finally he understood: there had been a revolution in the town he had just passed through and the soldiers were telling him how brave he had been. John accepted the compliments gracefully, as a man of courage should, not bothering to tell the

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jubilating soldiers that he had not known of any revolution in the town he had just plunked through. He says that luck has a great deal to do with one's being a hero.

He likes to go to governors and bigwigs in a town and get them to sign his autograph book. In it he has the names of hundreds of big shots. One day in Mexico he went to the governor's palace. At the gate he was stopped by a guard. John explained he wanted the governor's autograph. Never in the history of the Catalans had a man come up with such a story. The guard surveyed him carefully, then sent a runner back with the mysterious request. Soon two suspicious-looking secret police appeared and asked John to explain further. The two said they wanted to see this autograph album; they turned it over as if it were a Mills bomb, then finally disappeared in the mysteries of the governor's palace. At last they came back with the book duly autographed—and an order, written by the governor himself, for a free meal in any restaurant in town! John took it and ate one of the biggest meals ever recorded below the Rio Grande.

Once in Cartago, Costa Rica, night and rain came. He was tired, weary and exhausted. He couldn't find a place to stay. An idea hit him. He went to the police station and asked if they would lock him up. This caused quite a flutter. Finally the head man came out and asked if he belonged to a political party and wanted protection. John said no.

"All right then," said the head man and took John to a cell where he spent a dry, comfortable night. The next morning John thanked his host and continued blithely on his way.

In all his years of travel he has slept outdoors only one night. He has slept in everything from a goat house to the farmer's daughter's bed. Alone, that is. Once in Sabana Grande, Honduras, a man said he could sleep in the room with their servant girl. John thanked the kind man for his hospitality, then went to a lonely pallet in a grain-storage room. Sometimes he thinks he made a mistake as this bed was very hard, not having been used recently for sleeping purposes.

Once, in Mexico, evening came upon him, and hunger, too. He had miscalculated his distance and found, to his dismay, that the next town was too far to achieve that night. Some road workers were knocking rocks about and fixing the mountain road. Going up to them, he asked if he could stay all night. They said, *"Si."* Not only that, but he could have supper with them. At last they sat down and he plunged into the *pièce de résistance.* It had a taste such as he had never before come upon. Finally he asked what it was. The men were delighted to have him express so much interest in their *pièce.* One of them explained they had a hunter who, from time to time, went forth into the mountains and came back, sometimes, with something choice. That had been his great good luck today. John asked what this choice viand was and the men said it was wildcat. John was shocked, but he could not let them see this, so he pretended to purr with delight.

In all his jungle hopping he has seen only one coral snake. It scurried away, and so did John. He says that when he has to cross a wooded section and comes to a log, he pokes ahead of him with his cane, then mounts the log, where he stands a moment before he steps down. In his jungle trotting he carries with him a snakebite remedy. No, not whisky, but the regular serum.

One time a dog, with teeth slightly smaller than fence pickets, came roaring at him, determined to sink his teeth in meat. John reversed his cane, taking hold of the walking end with his two hands. The handle was curved and this he brought hard against the animal's head, loosening, no doubt, some of its teeth. This, he says, was the worst run-in he ever had with a dog.

On another occasion as he was clopping along, he came upon a barbed-wire stretched across the road. As he stood, puzzled, two villainous-looking men came racing down the road on horses, shouting and gesticulating. He thought he was in a trap, but when the men came up they said that the grass was to be burned and that the fence had been erected to keep the cattle from escaping and that he mustn't make a breach in it. "But at first I thought I was a goner," says John.

The trip he's proudest of is his walk to Rome during Holy Year. He left Fatima, Portugal, and walked across this country, across Spain, over the Pyrenees by way of Lourdes, France, walked across France and along the Riviera to Rome—a matter of 1,663 miles, the greatest distance any pilgrim made on foot. When Pope Pius XII heard of this he gave John Stahl a special audience. "I count this the high point of all my walking experiences," says John, who is a devout Catholic.

On his way to Rome he had quite an unusual experience. His clothes were getting a bit depressed looking, so he went to the American Foreign Service of the American Embassy in Madrid, and asked if they would help him out. This was on September 1, 1950. There was quite a scurrying among the employes. Finally a man came out with a suit and asked John if it would fit. John said he thought it would and put it on. It was the one he had on when he had his audience with the Pope.

I asked him to let me see if there was a tailor's tag in the inside pocket. There was. The suit was from Brooks Brothers, New York, and the name inside, "Nicholas Duke Biddle, October 10, 1945." I guess Nicholas Duke Biddle is going to get quite a surprise when he reads this. (His father is Tony Biddle, at this moment adviser to Eisenhower.)

John enjoys walking hugely. "I never get lonesome," he says. "I get lonesome in the cities, but never when I'm walking. I don't know of anything more pleasant than to walk. Everybody should walk. I don't necessarily mean as far as I do, but a little and if it's every day all the better. It's Nature's medicine. As I walk, pleasant thoughts are my companions. I study Nature and talk to people. They're always eager to hear about my trips. When

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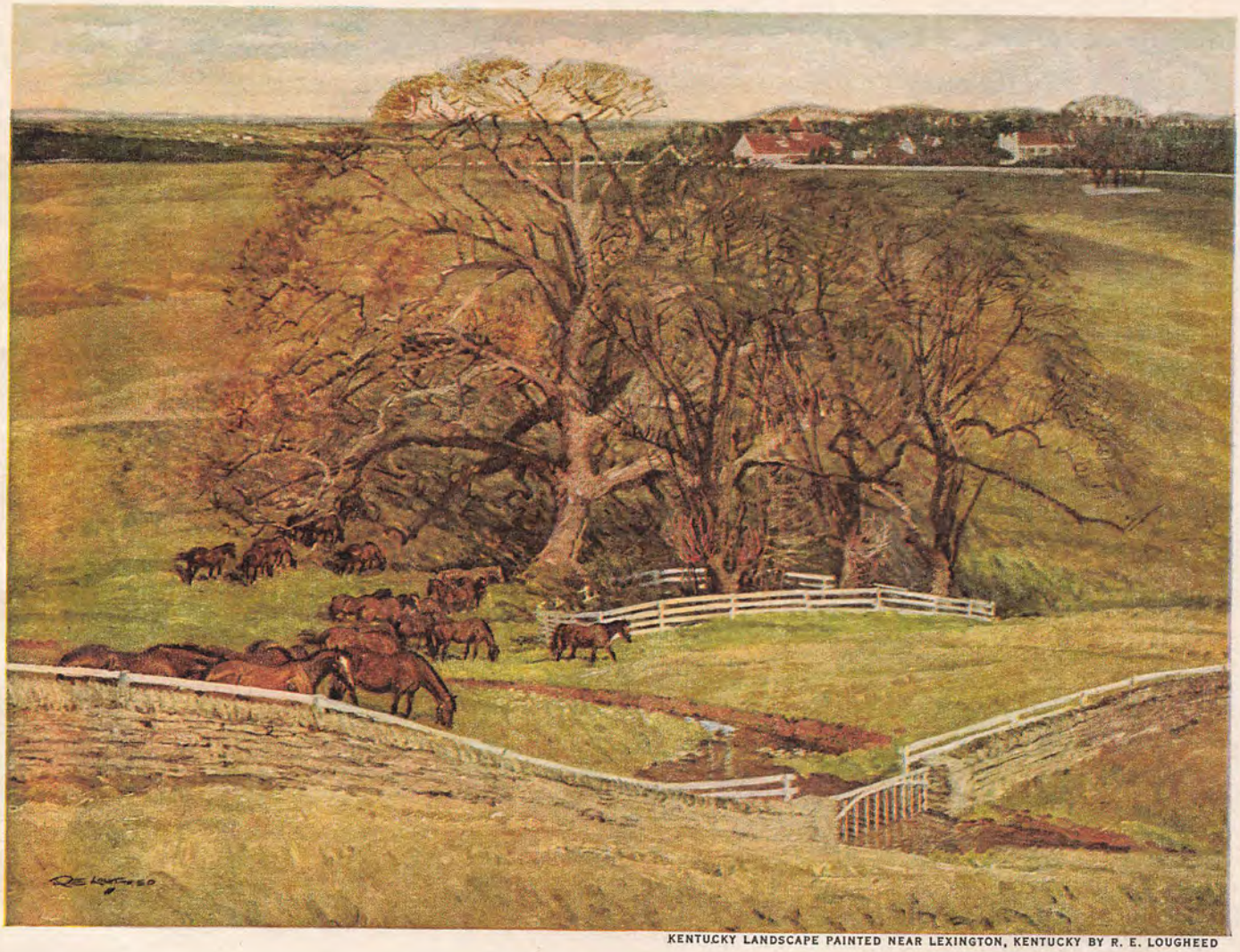

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I'm in foreign lands, I tell them about America. If I can't speak the language, I show them pictures. I always manage to get the idea over. Sometimes, as I walk along, I pray for my friends. Sometimes I look up at the sky and thank God I am getting so much out of life."

On the average day he clips off 12 miles. Most men his age think it's a long, weary trip to get to the garage and back. Once in Mexico he started at 5 in the morning and kept hopping along till he arrived at an Indian village at 3 that afternoon. It was a wild and desolate country. Inquiry revealed that Tehuantepec was miles away. So he knocked off. He had walked 32 miles, the biggest day's walk in his life. He washed out his socks, salved his feet and, the next morning, started on his way again.

When he arrives in a town and wants lodging for the night, he seeks it on the chief street. There are more places on the main street of a town than on any other, experience has taught him. If he is turned down, he pushes on in the direction he is headed. "Never retrace," he says. "Never thumb."

He has achieved considerable fame as a walker, for there has never been a man quite like him; a man who had to give up work because of ill health and who started walking for the fun of it and got back his health and peace of mind. He has journeyed in many different countries and has been called "The Walking Good Will Ambassador." Once he was to be on *We, the People*, the radio program. So he walked from Bellaire, Ohio, to New York, a distance of 625 miles, the greatest distance anybody ever walked to get on a radio program.

He's picked up quite a few honors for his heel-and-the-toe work. Governor John J. Dempsey made him an honorary colonel of New Mexico, in 1944. Governor Coke R. Stevenson of Texas made him an honorary Texas Ranger in 1945. The Lions Club of Williamsburg, Kentucky, made him a life member, 1949. He has another ambition he wants to achieve: to be made an honorary Kentucky colonel. He said to me, "Maybe after your article comes out in TRUE they'll make me an honorary Kentucky colonel. It'd make me very happy."

STAHL'S RULES FOR WALKING

Don't carry more than 15 pounds.

Don't carry an extra pair of shoes. (When your shoes play out, get a new pair.)

Carry a flashlight.

Wear kid-leather high-topped shoes. Leather soles are best.

Bathe your feet at least once a day—warm water, if you can get it; cold, if you must.

Start early. Daybreak is ideal.

If you have a tooth you are suspicious of, have it fixed before you leave. It's hell to get toothache in the jungle.

Carry a raincoat and a mosquito net. Mosquitoes love weary pilgrims.

Carry a sturdy walking stick. Good for dogs, too.

Wash your shirt at night. Have an extra one to sleep in. Drawers optional.

If the water isn't running, boil it before drinking.

Do not accept rides. Walk every foot of the way.

Women will give you more than men. This refers to food.

Sleep indoors at night, alone if possible. This, of course, refers to stables.

He gets immense pleasure out of his trips. "They cost me very little. Most people are glad to keep me overnight just to hear my adventures. I like to meet new people and to study them and think what life means to them. Every day brings an adventure. Sometimes it's not a big adventure, but it's always something interesting."

A word as to his finances. He has two sources: he gets a Civil Service annuity for his Post Office service of $104.16 a month, and from the United States Government, as "veteran excavator," an annuity of $55.84 a month. (Veteran excavator" is a term given to an employe on the Panama Canal, or Panama Railroad, during construction.)

He is now planning his next walking trip. "I'm going to Tasmania and walk clear around it." I asked him why he chose Tasmania (I didn't even know where it was.)

"When I was a kid in school," he said, "I thought it was the most glamorous name I had ever heard. I used to repeat it over and over—Tasmania, Tasmania, *Tasmania!* I got to thinking about it a while back, so I decided to see what it's like."

He has walked 13,000 miles and says, "I hope to make it 20,000 before I get to the end of the road."

—**Homer Croy**

## Sighted Shark—Caught Same

[*Continued from page* 47]

the cold yellow eyes and the mouthful of teeth. Perhaps it is because the first sizable fish I ever caught was a shark. Or maybe that when you fish for sharks, there is always the outside chance that the shark will catch the man. It is quite likely a danger more remote than being struck by lightning, but it is always present when you go after a shark in its own element. Or it may be that sharks, like snakes, stir primeval fear in us.

The Australians have a phrase for it. "Poor Reggie," the Aussies say, "was taken by a shark yesterday." This is a fate not uncommon in the South Pacific, where the sharks are notoriously asocial, but the phrase itself bears analysis. The Aussies don't say that Reggie was eaten by a shark, or Reggie's leg was torn off by a shark and he bled to death. Reggie was "taken by a shark," as if snatched from this life and earth by a supernatural creature. (When I was in Sydney in 1942 a 14-year-old girl, wading in water less than waist-deep, was "taken by a shark.")

The boys who spent their summers in Atlantic Beach, Florida, caught sharks with the same enthusiasm as kids in New Jersey and Pennsylvania after perch. We

*He's Earned His*

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were initiated into the mysteries when we were 12 or 13, and by the time we were 16 we went after the big ones.

I'll admit our methods were pretty crude. We'd steal all the clotheslines in the neighborhood, knot them together, and attach them to an enormous galvanized-iron hook with a length of chain. For a sinker we used a sashweight, and our favorite bait, when we could lay hands on one, was a fresh-killed chicken with blood still spurting from its neck.

We fished at night, in the belief that sharks prefer to feed then. Actually, sharks don't care when they feed. They'll eat anything they can swallow, at any time. But fishing at night lent an eerie tone to our expeditions, and masked our immature defiance of the Eighteenth Amendment. All the big boys like us drank moonshine whisky, naturally.

The solemn moment of the evening came with the drawing of straws to decide which two of us would carry the baited hook and chain out in the mysterious darkness through the phosphorescent surf into deep water. To us it seemed an adventure as daring and dangerous as shooting elephants in Africa. Now that I look back on it, indeed it may have been, for warm blood in the sea will drive sharks mad.

Often crabs ate our bait before a shark happened around, for sharks were not plentiful off Atlantic Beach, which is south of the mouth of the St. Johns. It is north of the St. Johns River jetty that they congregate like bathers at Coney Island on July Fourth. But once in a while we caught a shark. And one night, when the line on the beach started uncoiling, and we grabbed it, we hooked a shark so big that he ripped the line through our scorched fingers and we lost everything—line, chain, hook, sashweight and chicken.

It was this episode that inspired our remarkable innovation—fishing for sharks with a Model-T Ford. I don't remember whose brain child this was, but I do remember that we used my topless touring car, vintage 1922.

When the tide is low the north Florida beaches become super highways a city block wide. We scrounged new tackle, backed the Model-T to the water's edge, and anchored the end of the rope to the rear axle. I sat in the driver's seat.

That night we were lucky. Within minutes our line began to move out. When it straightened I shoved the planetary transmission into low gear, the Ford leaped forward, and with loud cheers we yanked a seven-foot sand shark out of the ocean as if he were a sunny. We dragged him up beyond the high-water mark, stunned him with a baseball bat, and cut open his stomach, in the interest, I am sure, of science. His diet had been varied. It included a mashed sardine can, crab claws, a blue medicine bottle, a conch shell, and the head of another, somewhat smaller shark. There is no jungle so savage as the sea. Everyone eats everyone else.

The next day the mayor of Atlantic Beach called at my house and we had a little chat. The mayor said we were giving Atlantic Beach a bad name, exposing sharks to the public view, and thereby discouraging bathers and lowering real-estate values. I protested that a shark on land was less dangerous than a shark in the ocean. The mayor said that might be, but this shark was a menace to public health, and would we be kind enough to bury him—outside the town limits, of course—and any others we might happen to catch. He hinted delicately of the police, fines, and possible imprisonment.

We had quite a time, loading him into the back of the Ford. He was most untidy, and the sun had not improved his odor. And he required a considerable grave. For days I couldn't lure a girl into my jalopy. Our experiment in mechanized shark hunting came to an end.

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I'll admit it wasn't exactly sporting, but neither are some of the bizarre methods presently employed by more mature fishermen. On Florida's west coast, in the Gasparilla Island—Fort Myers area, they fish for sharks from the bridges, and they use an inner tube to play them. The inner tube becomes the middle section of the shark line. A shark grabs the hook and races for freedom. The inner tube stretches, and halts the shark's forward lunges, and when he relaxes snaps him back. Eventually he's exhausted, and easily hauled to shore.

On the east coast, at Ponte Vedra and Daytona, they fish for sharks with the same style rig that small boys use to catch shiners, except that their cork is an empty oil drum. The shark hook is suspended beneath the drum by a length of chain, and a rope anchors the drum to the shore. When a big shark takes the bait, the "bobber" pops under—but not for long. The shark kills himself battling the never-tiring bouyancy of the drum.

If you consider the shark a game fish, sportsmen should treat him accordingly. I've been using a slender seven-foot split-bamboo rod with a six-ounce tip, and 36-pound-test nylon line. I discovered through bitter experience that a long and heavy wire leader is important. The shark has a hide like a steel file, and if he whips his saber-shaped tail across your line it parts as if severed by a knife.

It was Leroy Johnson who discovered the fishermen's paradise of Little Talbot Island, and who was my partner and pilot in exploiting it by aerial spotting and transportation. One evening we were drinking coffee in his home in Atlantic Beach, and talking fishing, and I was telling him of the elaborate alarm system used to protect the bathers at Bondi Beach, in Sydney.

While swimmers are in the surf at Bondi Beach, a tiny monoplane buzzes overhead like a persistent dragonfly. When a pilot spots a shark slinking in toward the bathers, he warns the lifeguard tower by radiophone. The guards clang an enormous bell. On a Sunday afternoon I have seen ten thousand bathers scuttle out of the sea, as if propelled by outboard motors, when the shark alarm sounded.

Johnson nodded as I told him this story. "Why, it's easy to spot fish from the air," he said. "Whenever I fly low over Little Talbot I see them. There's a white-sand bottom, and usually the water's clear."

"What kind of fish?" I asked.

"Sometimes tarpon," he said, "and sometimes schools of stubby fellows that I think are red bass. And always, always sharks."

That was fascinating information for a fisherman who delights in catching sharks, but for the moment it seemed of purely hypothetical interest. I knew that nobody—but nobody—fishes the seaward side of Little Talbot. You'd tear the bottom out of a big boat on the reef, and you don't dare the breakers in a small one. Little Talbot is the most southerly of the "Golden Islands" that stretch down the coast from Charleston to the mouth of the St. Johns. It is six miles long, perhaps a mile wide, barren, and uninhabited. Only scrub palmetto grows on Little Talbot. There is no potable water, and no shade. The palmetto scrub crawls with rattlesnakes, and this discourages those who would land a boat on the inland side, and make their way across to the lagoon.

I said, "Could we put a light plane down on the beach?"

Johnson laughed. "At low tide," he said, "we'd have thirty thousand feet of perfect runway."

So we flew in a hired Cub the next day, and I hooked my first tiger shark, and beached him after thirty minutes of the most thrilling sport a fisherman can experience. Thereafter we lost lines and smashed tackle, but we caught sharks and channel bass at will. I've been living a fisherman's rosy dream.

The sharks are tough, and I doubt whether I'll ever be able to land an eight- or nine-footer with my present rig. The trick is to turn them during their first wild rush, and then conserve line by racing them down the beach. If your shark is big, and if he happens to take a notion to dash straight for the open sea, then there is nothing for you to do, after all your line has been stripped from the reel, except go into the lagoon after him—as far as you dare. I'll confess that for me this hasn't been very far. I keep remembering what I've seen from the air. At some point you get frozen, your fear balancing your eagerness, with no more

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room for maneuver. With a 180-pound man, and perhaps a 200-pound shark, pulling at opposite ends of a line designed to lift a dead weight of only 36 pounds, something has to give. If you're lucky the hook straightens, or a swivel breaks. If you're unlucky you lose your line.

There are advantages peculiar to this type of fishing, and the most obvious is that you pick your fish, like a housewife at market, before you go after him. If you can't see any fish, you don't bother to land. You never get skunked.

If the fish move, you move. On one occasion we caught a six-foot blue shark in the shallows at the south end of the island, and then for an hour we didn't have a strike. Johnson got into the plane, took off, circled for two or three minutes, and landed with the news that all the sharks had mysteriously disappeared.

I have a hunch that the sharks use the lagoon as a sanctuary from their deadly enemy, the bottle-nosed dolphin that we commonly call the porpoise. The porpoises feed off the mouth of the St. Johns by the thousands. They hate sharks, and kill them. When they catch a shark in deep water they smash them from below with battering-ram force. Even the biggest sharks are sometimes beaten to death by groups of porpoises, each weighing 600 to 800 pounds, that hit him in swift succession, like blocking backs taking out an end.

We've never seen porpoises in the lagoon, and concluded that Shark Heaven is too shallow for their operations. If our deduction is correct, sharks venture out when porpoises are not in the area.

Our quarry having vanished, we repacked our gear in the plane and scouted northward. At the northern tip of Little Talbot we spotted a maelstrom close to the beach. Here the Nassau River, sweeping its yellow water to the sea, met the incoming tide. Fish were jumping in this maelstrom. Johnson shouted, "Tarpon!"

I'd like to say that we dropped down on the beach and caught one. We tried. They wouldn't take dead bait, and we had no tarpon plugs in our boxes, but we were treated to a sight that few fishermen have ever seen. Literally hundreds of tarpon were feeding in these whirling waters. The maelstrom was a crossroads for schools of small fish—mullet, whiting, and sea trout—thick as commuters in Grand Central Station at three minutes after 5. The tarpon were having a feast, and they ignored our ripe bait.

After thirty minutes of frustration, with those beautiful tarpon almost leaping into our laps, we could stand it no longer. We took off again, and flew north over a minuscule unnamed island, hardly more than a sand bar, that Navy fighter pilots sometimes use for a rocket target. And there we saw the bass. Johnson shook his head. But he dragged the deeply sloping, narrow and uneven beach. He shook his head again, but we drifted in for a landing as if a magnet pulled us. Johnson couldn't resist the bass. He caught three, the largest twenty-odd pounds. I caught some blues. We didn't go home empty.

Using a plane and a beach for your fishing trip will save you time, and, surprisingly, money. On the Atlantic and Gulf coasts of Florida alone, plus the Keys, there are hundreds of miles of beach that are natural landing strips. Within minutes you can reach isolated, unfrequented fishing grounds that would take hours by boat. If you charter a sports cruiser for deep-sea fishing it'll cost you $40 to $75 a day. When you take a light plane you pay only for your flying time, usually $8 an hour. The private-flying services are happy to rent their planes for fishing, if you guarantee an hour's flight weekdays, and two hours Saturdays and Sundays.

If you're a fisherman, you'll wonder why I've presented you with the secret of Little Talbot, for fishermen usually are close-mouthed if they uncover such a spot. It's not that I'm being generous. A bridge and a highway are creeping over to Little Talbot from the mainland, and it has been declared a State Park. Soon that awesomely lonesome, deserted beach will be freckled with the debris of picknickers. The surf casters will be there, almost elbow to elbow. There'll be hot-dog stands, and filling stations, and probably neon lights up on the dunes. The rattlesnakes will be eliminated. But I don't think Little Talbot will ever be really popular with swimmers.

As for Johnson and me, we're looking for another island.—**Pat Frank**


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# The Almost Perfect Russian Spy

[*Continued from page 27*]

him somewhat uneasy when in Voukelitch's company.

This weakness the Doktor had for women, and the even more pronounced weakness that they had for him, had given him a somewhat garish reputation. Some thirty women had expended their charms on the easy-going, heavy-drinking German over the years. The latest of these was Kalagayach Donovan, a pretty Japanese-Irish dancing girl from one of Tokyo's cabarets. That evening Sorge had his most enjoyable conference of the day with Kalagayach in his bedroom. It was not hard to know when Sorge was engaged in such work. He switched on the porch lantern as a signal for friends to stay away.

Shortly after midnight, Sorge reluctantly got dressed, put Kalagayach on the back seat of his motorcycle and whisked her home.

For most men, especially for a man whom most people considered "a bit lazy," this would have been enough for one day. Up before 7, a lock picked by 8, then a full day's work, and finally bedded down with a Eurasian dancing girl. Most men would have been ready to call quits. Not Sorge. He still had one call to pay—at 2 Hiroo Cho, the home of a fellow countryman. It was late when Max Gottfried Friedrich Klausen opened the door. He was in pajamas. Klausen was a businessman, founder and president of M. Klausen & Co., manufacturers of printing equipment in Tokyo. Quietly, not to disturb Frau Klausen who was asleep, the two men mounted the stairs to a storage room and closed the door.

Klausen unlocked a large wardrobe trunk and took out two wooden boxes of suitcase size. One contained a radio transmitter; the other, a receiver. In less than ten minutes, both were ready for use. No outdoor antennae were necessary. Klausen simply strung a sending antenna seven meters long, made out of two tin-plated, copper-stranded wires, across the room. For reception, he strung one wire, a meter long, down the wall.

While Klausen was making these arrangements, Dr. Sorge had picked up a copy of the bulky *German Statistical Yearbook*, and was busy using it as a key to encipher a message. When both men were set, Klausen flashed a recognition signal—AC7MR. He got back XU7BS. "Ready with Wiesbaden," said Klausen.

Nominally, Wiesbaden is a famous German city and watering resort. Between Sorge and Klausen, however, it was the code name they used for a secret communist radio station located somewhere in Siberia. [To this day the exact whereabouts of "Wiesbaden" is not known. Sorge and Klausen were of the belief that it was in or near Vladivostock.] For the next few minutes the air crackled with code between the unobstrusive house in Tokyo and a Red Army Intelligence station, 800 miles away. By morning, Stalin, sipping tea in the Kremlin, knew everything that Ambassador Ott had confided to Sorge at breakfast the day before. He had a full month's warning of Hitler's attack. He knew the date, (eventually it was postponed two days), the number of divisions, the direction of the main attack. This information was of incredible value to Stalin, to Russia, to the cause of communism all over the world. Yet it had hardly cost the Red Dictator a cent.

Dr. Richard Sorge was Stalin's good right arm stretching into the heart of his mortal enemies, Germany and Japan. He was almost certainly the greatest spy of the Second World War. If there were greater ones, they are not yet known. In his double role of Nazi Press Attaché and Communist spy, he had the entire German Embassy in Tokyo and Nazi Government in Berlin duped—but good. It is unlikely that there was a top-level

**Spy ring, communicating by radio between Tokyo and Valdivostock, warned Stalin of Jap activities aimed at Siberia.**

secret of any importance, passing between Berlin and Tokyo in either direction, that he did not know, and his chief source of information was no charwoman or kitchen maid, but the German Ambassador himself. In the opinion of American Major General Charles A. Willoughby, chief intelligence officer on General MacArthur's staff, Sorge enjoyed a position of "incredible trust. . . . The famous Canadian spy case during the recent war is the best known current example of Soviet espionage. Compared to the Sorge case, however, the Canadian affair was an amateur show. . . . For eight productive years, a daring and skillful band of spies worked in Japan for their spiritual fatherland, Soviet Russia. Starting from nothing in a country which he never before had even visited, Dr. Sorge was able to develop the most complete and successful espionage operation in Japanese history. Despite their vigorous activity and enormous successes, they went unsuspected and so undetected. Led by Dr. Sorge, a German Communist posing convincingly as a loyal Nazi, this ring of spies almost succeeded in committing the perfect crime."

During the crucial war years alone, they broadcast to Russia 141 times under the eyes of the supposedly all-seeing Japanese police. Through couriers they smuggled over 300 rolls of microfilm, containing well over 10,000 pages of top-secret German and Japanese documents, to Russian couriers waiting on the Asiatic mainland. Sorge did not only warn Stalin of Hitler's attack. Later he got word to the Kremlin of even more vital news.

His work, said the Police Bureau of the Japanese Home Ministry, was "unprecedented." And Japan's police don't like to admit such things. The information he forwarded was "of immense value to the Soviet Government, the Red Army and the International Communist Party." Later, his former colleagues at the German Embassy paid him respect as a true "master spy." How Ambassador Ott felt about it, he never divulged. But he must have blushed when he learned that, while he (as Ambassador) was a Major General in the German Army, his breakfast companion actually outranked him as a Lieutenant General in the army of his enemy. But Ott was not the only headliner hoodwinked. Sorge's chief assistant spy was a Japanese named Ozaki Hozumi. When Prince Konoye became Prime Minister of Japan, he chose Ozaki as his Unofficial Cabinet Advisor.

From these perfect sources—plus a network of sixteen other spies—Sorge got his hands on more top-secret material than was known to either the Ambassador or Prime Minister, since Sorge was working both the German and Japanese sides of the track and, as will develop, the Allied side as well. So successful was Sorge from 1933 to 1941, that the Red Army *always* knew the plans of the Japanese government, army and navy.

These authoritative opinions, coming from his enemies—Japanese, German, American—are thoroughly confirmed by the documents now at hand.

After Sorge was caught in late 1941, and once he became convinced that neither the Nazi Embassy nor the Soviet Government could spring him from the Japanese death trap, he wrote a 32,000-word confession. The next year the Criminal Affairs Bureau of the Japanese Ministry of Justice compiled three husky volumes of *Sorge Case Material*. Stamped TOP SECRET, these sensational disclosures were confined to the files in Japan during the war, but with the American occupation three years later, they were found and translated. Copies now exist in Washington. Finally, General Willoughby and American attorneys checked the entire Japanese investigation for accuracy and did further research on their own.

This account is based on material from these sources, almost none of which has been released to the American public prior to its publication now in TRUE. It is also based on my own personal knowledge of Sorge, dating from the time when, as a Communist spy myself, I knew him in Germany and Russia (1922-33).

Richard Sorge—or as I knew him, Ika—was strikingly handsome in a rugged, masculine sort of way. He was thickset, with cold, proud eyes, black hair and a deeply furrowed face. His distinguished appearance, inconvenient for a spy, made

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women always turn for a second glance. He dressed expensively in tweeds and looked like the man he was; a German gentleman and scholar, who had traveled much and lived dangerously. When nervous, he had the habit of flicking the lapel on the right side of his jacket.

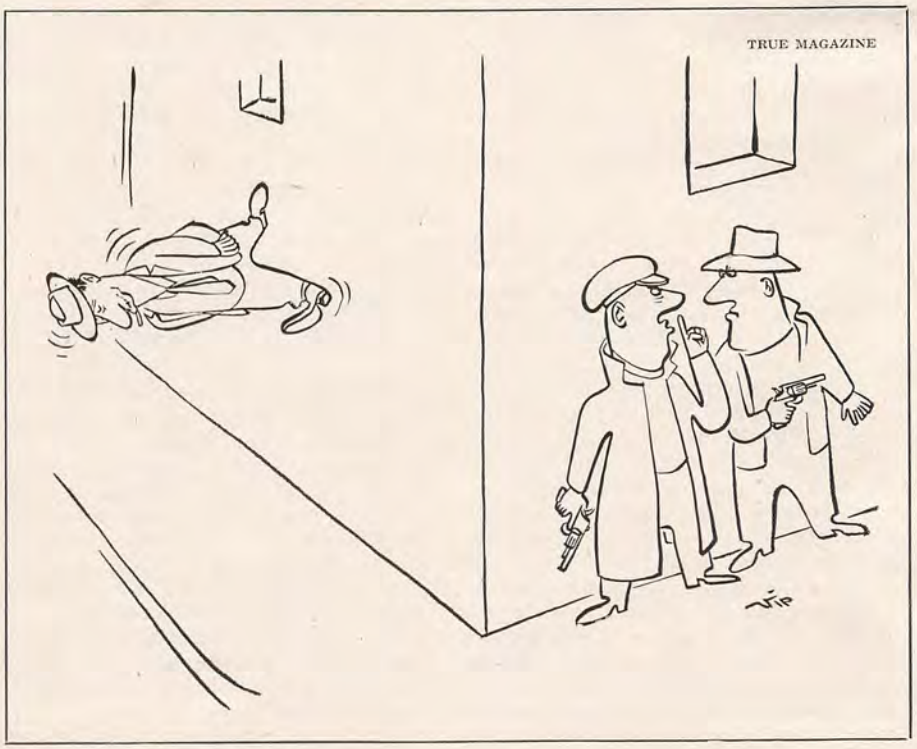
Sorge was born in 1895, in Baku, Russia, where his German father was reorganizing the Czar's chaotic oilfields. He was the youngest of nine children, most of whom died in infancy, and the favorite of his warm-hearted, Russian mother. When Sorge was small, his father brought the family back to Germany. They were wealthy enough to camp out in a 50-room house in one of the fashionable districts of Berlin. "Like all my brothers and sisters," Sorge recalled in his confession, "I was slightly different from the average school child. I was a bad pupil, defied the school's regulations, was obstinate and willful. . . . In history, literature, philosophy, political science and, of course, athletics, I was far above the rest of the class. . . . For many years, I studied political developments carefully. At school, I was known as 'Prime Minister'." Modesty was never one of Sorge's virtues.

When the world went to war in 1914, Sorge volunteered as a private and, with only six weeks' training, was soon floundering in the Belgian mud in the great battle of the Yser. "From classroom to battlefield or from school chair to slaughter block," he remembered bitterly. Twice he was wounded and returned to civvies as unfit for duty. But Sorge re-enlisted anyway, only to be wounded a third time. Shrapnel peppered his leg and he had a slight limp the rest of his life.

While convalescing, he came in contact with doctors and nurses and other wounded soldiers whose political outlook was more and more Red. Coupled with Sorge's own Russian background (through his mother) and his hatred for what he considered an "imperialist war," Sorge's thinking drifted left. As Germany teetered and crashed to defeat and inflation, the young veteran's outlook became increasingly glum. Civilians were gnawing turnips. Money was becoming so valueless that a salaried worker brought home his paychek in bagfuls of inflated currency. Young girls were knocking each other dizzy to earn a few marks in boxing rings set up in Berlin nightclubs. Suddenly, in the east, in Russia a new hope for down-trodden mankind seemed to light up the darkness. The Communists seized power and with their moving, if phoney, slogans—"Peace and Bread," "Pacifism," "International Brotherhood" —appeared to many young men like Sorge to hold out, not merely the best, but the only hope for the future. With a quickened pulse and a new interest in life, Sorge in 1918 turned Communist.

It is one thing to become a Communist. It is something else to become a Red Army lieutenant general and the greatest spy of your generation. Although differing entirely in purpose and methods, the Communist Party has this much in common with any other political party: you begin at the bottom and you work up. Sorge started out no higher than a soapbox orator, but in 1918 Germany, whooping it up for the Communists had to be a secret affair. When he became a Communist, Sorge began a double life that was never to end.

By day he was a student at the University of Kiel. By night he was a Red propagandist, stealing into the barracks of the German Navy at Kiel. On October 29, 1918, the Kaiser's Fleet mutinied at Kiel, foreshadowing by two weeks the flight of the Kaiser and the Armistice that ended the war. Red sailors took over most of the Fleet. It was the first success the Communists had ever had in Germany and Sorge had played his small, but helpful part well.



With this victory notched figuratively on the handle of the pistol he always carried, Sorge threw himself into communist agitation. He worked as a miner in the Ruhr coalfields, not to mine coal, but to undermine with communist harangues the other pick-wielders. He also earned his Doctor of Philosophy degree at the University of Hamburg in 1920.

The next year, with Party approval, he became an assistant instructor in the social-science department of the University of Frankfurt. Then Sorge got the first of two breaks he needed to whisk him up the communist ladder. The Party was outlawed. As Sorge's affiliations were not then known to the police, he was selected as the member best able to hide the secret documents and vital membership lists of the local Frankfurt Party. Some he hid in his room or in the library stacks. Larger bundles he concealed in the coal bin of a classroom building. This damning material was never found. Sorge was praised by his superiors.

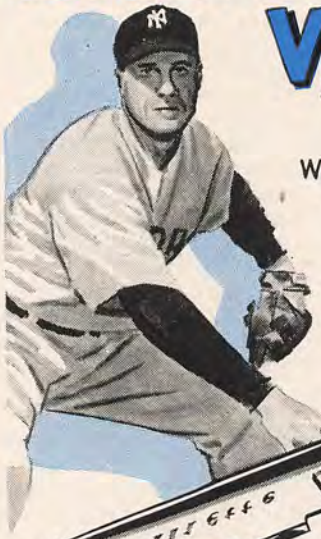
The second break followed swiftly. It changed his life. The illegal Party selected Frankfurt as the site for a secret conclave. Worried about disorganization in the ranks of German Communists, the Communist International in Moscow decided to send four of its biggest men to buck up the flagging Germans. These four, sent into Germany in disguise, were very big indeed. Three of them—Manuilsky, Losovsky and Kuuisen—are former members of the Politburo. The Frankfurt local looked around for a member who was not being tailed by the police and could therefore be put in charge of the safety of the four Russians during their stay. Sorge was an obvious choice. While the convention lasted, the ambitious young German was with the Muscovite bosses daily. He bought their food; he hid them in the homes of friends. By the time the meetings broke up, they had formed such a high opinion of his determination and energy that they asked him to come to Moscow to work in the headquarters of the Communist International. In January, 1925, he arrived, like an eager freshman, in the halls of his alma mater. At the same time his name was switched from the rolls of the German Party to the Russian.

After a year's study in communist espionage—code work, world politics, sabotage, geography, military organization—Sorge was sent out on his first assignments. They were unexciting enough, concerned mostly with inter-party squabbles in Norway, Sweden, Denmark and England which Moscow wished to investigate. On his return to Moscow in 1929, he was transferred as an agent from the Communist International to the Fourth Bureau (Intelligence) of the Red Army. General "Olitsky," who then ran the big bureau at 14 Bolshaiya Semeynovsky, gave Sorge his choice of the world's five continents. He chose Asia, an area of hardship and danger, where discovery often meant death, but where he believed—and, unhappily, with wisdom—that a potful of revolutionary upheavals was brewing.

For three years he served in a ring of international spies in Shanghai, working


CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

Vic Raschi



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hand-in-glove with the late Agnes Smedley, the bitter girl from Wyoming, turned newspaperwoman, turned Red spy. Sorge's work again was praised. Upon his recall to Moscow in January, 1933, he was elevated to the rank of lieutenant general.

In that same month Hitler seized power in Germany. A wave of terror began at once. Dragnet arrests practically paralyzed the German Communists. Most of their leaders and workers were denounced, arrested, tortured and killed.

In this situation Sorge made Moscow an extraordinary proposition. He proposed to re-enter Germany after an absence of eight years, there to pose as an ardent convert to Nazism. Using Nazism as his cover, he would then proceed to Japan to organize the first large communist spy ring in that country.

This plan was so dangerous that Red Army generals objected. They considered it certain suicide. General Sorge was too valuable to be risked. But by spring Sorge had finally convinced the Fourth Bureau and received the assignment. No communist had ever attempted to pull off such a feat. Its daring was one of the factors that helped bring it off.

A few Communists did work as agents inside Nazi organizations. But these men had been placed there years before Hitler took power and had no open records as Reds. Sorge's situation was totally different. He had been active as a revolutionary in Germany from 1919 until 1925. Hundreds of his former associates knew it. Undoubtedly many or even most of them had been arrested by the Nazis —and only one would have to squeal. In the years that he had been out of Germany, working for the Russians, he might easily have been spotted by German counter-espionage agents—at school in Moscow, during his Scandinavian and English trips, while in Shanghai. Moreover, he had written two books on communism while in Moscow. Both had been published under the imprint of the Soviet Government and both had been widely read in Germany. As the Nazis had scoured the shelves, not only of public libraries, but also of private homes for communist books, it would have been impossible for them to have missed either of his. Finally, he was re-entering Germany under his own name.

The odds appeared hopeless. Yet Sorge got away with it.

This is how it was done.

At the time, I was a Communist agent in Germany for Ignace Reiss, then Chief of the OGPU (Communist secret police) for Western Europe. My job was to commute between Nazi Germany and Czechoslovakia, taking out German Communists who were on Gestapo death lists. As an American citizen, I could cross and recross the border with relative ease.

One day in Vienna, I think, Reiss told me that Sorge needed help.

"Didn't you tell me," asked Reiss, "that you know Dr. Max Geisenberg of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*?" That was the best newspaper in Germany, even under the Nazis.

"Yes."

"Could you send Ika to him?"

In the old days we had sometimes managed to get agents appointed as foreign correspondents of this distinguished newspaper. The editors, of course, didn't have any suspicion of their true role. Now, however, this was virtually impossible. The Nazis had reorganized the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and all our old avenues of approach were blocked. Fortunately, however, Dr. Max Geisenberg was a staunch German nationalist who had survived the purge. His friendship for me was entirely personal. He never suspected that I was a Communist.

I wrote a long friendly letter to Dr. Geisenberg, both introducing and recommending Sorge to him as a foreign correspondent. Actually Sorge had reasonable qualifications, if one didn't know his communist hue. He was able to tell the editor that he was an old China hand and that he had written a great deal about the Far East for several German magazines. As personal references, Sorge calmly rattled off an imposing list of some of the most prominent and conservative businessmen in the German colony in Shanghai. There is no doubt that Sorge knew them. In fact he had cultivated their friendships sedulously as unknowing sources of information when he was an agent in Shanghai. On the surface, everything Sorge said was so logical and sound that neither Reiss nor I were too greatly surprised when we heard that he had been appointed Tokyo correspondent of the paper.

Only one hurdle—the toughest of all —now remained. To pose convincingly as a Nazi, he would have to join the Party. That meant a Gestapo check.

Sorge set to work carefully. He studied thoroughly all 781 pages of Hitler's *Mein Kampf* so that at the drop of a swastika he was able to spout and fume like the greatest Nazi of them all. He made friends with genuine Nazis and cagily went on the wagon for fear if he got drunk he might let out a slip. Finally he made the inevitable move; he wrote out an application for Nazi Party membership and signed his name.

The next step was up to the Gestapo. There was nothing Sorge could do but wait. His life hung on the flip of that application blank. If the Gestapo somehow missed and the application went through, Sorge's cover as a Soviet spy would be perfect: "Dr. Richard Sorge; pvt. German Army; student, Kiel University (1918); Doctor of Philosophy, Hamburg University (1920); Instructor, Frankfurt University (1923-25); Contributor, technical, financial and political magazines from China, 1929-1933; member, Nazi Party, 1933; Tokyo correspondent, *Frankfurter Zeitung*, 1933." Who would wonder whether this loyal, studious son of the *Vaterland* might be a Lieutenant General in the Red Army?

But what if a dossier, plainly marked "Sorge," lay in the Gestapo file? It would not make pretty reading: "Dr. Richard Sorge; pvt. Germany Army; Communist agitator, Kiel Naval Base, 1918; Communist agitator, Ruhr coal mines, 1920-22; Laison Officer, Communist Party, Frankfurt, 1921-25; Student, Intelligence Section, Communist International, Moscow, 1925; Author, two communist books;

Whereabouts since 1925, Unknown." Once the lowliest file clerk in the Gestapo read that, the sequence would be fast—arrest, concentration camp, torture, death.

The fact is, there was such a dossier. In the Gestapo files. Plainly marked, "Sorge."

Yet, nothing happened. The Gestapo countersigned the application and in a matter of days Sorge was a good Nazi.

There had been an ace in the hole. Moscow held it and played it when the pot was big enough. That ace was another Soviet agent who had been planted in the Gestapo. Sorge never knew his name, although he knew of his existence. At the crucial moment this agent had been able, temporarily, to remove all the incriminating evidence from the file on Sorge. More than that, he protected Sorge valiantly over the years. In 1939, when Sorge was made Press Attaché by Ambassador Ott, the Gestapo file was again checked—and Sorge was again cleared.

With his newspaper credentials and Nazi Party card, Sorge serenely walked down the gangplank and into Japan in the summer of 1933. His orders, he wrote, were "to evaluate the political situation . . . to gather information concerning Japan's economy . . . to collect military information." To achieve these ends, Sorge had laid down certain wise precautions. He would have nothing to do with the Japanese Communist Party. He wanted no connections with the Soviet Embassy (except in dire emergencies). He needed assistants, but none were to be Russian. The Fourth Bureau of the Red Army agreed and orders went out to the undergrounds to recruit a flock of unsuspected assistants.

A curious migration of Communist birds now began all over the world. Quietly, they began winging their way toward Japan. One of the first queer ducks to be flushed was a tall, heavy-set Yugoslav, Branco de Voukelitch, then 28 and living in Paris. Part-artist, part-architect, part-bum, Voukelitch had worked for the electrical utility company in Paris and was a member of the Communist Party in France. One day Voukelitch was strolling down a boulevard when a Russian Communist, whose name he never knew, approached him. "Get ready to go abroad for an assignment," said the Russian and left. Shortly thereafter, three tickets for a steamer leaving Marseilles for Japan were dropped into Voukelitch's mailbox. Like Sorge, Voukelitch, accompanied by his wife and young child, had no trouble walking down the gangplank and into Nippon. For who could have guessed that Voukelitch was a spy when his credentials so genuinely proved that he was simply the new Tokyo correspondent of the French picture magazine, *Vue,* and the great Yugoslav daily, *Politica?*

At about the same time, 6,000 miles away in Los Angeles, another Red was being jumped from cover. Miyagi Yotoku, a penniless consumptive artist, had been

*"All they've got is one play—which seems to be working very well, however."*


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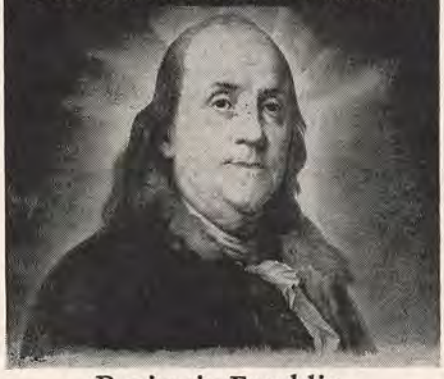

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born in Okinawa but moved to California. After art school in San Diego and farm work near Brawley, Miyagi had settled down to run the Owl Restaurant in Los Angeles' "Little Tokyo."

One day an East Indian Communist, known to Miyagi simply as Roy, dropped in for a cup of saki. "Get ready to go to Japan on an assignment," said Roy. He handed Miyagi $200 for expenses and promised the artist-hash slinger that he would be back home within a month.

When Miyagi left, Roy gave him a dollar bill and called his attention to the serial number. "When you arrive in Tokyo," he explained, "watch the want ads in the *Japan Advertiser*. When a notice appears, WANT TO BUY UKIYOE PRINTS, answer the ad and follow the instructions of the man you meet."

Miyagi arrived in the Japanese capital and began watching the ads. On December 14, 1933 the ad he was waiting for appeared. He answered and received instructions to go to the offices of the local advertising agency that had placed the ad. When Miyagi got there, a stranger came up to him and showed him a dollar bill. Miyagi then took out his dollar bill. The two men—who between them had circled half the earth to meet—compared bills and found they had consecutive serial numbers. Thus, Miyagi Yotoku met Branco de Voukelitch. A few days later Voukelitch took Miyagi to the Ueno art gallery where he introduced the Japanese-American Communist to Sorge.

Meanwhile, Sorge was personally picking his top aide. He chose Ozaki Hozumi, a 32-year-old Japanese journalist and politician, bright and well-connected, who was secretly a Communist, though never a party member—a Japanese edition of our own Alger Hiss. Sorge had known Ozaki since his Shanghai espionage days, Agnes Smedley having introduced them. The Doktor felt that Ozaki's intimate knowledge of Japanese politics and his friendship with Prince Konoye, a distant relative of the Emperor and a leading statesman, would prove valuable. Sorge was not to be disappointed.

Voukelitch, Miyagi, Ozaki—these men comprised the big three, working under Sorge, of the spy ring that eventually included nineteen others, all organized, directed and master-minded by the studious Tokyo correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*. In preparation for their work and his, Sorge now went through a series of seemingly lost motions that on the surface made no sense. Instead of stealing documents and cracking safes, he browsed around art galleries and museums. Instead of mixing invisible inks, he became a master of Japanese cooking. Instead of buying a dagger or even a cloak, he purchased between 800 and 1,000 books on Japanese history, industry, art and religion and spent his spare time reading all of them. Week ends, when he wasn't reading or preparing a feast, he motorcycled or hiked over most of the Japanese islands. He met farmhands, fishermen, foresters, geisha girls. After a while he even found himself giving lectures on the subject of Japanese art to fellow-members of German colony at the German Club.

This peculiar behavior continued for his first two years in Tokyo. Then the pay-off began. The relationship between paintings and battleships, and a knowledge of the Shinto religion and war plans proved more direct than anyone, but Sorge, might have thought. By 1935, Sorge, through his staggering knowledge of all things Japanese, had established a name for himself as the brightest and best-informed foreigner around. This was the reputation he needed to carry out espionage. It enabled him to talk on equal terms with the most important people in Japan. The more he knew, the more they told him. Conversation has always been a two-way street. "My research," he wrote later, "was absolutely necessary to my intelligence work for Moscow. Without this research and my general cultural background, my secret mission would have been impossible."

One of the men most impressed with the brilliance of this ardent Nazi newspaperman, was the assistant German military attaché, Lieutenant Colonel Eugen Ott. As Ott rose to the exalted station of Major General and Ambassador, his friendship with Sorge ripened. The scholarly Doktor's judgment was so acute that the new Ambassador found his advice invaluable. (Moscow, via Sorge, found the Ambassador's information even more valuable.) Imperceptibly, Ott slid into the habit of showing him official documents and discussing his work freely. Soon all the attachés, together with the Gestapo representative, Colonel Joseph Meissinger, followed suit. Only Naval Attaché Wennecker was cool toward Sorge. He didn't like the chap.

Some idea of Sorge's self-control can be gathered from the fact that, although he lived and worked on intimate terms with these men for years and outdrank them night after night, not one ever suspected he knew a word of Russian.

By 1938, Sorge was so close to Ott that the Ambassador asked him to take time off from his newspaper work to visit Manila and Hong Kong on matters of interest to the German Foreign Office. This suggestion dovetailed so neatly with Sorge's own interests that he decided to kill two birds with one trip and run out secret microfilms for Moscow at the same time. He went to Klausen's and they contacted WIESBADEN to have a Russian courier meet Sorge in Hong Kong.

Sorge entered the designated restaurant in Hong Kong a few minutes after 3 o'clock. He sat down at the counter, reached in his pocket and took out a pipe. He held it in his hand unlit. Another man entered the restaurant, sat down at the counter and took a long, black cigar from his pocket. He did not light it. Then Sorge lit his pipe. Immediately, the other man lit his cigar. The Moscow courier left the restaurant. Sorge followed him to a park. The man stopped and Sorge closed up. "Greetings from Katcha," said the Russian. "Greetings from Gustav," replied Sorge, with which he handed over the microfilms.

When war broke out the next year and Ott wanted to add a press attaché to his staff, Sorge was naturally his choice. Thereafter Stalin's spy enjoyed the added pay, power and prestige of being a Nazi

official. The Ambassador and the other attachés were delighted. So was Sorge. So was Moscow.

Between conferences, breakfasts with the Ambassador and informal talks, Sorge knew and saw every German secret. At Ott's request, he was a party to the negotiations of the military alliance signed between Germany and Japan. Sometimes he even drafted dispatches to the Berlin Foreign Office for Ott's signature.

What's more, he was able to put the entire Embassy staff to work for Moscow without their ever realizing it. If Sorge on his own at the Fourth Bureau's request needed more information on a particular topic, he simply called in the appropriate attaché and they dutifully went out and chased more information down for him.

Simultaneously, Ozaki, Sorge's chief assistant, was prying loose top secrets from the Japs. One of the reasons Sorge had placed so much promise in Ozaki was the latter's friendship with Prince Konoye and his even greater friendship with the Prince's two confidential secretaries. Between 1938 and 1941, Konoye was Prime Minister three times. As Unofficial Advisor to the Japanese Cabinet, he appointed Ozaki, who thereupon passed on to Sorge every cabinet secret he heard, memorized or could copy. Had they known it, the German Ambassador, the Japanese Prime Minister and the Japanese Cabinet might just as well have invited Stalin to sit with them.

In this work Ozaki was aided by a host of Japanese spies. He had close connections with, and at times worked for, the great South Manchurian Railway, which ran the new Japanese empire of Manchukuo, so located next to Siberia that it would necessarily serve as the springboard for any Japanese attack. With the help of thirty communist spies in Japanese Army intelligence organizations in Manchukuo, Ozaki had his finger on all troop movements, strong points and mobilization plans. Meanwhile, Miyagi, the Californian artist, had wormed his way into other military groups. He became the friend of the confidential secretary of General Ugaki, who was both Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary during this period. Posing as an ultraconservative nationalist, Miyagi picked up top-level cabinet secrets when Ugaki was in power. He got so many Jap officers drunk that he used to complain his work was turning him into an alcoholic.

Any items that Sorge, Ozaki or Miyagi missed were scooped up by Branco de Voukelitch. While Sorge was stripping the Germans clean, and Ozaki, Miyagi and their sub-agents were plucking the Japs, Voukelitch was taking the pants off the Americans, British, French and Dutch. As a French national and presumably a correspondent, he was welcome and unsuspected in Allied circles. Major General Piggott of the British Embassy, James M. Cox, a leading British newspaperman, and Eugene H. Dorman, Counselor of the American Embassy were all his friends.

With such coverage, Sorge couldn't miss. He sat on top of one of the most complete and skillfully contrived spy pyramids ever built, evaluating all the material he received and funneling to the Kremlin only the best. For a while, he met his top agents at bars and restaurants —the Rheingold, Fledermaus, Lohmeyer's. Their meals raised no eyebrows since three of the group were journalists with common professional interests. Only after Japanese police scrutiny tightened in 1940 did they meet privately. Then meetings were usually held at night at Sorge's home after the ring's members adopted the customary practice of changing cabs at distant addresses and walking the rest of the way.

Among themselves, Sorge's assistants still sometimes met in eating places. They carried films, money or messages in half-empty cigaret cases. One would ask for a smoke. The giver of the information would simply hand over the entire package of cigarets. Ozaki and Miyagi had an even easier method. Mrs. Ozaki (who never knew what her husband was up to) wanted their daughter to have painting lessons at home. She asked her husband whether he could suggest a teacher. He thought for a moment and then said that, as a matter of fact, he did know a very good teacher, an artist, named Miyagi. So every Sunday Miyagi went to the Ozaki home to teach the daughter—and pass over secret information to the father.

Espionage is valueless, however, unless the information gets to the nation which wants it promptly, regularly and without interception. Sorge had three ways of reaching the Russians: radio, courier, and direct contact with the Soviet Embassy.

A one-time Hamburg waterfront tough, Max Klausen, was the radioman and the only other German member of the ring. The son a poor shopkeeper and bicycle repairman, Klausen had become a marine mechanic and a rugged organizer for the Communist Party on the Hamburg docks. In 1929 he had been sent by the Party to its radio school in Moscow. After assignments in China, he was sent to Japan to work for Sorge. Like his master, he also worked directly for the Fourth Bureau of the Red Army with the assimilated rank of major.

Once in Japan, Sorge found Klausen a cover. He set him up as founder and president of M. Klausen & Co., a machinery concern which made presses for printing blueprints. This lucrative business, not only served to give Klausen a legitimate reason for living in Tokyo, but also served as the channel through which Soviet funds flowed to the spy ring.

The Japanese Police report speaks with admiration of Klausen's technical ingenuity in building a radio transmitter so powerful that it could span 800 miles between Tokyo and Vladivostock with ease, and yet so small that it could be tucked away in a suitcase. "He had not brought any of the necessary materials and parts with him," says the report "but, with the exception of the transmitter key, he found everything he needed at the Mazda Lamp Shop and at other stores in the city dealing in radio parts."

Klausen chose densely inhabited parts of the city for radio communication, since this made direction-finding by Japanese

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IT SMELLS GRAND
SNIFF A WHIFF—
IT SMELLS RIGHT JOLLY!
IT PACKS RIGHT
?
CUT TO PACK JUST RIGHT, BY GOLLY!
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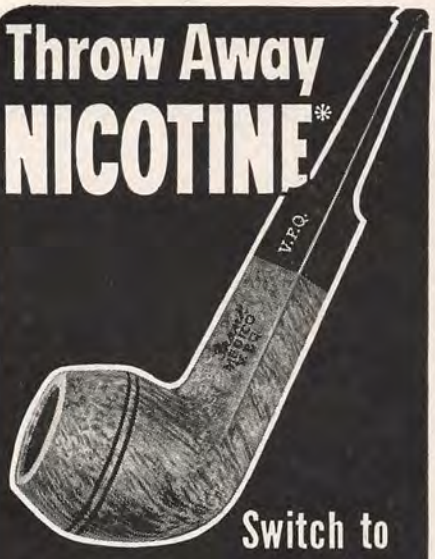


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counterespionage difficult. His broadcasts were never intercepted. As further precaution, he used wooden houses because steel hampered transmission. During the war years alone, the ring broadcast:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1939 | 60 times | 23,319 words |
| 1940 | 60 times | 29,179 words |
| 1941 | 21 times | 13,103 words |

A clever cipher was used by the agents to notify Siberia when the next broadcast would take place. There is a famous German proverb, *Morgenstunde hat Gold im Munde*, meaning roughly, "The early bird gets the worm." Written vertically in groups of three, the first twenty-one letters of this adage become:

| | |
|---|---|
| Monday | M T T |
| Tuesday | O U G |
| Wednesday | R N O |
| Thursday | G D L |
| Friday | E E D |
| Saturday | N H I |
| Sunday | S A M |

Thus, if Sorge wished to broadcast the following Sunday, the key letter group S-A-M would be sent.

When information wasn't sent by radio, it was taken out of Japan by couriers who met their Soviet counterparts generally on the Asiatic mainland. "The place of the meeting, the time and the formal technical conditions were agreed upon by radio," Sorge confessed. "If the couriers were unknown to one another, special distinguishing signs, passwords and series of recognition phrases were decided by radio." Some meetings took place in a coffee shop in Shanghai. One courier would enter with a yellow package and be met by another courier carrying a red one. Other rendezvous were arranged at a small restaurant in Tokyo to which foreigners rarely came. The Soviet courier entered last, ordered a very special Japanese dish, and the man Sorge sent was to use this as an opening to begin a conversation, asking if the dish was sweet and saying that his friend "Paul" always ordered it too. The courier from Moscow then answered that he had heard of it from his friend "Jimmy." The two runners would then discuss delivery of the material.

The material sent consisted of rolls of microfilm taken with a Leica or Robot camera. Documents and reports were photographed almost immediately, sometimes by Sorge at the Embassy or in his home, mostly by Voukelich in the darkroom he had built. The film was then rolled as tightly as possible because sometimes as many as 25 to 30 rolls of microfilm—easily 1,000 sheets—were sent. Max Klausen's wife, Anna, made the run to Shanghai four times with thirty to forty rolls tied to a belt wrapped beneath her breasts. She delivered these films to Soviet contacts whom she met at the Sun Sun Department Store, to the woman manager of a bookstore on Bubbling Well Road, in the lobby of the Cathay Hotel, and even on the sidewalk of the fashionable Avenue Haig. Each time she collected $5,000 from the Russian messenger.

Actually, Moscow paid an absurdly small price for the invaluable information it received. The average cost was only $8,000 a year—and for this the Kremlin got the harvestings of seventeen agents. The explanation is that only one member of the ring—a minor cog—was a mercenary. The others were spying for free out of devotion to Communism.

After 1939 and the outbreak of the war, it became too dangerous for members of the ring to travel to China. Reluctantly, Sorge asked Moscow to establish liaison between the Soviet Embassy and the network.

Shortly, Klausen, who maintained a four-hour vigil at the receiver, heard the "Wiesbaden" signal. Then the message in code: TWO TICKETS WITH HIGHER NUMBER FOR FRITZ. ONE WITH LOWER NUMBER FOR LIAISON MAN. "Fritz" was Klausen's code name. A few days later two tickets for a show at the Imperial Theater turned up in his mail.


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Taking his wife, Klausen went to the show and occupied the seat with the lower number. In the darkness he nudged the stranger sitting next to him and handed him thirty-eight cartridges of microfilm, containing Embassy documents stolen by Sorge. Risky business. Klausen felt relieved when the man handed him back a packet. When Klausen opened it after theater, he took out $5,000 in cash.

The mysterious neighbor was Helge L. Vutokevitch, Soviet Counsel in Tokyo.

The ring faced its supreme test in 1941, the summer of the great Nazi attack on Russia. Panzer and infantry divisions were slicing through Russia. They had already crushed the entire Southern Red Army Group. At Smolensk and Kiev alone, 600,000 Soviet prisoners were taken. As Stalin paced his Kremlin offices with his chiefs of staff, the future looked equally glum. America was not yet in the war. Lend-Lease to Russia at that time was a trickle. France had already been crushed. Japan and Italy were German allies. The British could not on their own launch a "second front"; they had all the Germans they could handle in Africa, in the air, on the sea.

There was one source—and one source only—of untapped strength that the Red Army could muster. In Siberia, some

500,000 fully equipped, well-trained troops were standing still. They could not be moved westward so long as there was a chance Japan would attack. For years there had been open talk that Japan, allied to Germany, would do just that. Now it was a matter of life and death to know Japan's true intentions. Not hearsay. Not gossip. Not newspaper or living-room talk. But the true and unalterable facts. Sorge was expected to provide that critical answer. A mistake in judgment by him might easily mean the noose for Stalin and curtains for the Soviet State.

In June, Ambassador Ott called a conference. Sorge was there. Flushed with news of great victories in Russia, the German officials expressed confidence that their Japanese ally would take advantage of Russia's weakness to pounce on Siberia and thus sew up the Second World War. Only Wennecker, the Naval Attaché, thought otherwise. He felt the Japs would move south—toward Indo-China, the Netherlands Indies, the Philippines. Sorge reported the conference to Stalin by radio, stating that in his opinion Wennecker was right.

By July Japanese enthusiasm for Siberian conquest was beginning to wane. Through Ozaki, Sorge learned that Emperor Hirohito had called an extraordinary and secret conference from the Throne at which the Emperor indicated Japan would push southward—but would also prepare to attack Russia when an even better opportunity arose. In the same month Sorge informed Moscow that General Tojo, Minister of War, was interested only in southward expansion. He added that Prince Konoye had formed a new cabinet to negotiate with America. He did not know for certain (despite recent newspaper reports) that these negotiations would serve to camouflage an intended attack on Pearl Harbor, but he did know that whatever negotiations ensued, he would be able to keep Stalin well posted.

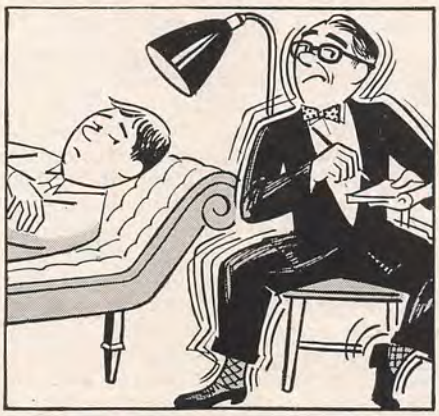
Japanese general mobilization now began in the hot summer months. The Empire was preparing for war, but it was far from certain in which direction its forces would strike. Meanwhile the Germans slashed deeper into Russia. Kharkov fell. Leningrad was besieged. The Crimea was cut off. Moscow itself was in danger; the diplomatic corps had already left. Red Russia was being bled white—while fresh troops in Siberia had to be held in garrison against a possible Japanese attack.

In August, Sorge had an interesting talk at the Embassy with Wennecker. The Naval Attaché had just learned that the Japanese Navy had enough oil reserves for two years, the Army for six months, the civilian economy for half a year. This was important news. It meant that the Navy was ready to strike, but that any major land invasion was out of the question. Wennecker thought—and Sorge agreed—that the Navy would thrust south toward the oilfields of Sumatra and Borneo. Four months later this happened.

By the end of the month, Sorge was able to radio: "At the end of the mobilization, approximately thirty divisions

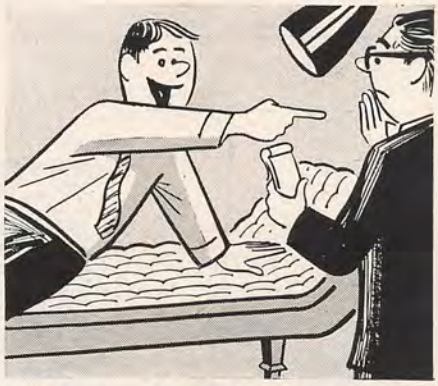

the case of the

# Squirming Psychoanalyst



**This patient** came to me obviously upset. So I got him relaxed, then sat down in my chair, took out my pad and pencil, crossed my legs and started questioning him. In a few minutes, I uncrossed my legs, twisted around in my chair, gave my trousers a yank and started probing again.

**He answered carefully** but glanced thoughtfully at me. I started on another tack, crossed my legs, turned sideways in my chair. At which he said: "Doc . . . *I* should be squirming, not *you*. What's the matter?" "This underwear," I said. "It bunches, binds, creeps, crawls. Can't sit still."



**"My prescription,"** he said gleefully, "is to switch to Jockey brand Underwear. It fits snug and smooth, moves as you move, never bunches or binds. And it gives you real he-man support. Largest selling knit underwear in the world . . . and the finest." Naturally, I thanked him.

**And I switched to Jockey.** Bought Jockey Midway because it's perfect for everyday wear, especially in an office. And I haven't squirmed since! I can't say enough for that Jockey comfort. My patient? Oh, he was so happy solving *my* problems, it solved *his*. Cost me a patient but it was worth it!

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were concentrated in Manchuria. This corresponds to one third of the newly mobilized forces. The divisions were sent out after 15 August, which means that it is too late to start a war against Siberia before winter. Therefore, Japan will not fight Russia, but will challenge America and England to the south."

Having reached this conclusion, Sorge began to hammer the point home. In September, he passed on the word that the Navy had completed its preparations, but that the blow would be delayed because the Army was not ready. To mask the planned southward invasion, he reported, Prince Konoye was going to open "peace talks" with the United States.

On October 15, Sorge filed his last dispatch. Triumphantly, he reported: Japan has definitely decided to move south. All danger to the Soviet Union has passed.

He had accomplished his mission. The Kremlin now acted without further delay. Fresh divisions from Siberia were loaded onto trains and shuttled thousands of miles to build-up areas behind Moscow. On December 6—the day before Pearl Harbor—Nazi patrols entered the suburbs of communism's Mecca and got to within seven miles of Red Square. Hitler was elated; he would have Moscow and crush Russia before the worst of the winter set in. His elation did not last long. This was the high-water mark of the German armies throughout the entire war. Two days later, on December 8, the Russian armies on the Moscow front, reinforced with Siberian corps, counterattacked and drove the Nazis back. The Germans never again came as close to winning the war.

After sending the historic October 15 message, Sorge felt that his work was done. He had devoted twenty-three years to the revolution, most of them at the risk of his neck. Now, having reached 49 and having performed his greatest assignment with conspicuous success, he wanted to return to Moscow and enjoy the fruits of his labor. His mother, to whom he was deeply attached, lived in Russia. The government had already given him a fine home, befitting his general's rank. So once again he cycled to Klausen's and climbed the staircase to the broadcasting room. Once again he sat down with the *German Statistical Yearbook* and enciphered a message. It was a request for recall to Moscow. But the message was never sent. Klausen talked him out of it, arguing that there was still work for them to do in Japan.

There was one bit of information after eight years that neither Sorge nor his accomplices knew. The police had found a weak link in the spy ring.

A few months earlier, the police had arrested Ito Ritsu, a Japanese Communist, ordered by Moscow to revive the shattered, illegal party. One of the people from whom Ritsu sought help was a middle-aged seamstress and former Communist, Kitabayashi Tome. She flatly refused. She told him she had renounced Communism and had become an ardent member of the Women's Christian Temperance Society and the Seventh Day Adventists. This was true. Yet, for some obscure reason, the seamstress was pass-

*"I'm looking for the sergeant I talked out of a speeding ticket on the Forest Parkway."*

ing on odd stitches of information to Miyagi of the Sorge ring. Although she did not tell Ritsu, she had been strictly ordered by Miyagi, following one of Sorge's main principles, to have nothing to do with the Japanese Communists.

In the hands of the police, Ritsu was treated, as the official reports politely put it, "severely." He confessed and renounced Communism. This renunciation was utterly false—he is today one of the leading lights of the Japanese Party. He squealed to save his own skin and, having confessed, he figured he would be let off lightly if he denounced a few other people whom he had no particular reason to like. He, therefore, told the police that the little seamstress was a Communist.

When the police plunked her into jail, she promptly confessed and named Miyagi. On October 10, the house of the Japanese-American artist was raided. In his excitement Miyagi made the fatal mistake of trying to kill himself. From his attempted suicide the police reasoned that Miyagi must be guilty of some much more important crime than they so far had any reason to expect.

While Miyagi was singing, the police used his house to mouse-trap any visitors. On the 14th, one came. The police were more than surprised when they saw that the visitor was no less a personage than the Unofficial Advisor of the Japanese Cabinet. Ozaki was arrested the moment he pressed the bell.

Sorge still didn't know about these events, but he began to worry when both Ozaki and Miyagi failed to show up for a meeting the next day. He talked matters over with Klausen and they decided to wait until they had a clearer understanding of the picture. The answer was not long delayed. On the 17th, Klausen spotted an officer of the Special Higher Section of the Metropolitan Police loitering near his house. Was it accidental? Klausen considered burning his documents and burying the radio in his garden, but finally decided once again to wait. He spent a restless night and what little sleep he got was abruptly ended near dawn when the police walked in and arrested him in bed. Sorge and Voukelitch were nabbed in their homes at the same time.

Neither the Japanese public nor press were given an inkling of the major scandal that had befallen Japan, but the German Embassy knew soon enough when the police arrived to press their investigations. Ambassador Ott blustered and blushed when informed that his Press Attaché and good friend had been jailed as a communist spy. He refused to believe it and supposed that the Japanese police had committed another of the blunders for which they were famous. He set to work hard to get Sorge released, but this time the Japanese were adamant. They stuck to the story that they had uncovered the most dangerous spy ring in the history of Japan. Also, there was always that disturbing question: what if the police were right? If by some freak chance Sorge, the good Nazi, was really a spy, where did that leave Ambassador Ott?

To cover himself Ott sent a brief report of Sorge's arrest to Berlin, minimizing

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his own relationship with his aide. Luckily for Ott, Berlin let the matter rest. But after the turn of the year, an agent of German counterintelligence stationed in Harbin, China, got wind of the scandal from his Tokyo contact and passed the bad news along to Berlin. Only then, three months after Sorge's arrest, did the German Government beat its chest. Foreign Minister von Ribbentrop sent Ott a sharp message demanding more details. The Gestapo raced for its files. This time the Soviet agent in the Gestapo had no advance warning and so for the first time the startled Gestapo read the full and completely negative dossier on Sorge—eight years too late.

Ott was sacked and his career was ruined. Since he could not very well get back to Germany through the British blockade, he was sent to Peiping to sit out the war. Today he is living in retirement in Germany.

After exceptionally fair hearings, the various members of the ring were brought to trial, separately and in secret. Only the briefest mention of the case was finally released to the Japanese public in May, 1942, and although the Senate Subcommittee on Internal Security in Washington last fall heard Sorge mentioned briefly, this is the first time the full story has ever been told.

Sentences were handed down by the Tokyo District Court in September, 1943. Of the thirty-three men and two women on trial, seventeen, including Anna Klausen and the seamstress, were found guilty. The women got three and five years respectively, but were later released when the Americans arrived. Miyagi, who had left California eight years before "for a month," never had to be sentenced. He died during the trial. Voukelitch and Klausen got life. But the fates in both cases intervened. The French camera enthusiast died in his cell in 1945 and the German radioman was released by the U. S. Army from Akita Prison on October 9, 1945. It is not reassuring to report that the present whereabouts of this life-long spy are "unknown."

Two were hanged: Richard Sorge and Ozaki Hozumi. The Cabinet Advisor had always known that the end would be death, but now that he was facing up to it and abandoning a family he loved, his conscience plagued him. From prison he wrote a series of moving love letters to his wife. Published in postwar Japan under the title, *Love Was Like A Falling Star,* they became a best-seller.

When all around him, his assistants were talking freely, Sorge, too, confessed.

The executions were on November 7, 1944.

Ozaki went first. As he entered the death house, he was permitted to pause before the taper-lit, golden altar of the Amidha Buddha. The condemned man sipped tea and ate rice cakes while the chief chaplain intoned. Then he closed his eyes and sniffed incense, as the chaplain continued. In the death chamber, he recited the Buddhist ritual for spiritual comfort twice and at 0933, without further ceremony, the trap was sprung beneath his feet. Eighteen minutes later he was officially declared dead.

Ozaki's body had scarcely been unloosened from the noose, when Sorge received his final, solemn call from the prison governor. The governor stood before him and went through the formality of asking him his name and age. He told Sorge he was expected to die calmly. Then he asked the condemned man whether he had any remarks, Sorge said only, "I thank you for all your kindnesses." Then he was led away.

So ended Dr. Richard Sorge, a German, a Communist, a doctor of philosophy, a coal miner, an art critic, a lieutenant general, and an amazingly successful Soviet spy.—**Hede Massing**

*"Mother's sorry she ran over your tricycle, but what on earth was it doing in the garden?"*

# Ramps Just Ain't for Weaklings

[*Continued from page* 51]

ramp eaters, strangers who somehow or other had heard about the rendezvous. Again everyone had a fine time. In fact they became so enthusiastic about the ramps and the contents of the fruit jars that they decided to make it an annual event.

The third year several things happened. Not only did more than a hundred mountain men show up but so did a woman, Maggie Lewis. Then in her youthful eighties she declared that if there was to be any ramp eatin' going on she wanted to be there too.

"Besides there are a lot of other ways to eat ramps other than just digging 'em out of the woods and going to it and it takes a woman to know how," she declared. "I like 'em fried, after they've been split the long way and I like 'em with eggs or steak. As a special treat I also like 'em with country ham."

Whereupon the assembled convention unanimously elected her official cook and she's acted as such ever since. But she was to receive an even greater accolade, for among those at Black Camp Gap on that day was a Messer of Canton, North Carolina, when a Sutton of Moggie, North Carolina, happened to wander in.

Now the names of Messer and Sutton probably don't mean much to outsiders, but almost everyone in the Great Smokies knew about the feud which had been going on between the two families since just after the Civil War.

Things looked pretty tense for a few moments as both men clutched their rifles. Then the Sutton sort of relaxed a little and allowed that out of deference to Mizz Maggie he was willing to call a truce for the duration of the convention. The Messer agreed and added that since they had gone that far they might as well also pledge not to bushwack each other on the way home.

They kept their word and since then there have been Messers and Suttons at every ramp convention. Some of them have even become good friends. There has also been an unwritten rule since that time that all mountain feuds, no matter how violent, be set aside on the day of the convention. The rule has never been violated.

From year to year the convention has been growing spontaneously by leaps and bounds as the news of the doings at Black Camp Gap got around by word of mouth. Some of the branch boys and real hill billies travel for days over mountain trails to attend. Other mountain folk, from more accessible regions, come to Black Camp Gap by wagon and jeep, pickup truck and car and they bring all their youngsters with them.

Some arrive at dawn and immediately begin to dig the ramps to be eaten at the big midday meal. They also eat a few of them raw as sort of eye-openers. The rest are gathered for preparing with eggs, steak or country ham.

"Skinning" the ramps for cooking usually develops into an informal contest.

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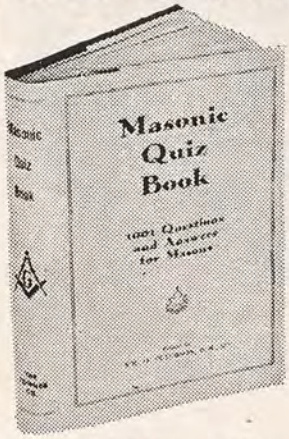


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The champion team of ramp skinners this year skinned a record lot of fifteen bushels before noon.

In the past few years, with increasing crowds of mountain folk attending, the convention has become more of a social event. After the ramp-eating, the ladies sit on the side lines dipping snuff and exchanging gossip while the men put on shooting contests with old-time "hawg" rifles.

There's also music by bands composed of youngsters living in the Great Smokies, and the singing of old-time songs and square dancing and jigging, the like of which you're not apt to hear or see anywhere else but in the mountains. Naturally, local politicians, preachers and revivalists gather for speech-making and exhorting. An audience as large as this isn't usually easy to get together in the Smokies.

Except for one purpose. To eat sociably the most unsociable and stinkingest of all vegetables. The ramp.

**—Allan Gould & Emile C. Schurmacher**

# The Great Plague of 1918

[*Continued from page* 31]

it—if any at all—in history books.) In a way, however this is not surprising: the disease reached its peak in September-October-November, 1918, when, after four years of war, the Allied armies were at last battering down the last German defenses. Every day was a headline, big and black. And on November 11 the fighting ceased. At such a time there was little interest in anything but news from the front.

Another factor was the suddenness, and brevity of the onslaught. October 1 saw the epidemic's peak in Boston. Two weeks later the peak was reached in such widely separated cities as Philadelphia, Balboa, Liverpool, and Vienna. On October 26 it crested in New York city, and also in Paris and Berlin. In early November the peak was reached in Pittsburgh, Spokane, London and in Reykjavik, Iceland.

Among civilians in the United States the flu epidemic became a subject of mildly alarmed conversation in early October. By the end of the month alarm changed to panic. Nobody knew where the disease came from, or how it was communicated. Mystery breeds fear, and here was the mystery of the century. Propagandists, who had been busy reporting and often manufacturing German horror stories, now hinted at a hideous new thing called bacteriological warfare. Stories were circulated that the flu germs had been brought to America by agents put ashore from German submarines at unguarded spots along the Atlantic coast. If this had been true, then the Germans were most careless with their unspeakable weapons, for at the same time that American soldiers and civilians were dying from flu complications, so were 300,000 of their counterparts in Germany.

No medical authority has yet been able to establish where the plague of 1918 originated. Several thought it came from Spain, which did suffer a serious epidemic of flu in the spring of 1918, and the disease came to be known as Spanish Influenza. But there were evidences of a mild form of the same disease simultaneously among German, Italian, and Russian troops, and among British and American soldiers as well. This flu, called the Three-Day Fever, was not a killer; and when the deadly type showed up in the fall it was noted that those men who had had the three-day fever seemed immune to the second wave.

In Philadelphia, one day in mid-October, 650 persons died. City authorities appealed for volunteer grave diggers, for volunteer nurses and for retired doctors. More than one third of the city's physicians were themselves in bed. Hospital conditions were nightmarish. Wards for 30 persons were jammed with as many as 70, half of them dying. In one 60-bed ward, 50 corpses lay for several hours. When the day nurses came on duty they would find new faces in beds where others had died during the night. There was a sudden shortage of coffins and a Philadelphia car manufacturing firm converted its shops into a coffin factory. Still, bodies piled up in the city morgue and in emergency morgues in the suburbs. A rabbi carted his own son to a cemetery and buried him unaided.

One week in Chicago saw more than 3,200 deaths. Throughout the country, theaters and schools were closed. So were most churches. The New York Public Library discontinued circulation of books. The telephone company appealed to subscribers and others to use telephones only for emergencies. More than 1,600 of its operators were ill or dead.

In New York city, the Board of Estimates appropriated fifty thousand dollars and placed it at the disposal of newly appointed Health Commissioner Dr. Royal S. Copeland. One of his first moves was to organize a Citizens Advisory Emergency Board composed of leading City industrialists and prominent citizens, whose efforts were a great contribution in coping with the emergency. In response to their appeal, many private houses were made available as auxiliary hospitals. Some were not turned back to their owners until late in 1919.

Health Points where medical help and nursing services were available to the afflicted were established in all five New York boroughs. Brightly colored arrows pointed the way to them. The Health Board issued opening and closing time orders for industries and offices, in order to reduce crowding on transportation lines. On Dr. Copeland's advice, 85% of New York movie houses and most of the theaters closed. The schools remained open, however.

Now the era of the White Mask began. Public health authorities, convinced that the plague was spread by people coming together, endorsed the wearing of white cotton gauze masks. Cities and towns took on the look of Never-Never land as

masked barbers tried to shave masked faces, masked dentists worked through two layers of gauze, and streetcar conductors looking like Kleagles collected fares from riders who looked like Klansmen. This precaution seemed to have no effect on the death rate—nothing did.

No one knew what to do. Medical men everywhere were groping, trying pills, powders, ancient remedies. Dr. Copeland told citizens if they must kiss, to do so through a handkerchief. The New York Medical Society warned against shaking hands. People put the morning mail into the oven and gave it a good baking before opening. Newspapers carried pictures of a hand spread all over the page, with the notation: "Beware of your hand; it spreads the germs."

"Wear a nightcap," urged Dr. Louis St. Maurice in Paris. A prominent British physician declared: "Consumption of alcohol is at least as efficient a preventive as any drug." All over England the pubs displayed public notices, "He who avoids flu performs a public service." London's bar flies drank deep and joyously in the full consciousness of civic virtue.

Up in backwoods Canada a country doctor took the opposing view, urged his patients to "lay off whisky and medicine, go to bed and stay there, and keep bowels and windows open." This simple therapy won for Allan Roy Dafoe—who subsequently became famous for saving the lives of the premature Dionne quintuplets—an enviable score: of 1,500 patients, only two died.

The spread of the disease in isolated areas was a baffling aspect. In northern Wisconsin, lumberjacks were mowed down as if by the swipe of a great ax. A volunteer health nurse on Michigan's Upper Peninsula reported ". . . we have lost 100 people, or one in every 50." From remote Central Africa, a British official wrote: "I have found whole villages completely wiped out. The houses have fallen in on the unburied dead. The jungle is creeping in to obliterate entire settlements."

Everywhere the pattern was the same: an exposed person became sick within three days, the fever lasted up to five days; then, if there were no complications, rapid recovery. It is now known that the majority of deaths during the epidemic were due to secondary complications—chiefly pneumonia. There were none of the present-day vaccines and wonder drugs to combat the complications or prevent the initial infection. There was, indeed, no place to hide.

"No hiding place . . . no refuge . . . provides protection against the ravages of the disease," wrote the *Boston Herald* in November, 1918, relating the history of the Ely family from Boston, Massachusetts. Mr. Ely, afraid that his wife and five children might get the flu, put the entire family on a Jamaica-bound steamer and told them to stay there until the epidemic is over in Boston. They arrived at Jamaica safely, to find that the epidemic had just broken out on the island. All caught the flu and two of the youngest children died. Back in Boston, the father had successfully avoided the epidemic.

[*Continued on page* 110]

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# strange but TRUE

**by Mee Morningside**

A remarkable demonstration of the art of writing in miniature was given not long ago by James W. Zaharee of North Dakota. With a fine pen and microscope, he printed, on a human hair three inches long, the 268 words in Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. *By Fred Quinn, Muncie, Indiana.*

**Owing to the prompt action of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, the first attempt to establish bullfighting in the U. S. was stopped after a single performance which was staged in an arena at 116th Street and Sixth Avenue in New York on July 31, 1880. The arena had been specially constructed, an expensive band hired, and bulls and bullfighters imported for the enterprise which was expected to be permanent and profitable. Consequently, it probably ruined its financial backer whose given name, incidentally, happened to be "Angel."**

One object that proves visual conception varies with the angle of the eyes is the moon on the horizon. When an individual looks at it upside down, with his head between his legs, this celestial body is only about half its normal size.

**As late as 1865, three-quarters of the American people, like their ancestors, believed theaters were dens of sin, thought actors and actresses were agents of Satan, and even shunned friends and fired employes who had been seen in such a place of amusement. The prejudice was still so strong at the time that the assassination of Lincoln by an actor caused reformers to launch their greatest campaign to close all playhouses. And these thousands of fanatics almost succeeded—by inciting hoodlums to attack players, by preparing petitions, and by holding mass meetings in numerous cities. Ironically, Lincoln has since been portrayed on the stage and screen more often than any other President of the United States.**

Professional boxing rules have barred a certain punch since 1889 when it was introduced by George Le Blanche in a bout with the original Jack Dempsey in San Francisco. In a desperate attempt to win in the twenty-second round, Le Blanche whirled completely around, with his right arm held out rigidly from the shoulder, and struck Dempsey on the side of the head. The blow was so terrific that it not only knocked him out, but also killed the fighting spirit of the noted pugilist who, in some sixty-five previous fights in his career, had never been defeated.

A recent survey made in this country disclosed that, of some 600 published hymns, four are unapproached in popularity among 68 per cent of the churchgoers. In order of preference, they are: *Abide With Me; Nearer My God to Thee; Lead, Kindly Light; and Rock of Ages.*

**Of the several "bat men" who have specialized in gliding to the earth by means of canvas wings fastened to their arms, the most famous was Clem Sohn of Lansing, Michigan. He would jump from a plane at an altitude of 12,000 feet and swoop, bank, and loop to within 2,000 feet of the ground and then finish the descent with a parachute. To be safe, Sohn carried two chutes and, as at least one always worked, they enabled him to make 200 of these dangerous leaps in two years. But in 1937, while he was doing the stunt at an air circus in Vincennes, France, both chutes failed to open and Sohn plunged to his death before the 100,000 spectators.**

A rare nervous state called nyctophonia affects the vocal powers of the afflicted person in an odd way. Though the condition does not interfere with his normal speech at night, it prevents him from speaking during the hours of daylight. *By George French, Austin, Texas.*

**From childhood, all Chinese people, including beggars, constantly fear and guard against the loss of face or prestige. Sometimes, in the past era, a wealthy and elderly citizen, thinking he might not be given an appropriate funeral, held the ceremony while he was alive and able to superintend it himself. In the procession, the "corpse" was carried in a sedan chair behind the catafalque bearing his casket, accompanied by wailing relatives, several bands, and scores of hired attendants. As it was regarded as the man's real funeral, his wife and children usually went into mourning for the customary period of three years. *By Harry Bevan, Denver, Colorado.***

To reconstruct the entire face of a corpse so it may be recognized is not difficult for a crime-laboratory technician who knows human features and can closely estimate the shape and size of the victim's missing nose. These factors include its length, its width at the nostrils, and its depth, or the distance the tip extends from the face. As the measurements of the other features are based largely on those of the nose, it is usually the first to be modeled. In the finished job, the width of the mouth is equivalent to the length of the nose and twice as wide, while the width and depth of the nose are equal and this dimension is the same as the width of the eyes and the space between them. *By Leonard A. Bruskiewitz, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.*

**From time to time for decades, a strange bit of fiction has been published as a true news story in various cities of the world, the latest version having appeared in a European newspaper in 1937. As usually reported, an English widow and her daughter, on their way home from India, stop off in Paris and go to a certain hotel where the mother is immediately taken ill and asks for the house physician. Claiming he wants a special medicine from his home in the suburbs, the doctor sends the daughter for it, a two-hour errand. On returning, she finds her mother gone, their room refurnished differently, and their names missing from the hotel register. After the physician and desk clerk tell the distracted young woman they have never seen her before, she goes to the police and learns that her mother has the bubonic plague and is in an isolation hospital. So the hysterical girl rushes there and is also quarantined. The hotel manager had obliterated every trace of the women's visit, realizing that, if it leaked out, his establishment would be ruined. When and where this malicious and unfounded tale originated is still a mystery.**

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[*Continued from page* 107]

As ironic, but less tragic, was the violent outbreak of influenza at the Sing Sing prison, New York, where two thirds of the guards were laid up. But most of the prisoners were also sick, and there were comparatively few attempts at jailbreaking.

For the first time in U. S. history all Coast Guard stations along the eastern seaboard went out of commission for a period of sixteen days, in November, 1919; all crews were laid up with influenza.

The steamer *Tomaso di Savoia* left Montevideo for New York with a crew of 176 and 450 passengers aboard. After a few days at sea, a violent epidemic broke out among the crew. Within a week 150 out of the 176 crew members were either dead or sick with influenza. Passengers replaced the sailors as fast as they dropped, and the ship was kept going. The voyage took six weeks instead of twenty days, but its ultimate arrival in New York harbor was a triumph of human nature in time of crisis.

The other side of the medal was the widespread profiteering attempted by some. As the epidemic progressed throughout the country, coal production fell drastically (five thousand miners went down with flu in two weeks in West Virginia) while consumption increased. As prices zoomed, many landlords cut off heat, exposing their shivering tenants to the dangers of influenza. In New York, the Sanitary Police of the Health Department took over, writs were issued against stingy landlords and in November, 1918 the state leigslature passed an emergency law, imposing a six month jail penalty on landlords who refused to grant regular services to tenants. Dr. Copeland cracked down on profiteering druggists and doctors, scores of whom lost their license for trying to make a fortune out of the influenza victims.

In New York city, 1,400 children were orphaned by the epidemic. One of the most cruel aspects of the plague was that it was particularly dangerous to pregnant women. They had little chance of surviving the onslaught of the disease. Thus, in millions of homes, there was double tragedy.

While the epidemic was most dramatically apparent in crowded areas, the dread virus was no respecter of persons or places. Elihu Root was taken sick while speaking on "lessons we should draw from this war" in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York city. In Philadelphia, the long-awaited Dempsey-Levinsky match was called off when Dempsey came down with the malady. Baron Lambert de Rothchild, the famous banker, died at his Fifth Avenue home in New York from pneumonia. Cardinal Gibbons was suddenly stricken in Boston on the eve of victory celebrations on November 11th, 1918.

President Wilson was reported to have acquired a mild attack of flu four days before his departure for the Paris Peace Conference. He insisted on leaving on schedule, in spite of the advice of his personal physician. General Pershing was confined to bed in his army camp in Luxembourg.

A marked feature of influenza is the prolonged melancholia, weakness and nervous depression that frequently follows an attack—for many people more serious than the disease itself. Both New York and Paris reported a marked increase in suicides—about 12% in New York, over 23% in Paris. Reports from Paris described the difficulties of guarding the many bridges from which depressed post-influenza victims were jumping into the river Seine. "Two hundred of our gendarmes are on sick leave," said *Figaro*. "Who is going to guard the bridges?"

The police department issued a ringing call for volunteers, who were assigned to the six bridges in the heart of the city. The scheme was not a success. On the night of September 7th, 1918, two depressed guards plunged to their death from the Pont de la Concorde.

### FLU FACTS

Influenza or flu, colds, bronchitis and pneumonia are commonly confused. All are respiratory diseases affecting the organs of breathing. All are caused by bacteria or viruses which enter the body through the mouth and nose. Yet all are different.

COLD is the most common respiratory infection. Like influenza, it affects the nose and throat. But unlike flu, a cold is never fatal of itself. Its great danger is that, by lowering resistance to deadlier germs, colds can lead to more serious complications.

INFLUENZA, like a cold, affects the nose and throat, but it is much more severe than a cold and is always accompanied by fever and aching especially in the back and limbs. It can easily develop into bronchitis or pneumonia.

GRIPPE—from the French word *agripper* (to grip) —is simply another name for influenza.

BRONCHITIS, unlike a cold or flu, is an inflamation of the bronchial tubes leading to the lungs. Also, unlike a cold or influenza, it may become chronic. Bronchitis often begins with chills, pains in the back or muscles, headaches, hoarseness, and a dry,scratchy throat. Later the fever rises and a cough develops. Pneumonia may result.

PNEUMONIA, which seriously infects the lungs, is the most dangerous of all respiratory diseases. It is often signalled by a sharp pain in the side, chest or shoulder, made worse by breathing. The person may also cough up small amounts of rust-colored saliva. Temperature rises and breathing becomes rapid and difficult.

Not until 1927, when Edwin Oakes Jordan, the noted American bacteriologist, published his *Epidemic Influenza,* was it known just how far-reaching the flu had been. Dutch authorities years later, estimated flu deaths in their East Indies colonies at three quarters of a million. In Japan the flu carried off a quarter million; in Denmark and Iceland, 12,374 died; in Switzerland, the total dead numbered 23,274. Two hundred thousand English died, along with 19,000 in Scotland and 18,400 in Ireland. There was no escape in Italy for more than 350,000 people, nor in Spain for 170,000 more.

Nobody has attempted to guess how many Chinese died, though the epidemic is believed to have been less deadly there than in India, where eight and a half million people died. Enough information final[illegible]aked out of Russia to indicate a flu [illegible]ortality there of 450,000. France's mortality was set at 166,000.

Dr. Jordan's monumental work cites total deaths due to the influenza pandemic as 21,642,283, of which nearly 16 million were in Asia, more than two million in Europe, one and a third million in Africa, and more than one million in North America. South America's deaths are given as 327,000. Australia and Oceania combined gave a total of just under one million deaths.

The best estimates place total deaths —military and civilian—in all countries during both world wars at 19,600,000, or about two million less than the mortality due to the worst pestilence of modern times, the Spanish Influenza.

Could it happen again? Probably not. Effective vaccines have been developed which are useful in preventing the influenza itself; new antibiotics successfully combat secondary complications.

In 1918 all the medicines then known were of no more effect than the favorite prescription used during the Great Plague of London in 1664-1665; the doctors of London then forbade exit from any house in which illness had appeared, and on the doors of all such houses the city health officers marked a red cross and the legend "God have mercy upon us!"—**Stewart Holbrook**

### ANY PICTURES?

One of the oddest facts about the great flu epidemic of 1918 is that this greatest of modern catastrophes was poorly covered by the press. In collecting photographs for this article, for instance, TRUE canvassed ten picture agencies and several hospitals, newspapers, museums and medical societies. Total haul: 13 pictures.

Well, we just don't believe it. In fact we suspect that TRUE's own readers probably have more pictures of this disastrous plague tucked away in albums, attics and old shoes than do the agencies. We'd get a kick out of seeing any pictures you care to send in and maybe in a later issue we can run some of the more interesting ones.


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# Legend of the Vengeful Cobra

[*Continued from page 33*]

weren't any kind of girls around the hotel much under 60.

That's how I happened to get mixed up with snakes. With no plans for the evening (I didn't meet my taxi driver until my return to Singapore about a month later), I went for a walk along North Bridge Road and soon turned into a street lined with the shops of Malays and Chinese. Here the character of the city changed swiftly, and I could have been in the Oriental quarter of any city in Southeast Asia.

In the doorways, families of Chinese sat taking the air. I walked up to one such group and spoke to the children. Their mother had taught them to say "Good evening, sir," but they could no more understand my English than I could their Chinese.

Down the street, I heard the shrill tones of a reed flute and saw children gathering. I made my way over there and found a Hindu in a turban and a yellow robe sitting cross-legged before a basket.

Seeing a potential paying customer, he got busy on me at once. There was a hint of humor in his pronouncement, delivered in excellent English:

"Please step a little closer, sir. I have in this basket a deadly king cobra. A bite from its fangs is almost certain death. For just one dollar, I will charm this serpent and he will dance for you."

I had never seen a snake charmer work with a king cobra, or hamadryad, one of the deadliest of all snakes. The smiling old fakir had an air of competence and I wanted to see him in action. I handed him a Singapore dollar, which he quickly secreted in his robe.

He lit the small lamp at his side and uncovered the basket. Giving me a mysterious look, he began to play a shrill, repetitive melody on the flute.

I saw something stirring in the depths of the basket. A scaly dark head reared slowly. Then its hood came into view and swelled until it was more than two inches wide. The snake raised itself about fifteen inches straight upward, its body remaining coiled in the basket. Its head began to dart from side to side, sometimes rearing upward, then moving quickly downward. The snake seemed completely hypnotized by the Hindu's playing and for several minutes it cavorted about in a very lively manner. The Chinese children watched fascinated, some of them swaying their bodies mechanically with the snake's movements.

Then a little boy, in his eagerness to get a better look, stumbled and fell.

The Hindu stopped playing and the snake's head disappeared to the bottom of the basket. Without a word, he clapped down the cover, picked up the heavy basket and made off, to set up shop on some other street.

"Not a bad show," said a voice at my side.

I turned to find that a slender, sandy-haired man in a sports jacket and shorts, evidently an Englishman, had come up during the performance. We fell into conversation about the snake charmer, and I learned that I was talking with William Tweedie, director of the Singapore Museum and an expert on snakes.

"By the way, do you believe the hamadryad actually heard the flute?" he asked.

I have had some experience with snakes in South America, but I had to admit that I knew very little about king cobras.

"I've seen quite a bit of them—in India as well as in Malaya," he said. "Most people believe that all snakes are stone deaf, since they have no centers for hearing, and I agree with this—with certain

*"Don't ask me how to build a subway . . . It was your bid the City accepted."*

reservations. The snake charmer usually gives the basket a sharp tap, though you don't see him do it, before taking off the cover. The snake feels the vibration and rises up, sensing danger. Then the swaying motion of the flute attracts it and its head follows the flute's movements, apparently to see what sort of threat it is. The good fakir knows just how long he can keep a certain snake charmed. That's where his skill lies. If he keeps it up too long, the snake may strike."

We continued the conversation in a nearby Chinese restaurant. Tweedie said he was aware that some experts believe that snakes can hear to a limited extent and pointed to the fact that in some regions professional snake callers have existed for centuries. The testimony of people who have seen these men operate in "de-snaking" an area indicates that snakes do respond to their flute playing.

But it is Tweedie's contention that the snakes may simply feel certain air-borne vibrations in their scales just as they sometimes feel the vibrations of footsteps on the ground, which warn them of danger. He thinks that particular notes or combinations of notes may produce vibrations of a sort which alarm a snake—thus causing it to come from its hiding place and investigate, at which point it can be captured or killed. But he doesn't believe that this can in any sense be called hearing. And he said he was convinced that the snake we had been watching would have performed just as it did if the charmer hadn't played a note but had simply moved his body and his flute.

"Some day I intend to pay one of these fellows to make that test for me," he said.

Tweedie said the snake we had seen had been a young king cobra, or hamadryad (*Naja hanna*), perhaps eight or ten feet in length, though king cobras when full grown often exceed fifteen feet. The common cobra, sometimes called the Indian cobra (*Naja naja*), is seldom more than five feet long.

"In spite of all the planters can do, the jungle north of here is infested with cobras," Tweedie went on. "They kill scores of Malays, particularly children, every year."

The king cobra kills by clamping its fangs into the flesh of a victim and chewing. This action causes the discharge of a yellowish venom and of such potency that the wound is almost always fatal unless immediate steps are taken—the draining of the venom from the bite and the injection into the body of an antivenin. In the case of a bite on an extremity, amputation is often advisable.

If these steps cannot be taken, the victim usually dies within about an hour's time and often much more quickly. The time depends on the amount of venom released, the health of the victim, and other factors. The poison acts chiefly on the central nervous system and causes death by paralyzing the respiratory center in the brain, so that the victim usually dies of the simple inability to breathe.

Tweedie said that very probably the specimen we had just seen had had its fangs broken off, thus rendering it less dangerous.

"But it was still dangerous," he insisted, "because a bite from the smaller teeth will break the skin, and poison coming from the broken-off fangs can easily sink into the wound and cause death."

Tweedie brought up the matter of whether or not king cobras attack humans without provocation, an act frequently ascribed to them. He said that there are well-authenticated cases where this has apparently happened. But he emphasized that all snakes, including hamadryads, tend to avoid contact with humans if they are not molested. He thinks that unless a king cobra feels itself imminently threatened it will normally retreat.

To refute this legend of the aggressiveness of the king cobra, he cited a case he had seen reported in a Dutch periodical where a Javanese planter, hearing a hissing sound at his feet, looked down and saw that he was standing on the tail of a young king cobra. He stepped back, terrified. But to his surprise the snake hurriedly moved away.

I brought up something I had heard about king cobras. "I read a newspaper account once," I said, "which told how a planter killed a king cobra and its mate trailed him through the jungle without his knowing it and killed him in front of his house."

Tweedie smiled tolerantly. "There's a widely believed theory that a king cobra will seek revenge if its mate is killed. But I don't know of a single authenticated instance, and I believe it is pure fantasy. Still the legend persists. I think in this case the planter was simply unlucky enough to have stumbled across two cobras in the same day and the second one got him."

According to Tweedie, hamadryads do sometimes travel in pairs, particularly in the mating season. They have been known to drop from trees into the path of an intended victim. They have also been known to pursue people along a jungle trail if provoked.

"A Burmese missionary reported a case where a young Burmese stumbled into a nest of king cobras," he said. "The female followed him along the path until he diverted her by throwing down his turban. The snake bit into the turban and, apparently satisfied, returned to her brood.

"But I never heard of an authentic report of a hamadryad pursuing and killing to avenge the death of its mate," Tweedie insisted. "And it's newspaper items like the one you mentioned which help keep the legend alive. It's widely believed among the Malays."

Tweedie told of several other revenge attacks which had been reported to him on a trip he had made into the Malay States before the war, none of which he accepted as fact. We talked until far into the evening, by which time I had contracted a lively interest in snakes, particularly in the habits of king cobras.

"You say you're going to Indonesia," Tweedie said. "There are plenty of cobras in the interior of Java and nearly


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every planter has a snake story or two to tell. Why not keep your ears open? See if you can come across a really well-verified case of a king cobra pursuing and killing someone who has killed its mate."

The idea appealed to me and I said I would. When we left each other I promised to visit him at the museum when I returned to Singapore the following month.

I took a plane for Indonesia the next morning. When I arrived in Jakarta, I was busy with other matters. But as soon as I had started into the interior of Java by automobile, I remembered my special project about snakes.

Then at the end of a day's journey, I stopped overnight with Morton Ross, the British manager of a Dutch-owned rubber plantation. Ross was a short, rather stocky man in his middle fifties with a friendly, likeable manner. As we sat on the veranda just at dusk, his plantation boss, a Mr. Hanman, came up and sank into a chair beside us. He looked a little nervous and seemed particularly to want the drink Ross fixed for him. We soon found out why.

Hanman, a lean, freckled Irishman, said that he had been inspecting some rubber trees on a plot a mile or so from the road. As he and four Javanese workers had been returning along a foot path through the forest, one of the men happened to glance back along the trail. He gave a cry of warning and pointed upward.

Moving slowly in the leafy branches of a tree under which they had just passed was a glistening brownish body, a large king cobra. The snake had apparently seen them and was gliding toward them. Hanman knew the king cobra's reputation for sometimes attacking without provocation.

"I was going to shoot it," Hanman said, "but the others didn't want me to. They were afraid that its mate might be nearby and might attack us.

"I've always thought that was an old wives' tale and I still do. But then a man spotted another cobra in the tree directly above me. This one was a monster, and it certainly had its eye on me.

"We got out of there in a hurry. If I had shot one of them, I still doubt that the mate would have attacked. But it didn't seem the time for a scientific experiment."

Hanman said that in spite of the belief of his workers he knew of no authenticated instance of a cobra killing to avenge the death of its mate. He asked Ross if he had ever heard of such a case.

Ross hesitated. Then he said quite calmly, "Yes, I have," and smiled. "But I don't tell that one any more. I've got tired of being thought a liar."

When I told him of William Tweedie and my particular interest in king cobras, he finally agreed to tell the story.

"Just remember that you asked for it," he said. He filled his pipe and got himself comfortable. "It happened in Malaya, in the period between the two world wars. I was in the service then, stationed at a post in southern Johore. It was not very far north of Singapore, but it was a lonely, dull place. We were a battalion there with nothing to do but parade around once in a while and look impressive to the local rulers. No sports, no cinema, no women in the place except the wives of a few of the older officers.

"One of the men in the battalion was a youngster named Nelson Gormley," Ross went on. "It was hot and humid where we were and you could see that the climate didn't agree with him. After a while, his parents used some sort of influence and got him back to England on leave.

"Then we got a letter from him. He'd met a girl from upcountry and married her. And he was bringing her to Johore with him."

Ross said that they had all hoped he would change his mind, because it was certainly no life for a young woman. But after a few months, word came up from Singapore that the couple had arrived and were on the way north.

"So we trimmed up the barracks to welcome them," Ross went on. "I can still see the girl he brought with him. Margrit was her name—a slender, willowy thing with masses of fiery red hair and a pink and white upcountry complexion. Anyone could tell that they were both in love to their fingertips.

"We thought such a frail-looking girl would go down with fever the first week. But she didn't. They set up housekeeping in the married officers' quarters and she soon had the place looking like a honeymoon cottage in Devonshire, with crisp white curtains she had brought from England and a flower garden in front.

"She stood the climate better than Gormley did, and was never sick at all. And the way she cheered up that post—organizing games and sports, always entertaining.

"There was only one way in which Margrit couldn't seem to adapt herself. She had a deadly, unreasoning fear of snakes. You know how it is when you first come to live in the tropics. You worry about snakes every time you go into the bush. But gradually you accept the fact that there's only about one chance in a hundred that you'll ever get bitten; you can't spend your whole time looking under every stone and into every tree for a snake. So you forget about them.

"But with Margrit it didn't work that way. Even after two years in the place, she only had to hear that a snake had been seen around the barracks and she'd go into hysterics. Her husband gave the servants orders to keep a constant watch for snakes and offered a reward for every one they killed and brought him. And he kept trying to find ways to help his wife overcome her fear and asking for advice from other people."

And then—as Ross went on to tell the story—Gormley had invited some friends to drop by for drinks before dinner one afternoon. Ross himself had been one of them. The other two were Lieutenants O'Brien and Lacey, both young men. It happened that Margrit Gormley was away from the house, spending the after-

noon with an officer's wife who was ill, but she was expected back before dark.

They were sitting on the veranda when a Malay gardener came over, carrying in a basket a snake he had killed at the edge of the clearing. It was a young king cobra.

Gormley gave him the reward, then told him to take the snake away and bury it before his wife returned.

But Lieutenant O'Brien told the gardener to wait. Then he turned to Gormley. "This may be just the chance you've been waiting for," he said earnestly. When I first came here, I was as afraid of snakes as Margrit is. Then some fellows put a dead snake in my room. Well, when I went in there, I gave a yell you could have heard a mile. But then when I saw that the snake was dead, it made me feel foolish about being frightened. When I came out of the room and saw the other fellows laughing, I laughed with them. You know, I think that yell of mine got the fear of snakes out of my system, because after that I was never so afraid and I soon stopped worrying about them altogether."

Gormley looked at him doubtfully. "You mean put this dead cobra in Margrit's room?"

"Yes. Of course it will give her a scare. But if it helps cure her, it's worth it, isn't it? And if it shouldn't help—well, all she'll have had is a moment's fright. She'll have forgotten about it before the evening is over."

Gormley was still reluctant. He asked Ross what he thought.

Ross advised against it. He pointed out that they had all had a drink or two and this was not the time to attempt anything so drastic. He said he thought that the sudden shock might be much more harmful to a woman than to a man.

But Lacey minimized this. He thought that Margrit had proved herself a strong girl physically, able to cope with tropical life as well as most men. He thought that O'Brien's scheme might help her and in any case wouldn't do her much harm.

"Wipe the blood from the snake and take it into Mrs. Gormley's room," Gormley told the gardener. "Coil it in a lifelike position on her bed."

When the man hesitated, Gormley added: "It's quite all right. Do as I say."

An hour or so later, just as it was growing dark, Margrit Gormley returned. Her husband and his guests greeted her and they all chatted for a few minutes. Then Margrit entered the house.

They heard the door of her room open and saw the reflected glow as she lighted a lamp.

Then there was a piercing shriek. This was followed by another shriek, then another. The last one died into a moan. Then all was quiet.

They waited. At last Gormley, unable to stand the suspense any longer, got up and started into the house. O'Brien tried to hold him back.

"Don't spoil it," he said. "Let her come out by herself. We'll all be laughing about it in a few minutes."

"Laughing!" Gormley said sharply. "I should never have listened to you. I think she's fainted from fright."


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He went into the house and entered his wife's room, the others close behind him. There lay Margrit Gormley in a crumpled heap on the floor. Her eyes, rather than being closed as in a faint, were wide open and she was gasping for breath.

Gormley called her name and started to bend over her.

"Look out, Gormley!" O'Brien shouted.

He had seen another hamadryad, which had been partially concealed beneath her skirts. It came gliding out silently and disappeared under the bed.

Gormley carried his wife to a bed in another room. There they found the ugly bluish marks of the snake's fangs in the calf of her leg, just below the knee. The venom had had time to spread through her system and though she was still conscious, paralysis had set in and she had lost effective control of her muscles.

Gormley applied a tourniquet and he and O'Brien attempted to administer an antivenin. Lacey started out to run to the quarters of the army surgeon half a mile away.

Meanwhile, Ross went back to the room where the cobra was. He had closed the door so that the snake could not follow them into the other room. Revolver in hand, he pushed open the door. The snake, now in the middle of the floor, eyed him and he heard its warning hiss.

He stepped into the room anyway, far enough to close the slightly open window through which the snake had entered, then quickly stepped out again, leaving the door ajar. This door was near the front door of the house, which was standing open.

Ross waited, his gun aimed toward the open bedroom door. After a moment the scaly brown creature came gliding through.

In telling the story, Ross went on:

"I took careful aim and fired at his head. The shot jarred him and he reared up, hissing and thrashing. But he kept right on moving. Apparently I'd just nicked him.

"I fired again and missed. By the time I could take aim a third time, the snake was out in the darkness and I missed again. He got away.

"The doctor arrived a few minutes later. But the snake, in attacking Margrit, had had time to release a full charge of its venom, and she was already dead."

Ross stopped speaking and for a moment Hanman and I sat in silence. Then I asked what had happened to Gormley after that.

"He applied for transfer to another post," Ross said. "But until it came through, we watched him constantly. He said he was going to kill himself, but we didn't give him the chance. Then he was transferred and I lost track of him.

"But when I was in Singapore several months ago, I ran into Lacey, who's living there now. He said that Gormley didn't kill himself. He stayed on in the Army and rose to be a captain. But he was drinking so steadily that he was finally kicked out of the service. He drifted to Singapore and died in a hotel there just last year."

About three weeks later, I was back in Singapore. One of the first things I did was to telephone Mr. Tweedie at the Singapore Museum. He invited me to his home for luncheon and introduced me to his charming wife.

We sat together on his screened-in veranda overlooking a garden. When I told him the story of Gormley, he showed considerable interest and said he remembered seeing in the newspaper that a Captain Nelson Gormley, whom no one knew much about, had died in a Singapore hotel.

"Perhaps the cobra did follow the corpse of its mate for revenge," he said. "Who can prove that it didn't? On the other hand, it's not unusual for snakes to enter houses when they can find a way in. I believe they like the darkness, just as they seek out the darkness of caves. And there's no proof that the second snake was the mate of the first. I think I'm still inclined to believe that it was another snake which happened to be in the vicinity, perhaps a snake attracted by the presence of the dead cobra. It's

**The cobra the caddies captured at the Singapore golf club. It was 15′ 7″ long.**

just this sort of incident which keeps the legend of the vengeful king cobra alive."

After some further discussion, Tweedie changed the subject.

"It's too bad you weren't in Singapore the day before yesterday," he said. "Some Malay caddies at Island Golf Club right here in the city came upon a large snake in a clump of bushes. There are many pythons in the gardens of Singapore, and they thought they had a python, which is nonvenomous. Python meat is in great demand among the Chinese, who think it has aphrodisiac qualities, and brings a high price. The caddies were delighted. One of them grabbed its tail to keep it from constricting while the others tried to kill it with sticks.

"At this point the caddy master, an Englishman, came up—and almost dropped dead. He recognized the snake as a king cobra that might have struck and killed any of them.

"They managed to capture it and sent for me," Tweedie went on. "It was an old snake and the biggest king cobra that I myself have ever seen. When we got it to the museum, we measured it at 15 feet 7 inches, which is big for a hamadryad.

"I believe it must have got across into Singapore from Johore somehow, because the king cobra is a jungle snake and no wild ones have been seen in the city of Singapore for a good many years. Still it's hard to see how a snake could have got across onto Singapore Island from Johore."

Tweedie was referring to the fact that Singapore Island is joined to the mainland only by a causeway, which is about half a mile long. He thought it unlikely that a snake would have crossed this causeway, though he believed that it was by no means impossible.

I asked whether the snake was still at the museum.

"Yes, but we're going to kill it this afternoon and use a plaster cast to make a replica as a permanent museum display," he said. "Why not drive back with me now and have a look at it?"

We drove to the museum and there he showed me the glistening monster and I photographed it.

Then as I looked more closely at the snake, I noticed something and asked about it.

"Yes, this hamadryad has a slight imperfection," Tweedie said. "Apparently an old injury of some sort."

It was a nick that could have been a bullet wound, just below the head.

The snake could possibly have wriggled across the half-mile-long causeway, and, I suppose, he might have been looking for Captain Gormley.

It seems to me that there would be about as much chance of his having made that journey unobserved as there would be that he knew by any real or reptilian sense that Captain Gormley was in Singapore.

But the first part I had to accept. Somehow that king cobra got to Singapore. I saw the snake and took his picture.

In my book, it is a coincidence, even more far-fetched than most, but of the type that keeps the myth of the vengeance-bound cobra alive.—**Dr. Harry B. Wright with George Vedder Jones**


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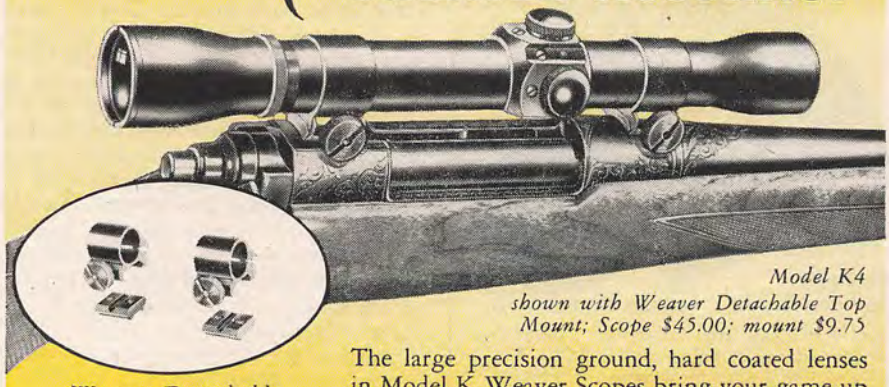

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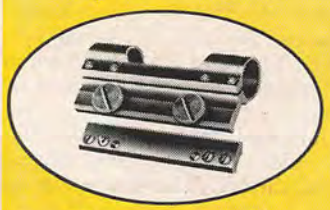

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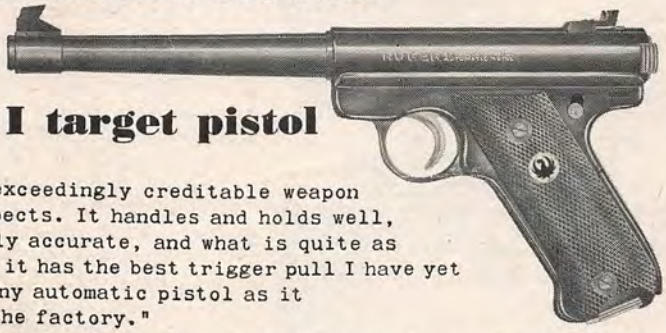

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# Last of the Buffalo Hunters

[*Continued from page* 35]

buffalo east of the Mississippi when George Washington was President. Illinois was buffalo country. But the millions-strong herds ranged the huge sea of grass 500 miles wide and 1,500 long between the Mississippi and the Rockies.

What held them in this area was the native grass, which was richer in food value than most grasses. Cattle grazing on it needed little fattening on grain. As it ripened it did not become coarse and woody but turned into hay that did not have to be cut and could be harvested by stock. It was this buffalo grass that was the cause of much bloody fighting between cattle and sheep men.

The buffalo had few natural enemies. A full-grown bull weighed 1,500 pounds, stood taller than a western pony. A good many got bogged down in the mud or the quicksands of shallow rivers and thousands died in the great western blizzards when the snow got so deep they couldn't get down to the grass. Wolves followed them and often killed a stray calf or an old bull on his last legs. But wolves could do nothing with a herd.

The plains Indians lived largely off the buffalo. They ate the meat fresh and they preserved it by cutting it into thin flakes, drying it, pounding it to a powder and mixing it with buffalo fat. They used the hides for blankets, clothing, tepees and shields. The mountain men who went westward from St. Louis to trap beaver were often as dependent on the buffalo as the Indians.

Hunting buffalo on horseback became a sport. The Mexicans made annual expeditions into Texas, using lances as weapons. Army officers and their guests rode after buffalo with rifles or with the big Colt cap-and-ball revolvers. A surprising number of English and German sportsmen came over here to hunt buffalo before the Civil War. An Irishman, Sir Charles Gore, with a troop of servants, hunted the West for almost two years and was said to have killed 2,500 buffalo.

But it wasn't until the first transcontinental railway was built in 1869 that there was any point in taking great numbers of buffalo hides. There had been no good way to ship them to the eastern market. The Santa Fe reached Dodge City, in the heart of the buffalo country, in September, 1872. Dodge City was then a village of sod huts and board shacks. With the coming of the railway it became a shipping point for the cattle driven up from Texas and the kind of roaring frontier town, complete with tough characters and tougher deputy sheriffs that you read about. A shed 175 feet long and 60 wide—so they say—was soon packed full of hides.

A buffalo robe became standard equipment for a buggy in winter. Farmers and teamsters, from Kansas to Maine, wore overcoats made of buffalo hide tanned with the hair on. Many a homesteader's family slept on buffalo robes.

It took about ten years after the coming of the railways to kill off the buffalo. But the greater part of the work was done in half that time or less, from 1872 to 1876. Most of the men who went into buffalo hunting were novices who used any old kind of gun, had little experience in shooting, and wounded more animals than they skinned. Colonel Richard I. Dodge, who fought and studied Indians, and hunted big game in buffalo country for many years, estimated that in the beginning five buffalo died for every hide that went to market. However, a few men made a precise art of killing buffalo and sending prime hides to market. Frank Mayer was one of these.

Mayer was born in Louisiana, near a place called Lac du Chien, in the country perique tobacco comes from. His father served as an artillery officer in the Union Army. When Frank Mayer was 13 he managed, by lying about his age, to enlist as a drummer boy. He was on Round Top at Gettysburg when the Virginia regiments under Pickett made their famous assault and lost three out of every four men.

"Nothing like that will ever happen again," Colonel Mayer said, remembering that day. "Men charging in solid columns against rifle and artillery fire."

After the war Frank Mayer went to the Columbia School of Mines in New York and spent some time at two German universities. At 20 he went to Mexico to take charge of a smelter. The owners wanted gold and silver. They regarded the lead from the ore as waste. Mexico was in a turmoil. Porfirio Diaz hadn't then got the grip on the country he got several years later and held for so long. Frank Mayer found he could sell the waste lead to the insurrectos for fifty Mexican dollars a ton. He was doing all right when he learned that the Mexican government was moving in.

"I left between sundown and sunup," he said.

He arrived in Texas early in 1872, the spring that the great four-years' killing of buffalo began—probably the greatest slaughter of wild animals in all history. Mayer met a man who was already known as a buffalo "runner," Bob McRea. He went into partnership with McRea for his first season of hunting, or as they preferred to call it, buffalo running. It seems an odd choice of a word since they considered running buffalo on horseback the poorest way to hunt them.

A popular misconception about buffalo hunting, fostered by Currier & Ives prints, dime novels and other literature, is that the animals were killed by riding them down and then getting off a shot at close range. Indians, because of the short range of their bows, often did this. And so did some white men, with pistols and rifles. Frank Mayer knew a lieutenant who was a good man with a pair of Colt Dragoon revolvers. One morning, riding Mayer's horse, the lieutenant killed eleven buffalo with twelve shots, shooting them in the neck from a range of a yard or two.

But professionals like Mayer regarded this as fancy-Dan stuff and not serious hunting. It was hard on trained horses, which were expensive, and it scattered the carcasses all over the place, making it tough on the skinners. Furthermore, it stampeded the herd.

Colonel Mayer, who was a dead shot before he went out after buffalo, preferred to stalk to within a few hundred yards of a herd and set about making one-shot kills. For this work he had both a .40-70 and a .40-90 Sharps. But his favorite rifle was a Sharps .45-120-550 that weighed 16 pounds. He had it fitted with a 10-power telescope sight made by Vollmer of Jena, in Germany. The rifle, with a bullet mold, a tool for decapping and recapping the brass shells, a swage for resizing the shells, and a bullet seater, cost $225 in a day when a dollar was worth what—four times as much as it is now? The telescope sight cost $80 more.

In addition to the usual crosshairs, the scope reticle had two horizontal crosshairs like the stadia hairs in a surveyor's transit. When the rifle was sighted in to hit the bull's-eye at 200 yards, using the intersection of the uppermost crosshair and the vertical crosshair, a shot aimed with the next lower crosshair went fifteen inches high, and with the lowest the bullet went thirty inches high. Knowing his rifle, Mayer knew which crosshair to use out beyond 200 yards, provided he judged the distance correctly.

Veteran buffalo hunters avoided anything like the modern prone position which puts the muzzle of the rifle only a few inches above the ground. They thought the reverberation of the shot was likely to frighten buffalo. They wanted the muzzle of the rifle well off the ground.

They commonly used the kneeling position and what were called buffalo sticks. A pair of these, made of bois d'arc, often called Osage orange, were two and a half or three feet long. The two sticks were riveted together near one end but not so tightly that they wouldn't swing open like a pair of shears. In using the sticks a man put the barrel of his rifle in the upper crotch and held both the sticks and the barrel with his left hand.

Mayer, being a rifle crank, thought up something better and got a gunsmith in Houston, Texas, to make it. This was a steel bipod. Two metal rods were hinged to the barrel near the muzzle so that they could be snapped back and locked along the barrel when the rifle was carried on foot or on horseback. Mayer found the metal bipod fixed to the barrel easier to hold and easier to adjust on uneven ground than buffalo sticks. He could force one leg deeper in the earth on uneven ground and he could vary the elevation by slanting the bipod.

Mayer's outfit came to consist of a Negro cook and three French Canadian skinners, with the necessary horses, wagons, tents, cooking utensils and supplies. He depended on game for meat. He disliked buffalo meat, even the famous hump. He says buffalo meat is tough, stringy and sweet. Occasionally he'd eat meat from a calf. And he kept dried or smoked buffalo meat on hand for an emergency.

The skinners used butcher knives by the case and sharpened them on a small grindstone. Mayer's arrangement with his crew was that he would pay all the expenses and share the profits fifty-fifty. This arrangement left everyone happy,


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since skinners usually were paid 25 cents for getting the hide off a buffalo and pegging it out to dry. A contemporary skinner by name of John Cook records that he skinned 902 buffalo in forty-one days—an average of twenty-two animals daily—for which he was paid $225.50, or $38.50 for each seven-day week.

Mayer figured that the greatest profit was in selling first-rate hides. Some men skinned buffalo by cutting through the hide at the neck, putting a hook in it and dragging it off with a horse. This stretched the hide out of shape when it did not tear it and left a good deal of flesh attached to the inside. When such a hide was staked out to dry, the flesh often went sour and spoiled the hide. Mayer demanded that his skinners do all their work by hand, a real chore, as even rolling over a 1,500-pound carcass was rugged work. In consequence he got premium prices, from $3 to $3.50 for the hide of a buffalo cow. Bull hides, being too heavy for most purposes, brought only $2.

The finest hides, called "silks," were rare. Mayer got only seventeen of these in all his hunting. A silk, as the name suggests, was a hide with an exceptionally fine soft hair. They brought from $30 to $40.

In addition to hides Mayer sold buffalo heads for mounting at from $10 to $20 apiece and buffalo tongues. Once he sold 500 salted tongues to the Carlton Club in London for $250. Except for the tongues, buffalo meat was usually wasted, though occasionally a contractor who had taken the job of providing meat for the men building a railway was near enough to buy some—usually only the loin, hindquarters, the hump and tongue.

Like many others, Mayer began his hunts in Texas, working north as the buffalo traveled north following the grass as it turned green. He paused at those rivers that mostly run eastward from the Rockies across the Texas panhandle and Kansas and Nebraska—the Canadian, Arkansas, Cimmaron (which he pronounced Cimmaroon, with the accent on the last syllable), Smoky Hill, Solomon, Republican, Platte and their various forks.

His daily work in buffalo country began before daylight. After a cup of coffee he'd ride to within 300 yards or so of a herd he had spotted the day before. Such a herd was usually small, seldom more than thirty or forty animals. Mayer rode what he calls American horses, meaning horses superior in breeding, size and speed to Indian ponies. He taught his horses to lie down at the word. When he came to the right place, keeping downwind of the buffalo, he would order his horse to lie down. Then he would take whatever cover there was, likely as not a bunch of soapweed, at a distance of perhaps 200 yards.

When it was light enough to shoot he fired a shot at an old cow, holding for the lungs. The cow would keep her feet but begin to bleed. The other buffalo, smelling blood, would look at her in panic and mill around. Then Mayer shot to kill as quickly and cleanly as possible. A bad shot—one that broke a leg for instance—would send the wounded animal bouncing wildly around and likely stampede the others. Mayer shot for the neck and the big Sharps usually killed with one shot.

Great tales are told of men who got what was called a "stand"—meaning a chance to shoot at a large herd from one position. Charles Rath, known as a buffalo runner before he formed the firm of Rath and Wright to deal in buffalo hides, is said to have killed 112 buffalo from a stand on the Canadian River. Colonel Dodge once counted 122 buffalo carcasses in one small area but he does not tell us and perhaps didn't know whether one man or several men did the shooting. Mayer seldom killed more than thirty buffalo in a day because that was a full day's work for his skinners. His largest kill one day was 59, with 62 shots. His skinners worked overtime that night.

The hides were pegged out, hairside down, to dry. When dry they were packed in bales of ten. Dealers came along with great wagons, drawn by bull teams, to pick up the hides.

Mayer took no part in the skinning. His job was to shoot buffalo, trying always to make one-shot kills and to disturb the herd as little as possible. A herd that stampeded might run for miles, carrying along other herds on its way. When he had done his shooting for the day, he spent as much as an hour cleaning his rifles. Then he had to reload his empty brass cartridge cases, since these were much too costly to throw away. Frequently he had to cast a supply of bullets.

The bullets used in the big single-shot rifles of the day were not usually lubricated with a wax or grease. They were "patched" or wrapped with fine linen paper. The patch was cut so the two ends were at an angle and just long enough to go twice around the bullet without any overlap. Putting on a patch required skill; it had to be smooth and even without any wrinkles. The end at the butt of the bullet was twisted and tucked into a slight hollow at the base. The patch was never pasted to the bullet—it was intended to leave the bullet at the muzzle when it had served its purpose of preventing the sharp corners of the rifling from nicking the bullet and picking up lead.

Rifles using paper-patched bullets were probably the most accurate of their day. But like all breech-loading black-powder rifles they produced their finest accuracy only when they were cleaned every few shots. The fouling of black powder builds up, often caking in front of the chamber. This fouling deforms bullets and cuts paper patches. Target shooters using paper-patched bullets regularly cleaned their rifles after each shot; buffalo hunters could not. Their remedy was to pour water down the barrel. Sometimes, lacking water, they urinated down the barrel.

The clothes Mayer habitually wore were a compromise between those of the Indians and those of white men. He had learned to wear a sombrero in Mexico. Except in hot weather he wore red-flannel underwear. His shirt was buckskin, his pants buffalo hide that had been worked down by an Indian squaw until it was fairly soft and pliable. He usually wore moccasins though he occasionally traded

something for a pair of cavalry boots.

The Army was friendly to buffalo hunters of reputation and often helped out. The commanding officer at an Army post was likely to hand out 500 rounds of ammunition. The Army cartridges did not fit Mayer's Sharps rifles, but he was able to pull the bullets and use the powder in reloading his own cartridge cases. The fact was that the Army wanted the buffalo killed off. When the Texas legislature was considering a law forbidding the killing of buffalo, General Phil Sheridan made a speech in protest. He said the buffalo hunters had done more in a few years than the Army had done in thirty years to subdue the Indians, by destroying what the general called the Indians' commissary.

In consequence the Indians were often bitter. Many a buffalo hunter lost his scalp to an Indian even in the 1870s. The famous fight at Adobe Walls, in Texas, when a dozen buffalo runners held off hundreds of Indians during a two-day attack, was in June, 1874. Buffalo hunters frequently carried capsules of quick-acting poison to take rather than endure torture.

Mayer's most unpleasant experience with Indians was the result of his taking a buffalo calf he had killed into a friendly Indian camp. He was asked to stay for a meal. Indians usually boiled their meat and served it as a stew. Mayer ate a bowl of stew on this occasion and liked it so well he asked for another. When he had eaten his second helping he said to the Indian woman who had done the cooking that he had never known buffalo calf to taste so good.

The woman smiled and took him outside and showed him a bitch with puppies. She told Mayer that she had killed one of the puppies to make the stew.

He had several run-ins with Indians. Once, in the Llano Estacado, when he was with another hunter and a former Army private who had never been in combat, he saw Cheyennes who looked bad. Mayer and his friends got into a buffalo wallow. The Indians made their usual pass on horseback, swinging back when they got within 400 yards.

Mayer warned his companions not to shoot until the Indians came within range. The ex-private was holding a rifle that shook like a leaf in a breeze and was swearing at it.

"He was all right," Mayer said. "He wasn't scared—just excited."

When the Indians, after several passes, finally came in to about 300 yards, Mayer shot at the leading pony. As he fired the rider swung over and was almost hidden by the pony's body. Mayer's shot killed the pony and either killed or seriously wounded the rider. The Cheyennes picked up the man and retired.

Mayer quit buffalo hunting in 1875 because by then there were too few buffalo and too many hunters. Once, in 1889, on the Powder River in Montana, he came on an old bull beset by three wolves. He shot the wolves and then, knowing that other wolves would pull the old buffalo down, he shot it. That was the last buffalo he ever saw outside a preserve.

After he quit running buffalo Mayer


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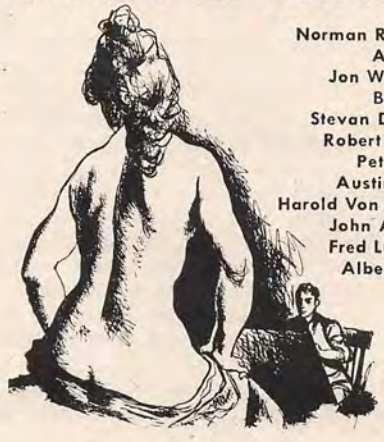

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served as a surveyor, as a meat hunter for a restaurant in Leadville, Colorado, as a mining engineer, and as an officer in the Army. He resigned in 1913, with the rank of lieutenant colonel.

Today, Colonel Mayer's most cherished souvenir of the buffalo days is what he believes to be the first hunting license ever issued in the United States. He got it from an Indian subchief known as Medicine Arrow. The license is an oval piece of buffalo hide, stiff as a board, maybe six inches long by three wide, with a message in picture writing which says that Mayer is entitled to shoot buffalo in a certain area for as far as a horse can run in three days.

Medicine Arrow's regular racket was selling magic arrows to his fellow Indians. He assured whoever bought one of his arrows that he could not be killed in battle. The price of an arrow was eight or ten ponies. Colonel Mayer paid only ten silver dollars and ten Mexican blankets for his hunting license and there was no magic about it—it protected him in a country where he couldn't otherwise hunt.—**Lucian Cary**

# The Case of the Twenty-Three Murders

[*Continued from page* 56]

for the disturbance, whereupon Mme. Pitre had furnished his bail, hustled up a mouthpiece and been a character witness for him. The result was that Guay wriggled off the hook with a small fine when he might well have gone into the deep freeze for a somewhat extended period.

Chasse's eyes were really snapping as he digested the intelligence from the court proceeding. For Joseph Albert Guay, the man who had quarreled with the pretty waitress, was, after a fashion, a somewhat distinguished widower. He had been a widower for four days now. His 27-year-old wife, Rita Morel Guay, had been one of the passengers on the plane. The connection between the woman who had gone to the airport with the mysterious package and a man whose wife had perished on the plane, constituted, to Edmond Chasse, so much smoke that there just had to be, beneath that smoke, a roaring fire.

Edmond Chasse was just the lad to lose himself in the Lower Town and compile, with incredible speed, a private dossier on Joseph Albert Guay. The little widower was one of those characters indigenous to the Lower Town—part of the mean streets and fulsome alleys of the old city. He had been weaned on wine, and had quit school after learning to read, write, and count; strictly a city boy, the only green he had ever seen until maturity was, as the saying goes, the baize on a pool table. Yet Joseph Albert Guay was a fellow with ambitions. He had, after living by his wits through his teens, risen above his surroundings because he wanted to be a flashy dresser with money in his pocket, the better to have fun with muffins.

For, despite the fact that he stood only about 5 feet 6 inches and weighed only about 120 pounds, Guay seems to have been equipped with steel wool on his chest. He had long been known as a character with eyes in the back of his head, the better to scout talent in the rear, and ears reputed to be able to detect the rustle of a skirt around a corner.

It wasn't until 1939, when he was 22 and the Second World War broke out, that Guay really began to hit his stride financially. A real patriot, he went to work in a Quebec munitions factory to help supply the boys on the fighting fronts. He had himself a field day with the widows and detached wives and unmarried girls in his neighborhood. He paused during the hunt to do a strange thing. He got married. His wife was a girl by the name of Rita Morel; she was a plain, prim little thing, not at all the type Guay had preferred; nobody could understand the union except that the bride's parents were reported to be well fixed.

While working in the munitions factory, Guay picked up some extra change by peddling watches and other jewelry to fellow workers. When the war ended in 1945, he became an full-time jewelry salesman. He was enterprising. He soon carved out a lucrative route for himself in the scores of small towns along the north shore of the St. Lawrence above Quebec. In order to cover ground quickly, he frequently traveled by plane—the thrice-weekly DC-3 that made the run between Montreal, Quebec, Baie Comeau, and Seven Islands.

It was in 1946, five years after his marriage, that Guay met Marie-Ange Robitaille, the waitress he had threatened three months before the plane blew up. Marie-Ange was only 17 at the time; the scuttlebutt in the Lower Town was that Mme. Pitre, functioning as a procurer, delivered the girl, whose father was a neighborhood contractor, to Guay in a room on the second floor of her little house on the Rue Monsignor Gauvreau. Whatever the precise circumstances of the meeting between Guay and Mlle. Robitaille, it was lust at first sight. If Guay's wife had not been able to slow him down, this 17-year-old kid had what it took. She had it in such abundance that Guay was sometimes unable to go off on scheduled selling trips. He just didn't have the strength.

Eventually Guay's wife found out. She went to the girl's father. There was a hell of a scene. Then the girl left home. She lived with Guay in various roach traps in the Lower Town and for a while set up light housekeeping with him in Seven Islands, in the northeastern part of the province. Then, along in the spring of 1949, in the third year of her relationship with Guay, she apparently felt the need of a change. She told Guay she wanted to go to Montreal to visit friends.

She had been absent from him for a


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couple of months when, one night, he chanced to go into a restaurant in the Lower Town. There he saw Mlle. Robitaille, working as a waitress. He asked her how long she had been back. She had not, she informed him, ever been away. That did it. He pulled the gun and was arrested. That was when his friend Mme. Pitre came into the picture to furnish his bail and hire him a lawyer. Afterward, he had apparently resumed activity with Mlle. Robitaille because, Chasse learned, the two had frequently been seen sneaking into Mme. Pitre's.

All this was, needless to say, simply fascinating to Chasse. Meantime, Inspector Belec of the Mounties, officers of the Provincial Police, and investigators for the Canadian Pacific had also become intrigued by the small, drawn figure of Joseph Albert Guay. Where Chasse had come upon Guay through tracing Mme. Pitre through the taxi ride from the Palais Station to the airport, the dicks, who had not yet learned the identity of the woman in black who had taken the package to the airport, got on Guay's trail at the ticket desk of Quebec Airways in the lobby of the Chateau Frontenac. They got on his trail for the simple reason that they had to consider every possibility in examining the theory that *somebody* had wanted to get rid of one or more of the twenty-three persons aboard the plane. Joseph Albert Guay had purchased a round-trip ticket for his wife two days before the flight. The doll at the ticket counter—an authentic looker by the name of Lucille Levesque—remembered Guay for two reasons. He had showed an inclination to flirt and she was a nice girl. He had occasionally bought tickets from her before. This had been the first time that Guay had ever bought a ticket for anybody but himself.

Guay had, in purchasing a round-trip passage to Baie Comeau for his spouse, inquired about insurance—something he had never done previously. He took out $10,000 worth of travelers' insurance—good during the trip either way—in his wife's name, naming himself as the beneficiary. The policy cost him 50 cents. Mlle. Levesque, the girl at the desk, told him that it would be necessary that his wife sign the insurance application. Just a formality.

On the morning of the flight, Guay and his wife appeared at the Chateau Frontenac, to take the air-line taxi out to the airport. Guay took his wife over to the air-line desk and, in the presence of Mlle. Levesque, had his wife sign the insurance application. Just a formality. There seemed to be a misunderstanding between Guay and his wife about when she was returning. She had been under the impression that there would be a plane out of Baie Comeau that evening which would return her to Quebec. Mlle. Levesque said there would be no such plane. Mrs. Guay, who didn't want to be away from her 5-year-old daughter overnight, balked. She didn't she said, think she would go. "Why," she asked Guay, "don't *you* go, Albert?" Guay was persuasive, even charming. His wife needed a rest. She had relatives in Baie Comeau. She could stay with them over the week end and return the first of the week. He would take care of the little girl. The woman seemed still in the throes of misgivings when he took her by the arm and propelled her toward the taxi for the airport. P.S.: She got the plane.

In holding Guay's past up to the light, the detectives came upon Mme. Pitre. They came, too, upon the story of the relationship between Guay and Marie-Ange Robitaille. They thus arrived, several days after the twenty-three murders, at the same point as the journalist Chasse, but from opposite directions, like tunnel workers beginning to dig at opposite points and meeting in the middle. From there on in, Chasse and the dicks engaged in a grimly good-natured race to see who would be first to wrap up the bundle.

The detectives were getting Mme. Pitre and Guay up in the morning and putting them to bed at night—in separate beds, to be sure. Mme. Pitre was sticking close to her dirty little gray house; Guay was bent by grief. "Our last contact," he was going around telling acquaintances, "was a kiss at the airport." The Robitaille biscuit had gone back to live with her parents. The dicks were impatient for the three to start contacting one another. So was Chasse. Up to Wednesday morning, September 14—five days after the explosion—not a newspaper had peeped that there was so much as a suspicion of foul play. Chasse knew by now that the detectives on the job knew substantially what he did; knew, too, why they weren't moving in on Guay and Mme. Pitre. They didn't have any direct evidence on which to make a pinch stick.

Chasse liked action. He went to Inspector Belec of the Mounties and demanded action of some kind. It wasn't forthcoming. Very well, then. Chasse would create his own action. He would force Guay and Mme. Pitre to somehow betray themselves. The best way to do that would be to scare the hell out of them. And the best way to do *that* would be to drop a little infernal machine of his own in the columns of *Le Canada*, which, he knew from his prowling around in the Lower Town, both Guay and Mme. Pitre read. And so, on the sixth morning after the explosion, Chasse disclosed in *Le Canada* that the authorities suspected a woman of having shipped an infernal machine on the plane.

That did it. Guay, with a copy of *Le Canada* under his arm, rushed over to Mme. Pitre's. Mme. Pitre rushed over to the Robitaille dame's. Mlle. Robitaille rushed over to Mme. Pitre's. Guay rushed home. Mlle. Robitaille rushed home. Mme. Pitre rushed over to a little hole-in-the-wall in Francois Street, a few blocks from home. What was the hole-in-the-wall but a watch-and-clock repair shop. And who ran the watch-and-clock repair shop but a brother of Mme. Pitre—a 51-year-old neighborhood character by the name of Genereaux Ruest.

Brother Ruest was straight out of Victor Hugo. He was afflicted with tuberculosis of the bones and had, for most of his life, been confined to a wheel chair. He had facial skin of the tautness

[*Continued on page* 129]


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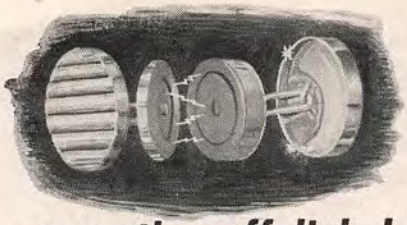
Softly tanned: can never harden. Toughest of wild animal leathers. For active men and women. $3.50 pr.; family special, 3 prs. $10.00. Sizes . . . small, medium, large.

Write for circular T-13 showing coats, moccasins, coonskin caps, and items above.

*Wm. Gallagher Co.,* **Fenton, Mich.**

# TRUE GOES

*This column is not composed of paid advertising. The items shown represent the most interesting new products True has seen this month. They are believed to be good values. The stores listed guarantee immediate refund of your money if you are not satisfied.*



## magnetic cuff links!

An unusual gift with a new, practical angle. These solid, 14-carat gold cuff links remain neatly, securely fastened by means of powerful, wafer-thin magnets. Can be popped open in an instant, yet won't come loose, can't be lost. May be engraved by your local jeweler. $3.6 per pair, all tax and postage paid.

**MORLEY MFG. CO.**
65 University Pl., New York 3, N. Y.
*(Order before Dec. 15 for Xmas)*

Perfect Gift for Everyone On Your List!
**ANTIQUE AUTO SETS**
$1.95 to $3.95
Miniature ¾" Scale Models--- Such Fun and So Easy to Build!

- ☐ 1911 Maxwell $2.50
- ☐ 1904 Olds. $1.95
- ☐ 1910 T Ford $2.50
- ☐ 1909 Stanley Steamer $2.95
- ☐ 1909 T Ford $2.95
- ☐ 1903 Rambler $2.50
- ☐ 1911 Buick "Bug" $2.50
- ☐ 1903 A Ford $2.50
- ☐ 1902 Franklin $2.50
- ☐ 1906 Columbia Electric $2.50
- ☐ 1910 Internat. Harvester $2.95
- ☐ 1900 Packard $2.50
- ☐ 1903 Cadillac $2.50
- ☐ 1914 Stutz Bearcat $3.95
- ☐ 1913 Mercer Raceabout $3.95
- ☐ 1906 "Old 16" Locomobile $3.95

1911 Maxwell—$2.50 · 1904 Olds—$1.95 · 1910 Model "T" Ford $2.50 · 1914 Stutz Bearcat —$3.95

Recapture the days of the early automobiles forever in these exciting replicas in miniature—each measuring from 6" to 10½" in length when completed. Historical, educational, authentic—so faithful in detail they are on display in 9 museums. Easy to build because they come completely pre-fabricated, with all ready-shaped parts, including cast wheels, lights, radiator, horn, etc. Easy to follow instructions included. Nationally known: satisfaction guaranteed. At toy, hobby and department stores.

Write to us—Add 25c for postage and handling. No C. O. D.'s please.

**hudson miniatures OLD TIMERS**
"Originators of Antique Autos in Miniature"
SCRANTON HOBBY CENTER, Dept. 13 Scranton 10, Pa.

**BARFLIZE PHONEY LIKKER LABELS**

**Look like the real McCoy...** but screamingly funny on inspection. Set of 6 large front labels and 3 ea. of smaller neck and back labels, include OLD POPSKULL, BELCHER'S BOURPON, WHITE HEARSE and other brands no one will switch to. Beautifully designed, in good taste, printed in three colors on gummed paper. A swell gift for your friends ...and get some yourself too!

$1.00 FOR 12-PIECE SET
2 SETS $1.75

**BARFLIZE**
BOX 3551 • PORTLAND 8, OREGON

**Personalized Labels**

Your name (or anyone else's) imprinted on "THE RYE THAT BLINDS," "GENUINE IMITATION WHISKEY," "MEXICAN SCOTCH." Same name on 15 labels (5 of each brand) for $4.00. A wonderful personal gift!

**AUTO ALTIMETER**

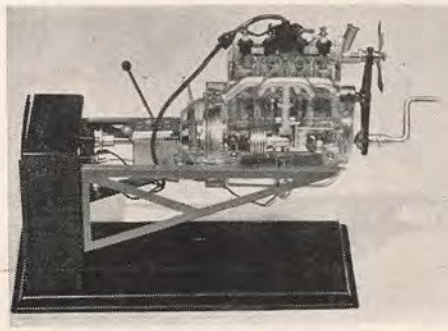
*A Useful Gift*

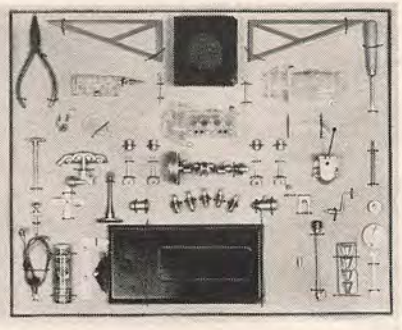
**$9.15** Postpaid

**Altitude 5000 feet**

A most interesting accessory for the car. Adds a brand new thrill to touring. How high is the hill ahead? How deep the valley? Is sea level being approached? The auto altimeter will tell.

**L. B. Mayrowitz Inc., OPTICIANS**
**Helping Sight & Hearing Since 1875**
**520 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. 18, N. Y.**





$100,000 went into engineering this truly fabulous, all clear plastic, 4-cylinder motor-building kit. When assembled, the motor is a perfect miniature power plant to be turned over manually by means of the crank handle. All moving parts are clearly visible—*and everything works.* Tiny spark plugs (fitted with red bulbs) "fire" in their correct order. Valve tappets operate from precision-machined camshaft. Pistons and rods are connected to four-throw crankshaft in the same manner as any car engine. Timing can be adjusted for perfect "ignition." Clutch actually works. Complete 28-page instruction booklet makes assembly a cinch—and fun. Kit contains all necessary tools, battery. Caution: this is not a toy; not for kids. $21.50 ppd. Reiss Bros., 54 East 59th St., New York 22, N. Y.

Attention ranchers! Want your own cattle brand made up into handsome, hand-crafted jewelry? Just send a sketch of the brand to Julian Goodenow, 18 Christopher St., New York City. Cuff links & tie bar set (or ladies earrings & pin set) $16 in sterling silver; $49 in gold. Matching ring, $16 in silver; $49 in gold. If no brand, same job can be done with initials.

It's pretty safe to predict that *YEAR*, the annual news-and-feature picture book will be 'way up on the best seller lists this Christmas. The 1951 edition contains 224 large pages of fascinating photos and text covering 12 months of world and national events. A fine gift for family, friends or business associates. $5.95 ppd. from Year, 11833 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles 25, Cal.

IF YOUR CAR BURNS TOO MUCH OIL...
HOLT'S GET
**Piston Seal**
*AN ENGLISH IMPORT*

There's 10,000 miles of motor oil economy in every tube of PISTON SEAL. Restores compression, stops piston slap, improves engine performance and more than pays for itself in greatly reduced oil consumption. Easy to install . . . just remove spark plugs, insert rubber tube and squeeze.

Improves all internal combustion engines.

for QUIET CAREFREE DRIVING

**SEND NO MONEY**
Just clip advertisement, attach to post card with name and address and mail for complete details.

**LEONARD AND POWERS, Dept. L**
**35 East Avenue, Attica, N. Y.**

**NEW! AMAZING! CARRIED IN POCKET!**

IDEAL XMAS GIFT

**Magic HAND WARMER**

**Warm, Comforting Heat in Coldest Weather . . .**
***WORKS BY ITSELF!***

No wires, no batteries, nothing to get out of order—yet gives off wonderful, warming heat for 24 hours at a time! Magic heater element activated by water-white gasoline, naphtha or alcohol.

**SAFE! PRACTICAL!**

Can't burn you, can't flame. Handsome aluminum, weighs only 1½ ozs. Give one or a *pair* of MAGIC HAND WARMERS —one for each hand! Smart carrying bag included. Only $2.49 postpaid. (C.O.D. you pay postage). *Shipped within 24 hours • Moneyback guarantee*

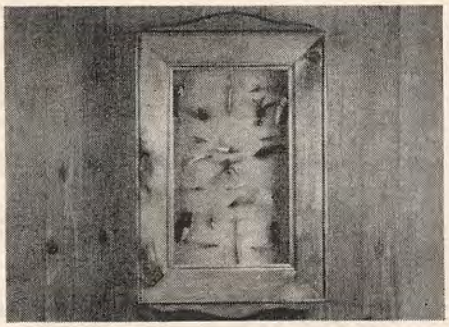
USED in POCKET, GLOVE, BOOTS, BELT by—Hunters, Skiers, Skaters, Fishermen, Sport Spectators, School Children and all who work outdoors.

ONLY $2.49 POSTPAID

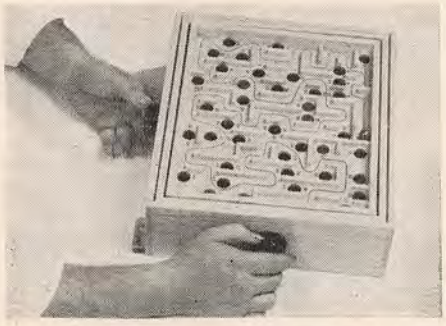
EDMUND SCIENTIFIC CORP., Barrington 97, N. J.

# CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

*If you want to buy any item previously featured in this column but do not remember address, write to True Goes Shopping, 67 West 44th St., New York 18, N. Y., for the price and name of retailer. True will also be glad to help readers locate hard-to-find items.*



Fishermen with a special pride in their fly collection will like this sturdy, illuminated, wall-hanging fly case made in hand-rubbed pine with fleece lining and hinged cover. May also be used to display mineral collections, shells, arrow heads, medals, etc. Case is 19x27", 4" deep. $19.75, express collect. Custom Cabinet Shop, North Conway, N. H.



Going to have any holiday parties? Well, just provide your guests with this insane game of manual skill and watch the fun. Here's what happens: by manipulating controls, inner tray can be tilted in any direction to guide steel ball through 60-hole maze. The first hundred tries are the hardest! $7.50 ppd. Abercrombie & Fitch, Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Five pounds of solid delicacy—a rustic pine box packed tight with fat, juicy California fruits that are just right for the holidays. Jumbo prunes, apricot halves, dates and almond meats make up the assortment to be eaten right out of the box like candy. In colorful Christmas wrap, $6.85 ppd. Vaca Valley Orchards, Vacaville, Cal. (Nice for people who are forbidden chocolates.)

Breathes there a soul who hasn't felt the pangs of frustration—like a turtle on his back? Take a good look at this guy. See that helpless, desperate look in his eye, the hopeless angle of his tail—which, incidentally, is the handle of the dish cover. Inside, you keep cigarets, nuts, etc. He's 7" long, 5½" high. $3.95 ppd. The Village Store, Lake Placid 5, N. Y. [*Continued on next page*]


**PROTECT CHILDREN**
*Keep Pets Clean* with **FLEA-NO MAT**

15"x28" ONLY $2.95 post paid
For large dogs 28" x 36" $4.95 POST PAID *Very Economical!*

Use this revolutionary, chemically treated mat on regular bed of pet, or separately — rids cats or dogs of fleas, ticks, nits. Pleasant, clean odor counter-acts animal smell. Kennel-tested by veterinarians. **Order today — money back guarantee! Check or Money Order.**

**V. F. GARRETT CO.** P.O. Box 1143-88 DALLAS, TEXAS

for hunting or decoration
famous antique
**45-70 cal.**
**ROLLING BLOCK RIFLE**

$14.95
You'll want the sword type bayonet at only **$2.50** extra
Limited quantity —order today
*FOB Los Angeles— COD orders $5 deposit*

**WESTERN ARMS CORPORATION**
Dept. G-12, 417 E. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles 15, Cal.

**MINK** collar and cuffs **CASHMERE** sweaters

Snap-on Collar and Cuffs Set in white Ermine. Mink in white or brown ... $22.50

In Black or brown Alaska Seal or Nutria. $12.75

100% pure Cashmere Cardigan Sweaters, sizes 34-40—Navy, red, natural or cinnamon.. $18.95

*Federal tax and Postpaid*
*No C.O.D.*
Cat. on request

**HAROLD J. RUBIN**
**52 East 56 St., New York**

**Here's the right GAG GIFT for that pessimistic, complaining friend**

*Only* $2.50 POST-PAID
NO C.O.D.'s
DEALER INQUIRIES INVITED

Poor bossy, she's stepping on a teat, bawling her head off. Inscription on base says: "So you think you've got troubles." Molded in full color. Over-all size 7 in. long, 5 in. high. Makes good paper weight.

ORDER DIRECT **ACORN INDUSTRIES**
**302 FORD BLDG., GREAT FALLS, MONT.**

**FEATHER-LIGHT SCUFFERS**
*. . . Last for years*

only $2.50

**Wonderful Gift FOR CHRISTMAS**

**You'll Both Love** the comfort of cozy Scuffers. They're smartly-styled. Saddle-stitched. Genuine Cowhide. LEATHER SOLES. No buckles. No laces. Just slip them on. So light, so airy you'll hardly feel them. Yet they're sturdy, last for years. Ideal for loafing around home, doing housework, at the beach. Easy to pack for travel. WONDERFUL GIFT FOR MAN OR WOMAN. These Scuffers sell at leading stores coast to coast. Are favored in fashion centers like New York, Hollywood. SPECIALLY PRICED FOR THIS OFFER. Satisfaction or money back. Tell us your shoe size. State man or woman. Full sizes only. Send check, cash, money order.
Women's sizes: 4 to 9. Suntan, Red, Blue
Men's sizes: 6 to 12. Suntan, Blue, Wine

**BEACHCOMBERS**
Dept. T-3 270 Mercer St., N. Y. 3
Sorry, No C.O.D.'s—Prompt Delivery

**COMICE PEARS** for CHRISTMAS GIVING
FROM ROGUE RIVER VALLEY

AS LOW AS $3.35
*EXPRESS PREPAID* ORDER EARLY

● Luscious, large Comice Pears, creamy in texture, rich in juicy flavor, make unusual and appreciated gifts for family, friends and business associates. These world-famous pears are grown in our own orchards, carefully selected — individually wrapped. Delivered PREPAID in colorful gift boxes to all U. S. Express points. Perfect arrival guaranteed. Gift card enclosed. Send list, we do the rest.
**De Luxe Box** (10 to 14 pears, pictured above)..**$ 3.35**
For Fruit Club Prices see Catalog.

WRITE FOR FREE CATALOG
**PINNACLE ORCHARDS**
**436 Fir St., Medford, Oregon**
Rush Free Full-Color Catalog to:
Name_____
Address_____
City_____ Zone____ State____

# TRUE GOES


## JACKPOT GIFT BANK

**$6.45**

**Model miniature slot machine**
**The only gift of its kind in the world!**

Never before a gift like this! We suggest that you insert NINE DIMES BEFORE GIFT WRAPPING. On the TENTH DIME, A JACKPOT spills out! Ten actual, surprising and unexpected dimes to thrill and delight the recipient. But that's not all.

There is a practical side, too. The back of the Jackpot Gift Bank is an ACTUAL bank. Holds $20.00 in dimes, with easy access when desired.

This machine is precision made of high quality die cast metal, beautifully plated, minutely detailed and GUARANTEED for performance. Half a foot high . . . weighs almost two pounds...is legal in every State.

Sent C.O.D. plus postage, or postpaid on cash (check or m.o.) with order. Money refunded if not delighted. ORDER NOW!

**BANKRAFT COMPANY**
711-L Fremont Bldg., Las Vegas, Nevada

## Personalized INITIALED TIES in Lustrous NYLON

Style "A"—Your own initials (2 or 3) beautifully hand printed in indelible contrasting colors. Initials so distributed to look like a tie design. Style "B"—Large monogram script letters.

**Choice of 10 Colors:** Navy Blue, Grey, Red, Royal Blue, Rust, Hunter Green, Maize, Brown, Beige, Maroon.

**$3.00** each **2** for **$5.00**

Gift Boxed **POSTPAID**

Mention styles A or B or both—colors wanted and print initials clearly. Enclose check or M.O. No C.O.D. Allow one week for delivery.

**INSIGNIA MART, 703 BROADWAY, Dept. R, N. Y. C. 3**

For home or office, students, travelers, servicemen, etc. Just press trigger, run it over tired creases and see them renewed in a jiffy. Perfect for trousers, ties, sleeves, lapels, pleats, etc. No wet cloth, no board, no bother. AC or DC. Can't scorch or shine. Satisfaction guaranteed. A handsome gift..... **$4.95**

*At better stores or order from*

**PRESSMASTER Dept. T-12**
**1430 No. Serrano Ave., Los Angeles 27, Calif.**

Don't Miss This SPECIAL GET ACQUAINTED OFFER!

**By BERNARD of HOLLYWOOD**

A Portfolio of Gorgeous

**BREATHTAKING BEAUTIES**

POPULAR EDITION $1.25 POSTPAID
68 large (11x14 in.) pages

GIANT DE LUXE EDITION
132 pages with plastic binding. $3.00

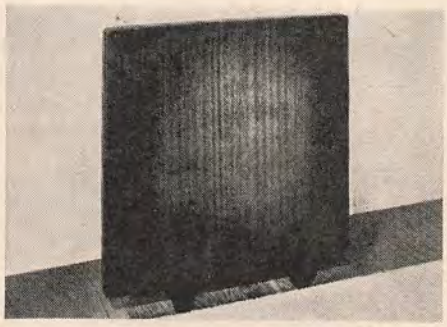
SIX LATEST RELEASES
50-ft. 8mm Movies $3.00 each
100-ft. 16mm Movies $6.00 each
Set of 2x2 Color Slides $2.00
12 Glossy Photos—$2.00

Send 25¢ for Sample Photos and Illustrated Literature

**BERNARD OF HOLLYWOOD**
13563 Ventura Blvd. Dept. T
Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Walnuts for Christmas. Buy a sack for yourself or have them sent as a gift. These are no ordinary nuts, friends. They're fine, large English Franquette variety—the kind you *won't* find in stores. Packed in either 5 or 10-lb. miniature gunny sacks for $4.95 and $9.50 ppd. from Beaver Island Harvest, Room 420T, 732 S.W. Third Ave., Portland 4, Ore. Guaranteed fresh crop.

For basement-to-upstairs or house-to-garage communication, here's a 2-way intercom outfit that operates on two flashlight batteries over distances up to 800 feet. Just press a switch to talk; release to listen. Made by Dictograph in a strictly quality fashion. $14.95 ppd. for set of 2 with 50′ of wire. Strauss Stores, Dept. PT-121, 53-06 Grand Ave., Maspeth, N. Y.



For your own home or as a gift, you can't beat this ¼" veneer-topped card table at $15.95 ppd. So good looking and so useful, you won't shove it away in a closet between card games. Special leg locks are trouble-free, smooth working. Top is 30x30"; table is 27" high. A really fine piece of furniture. in handsome fruitwood. Castlewood Mfg. Co., 1205 Burnett St., Louisville, Ky.

An electric toothbrush that delivers 120 up-and-down strokes per second is a mighty effective and highly recommended piece of equipment for the life of your teeth. Brushes are interchangeable, enabling whole family to use the machine. Until now, this device has been available only through dentists. UL-approved. With 2 brushes, $12.50 ppd. Pat's Gifts, 1017 Birch St., Racine, Wis.

**$20.95 PREPAID**

ORDER NOW FOR QUICK DELIVERY
Specify black or tan
—Widths B, C, D or E—Sizes 6-12.

Fine quality smooth grain leather
10 inch boot—full leather-lined.
Finest bootmaker-leather outsoles.
Tuck in trousers or wear outside.
Easy on—Easy off!

ALL LEATHER FOR ALL WEATHER

NO C.O.D.'s

**NATIVE BOOT COMPANY**
170 School Street Holbrook, Mass.

## SECRET FORMULA ... STOLEN!

**Gems Inspired by Nature . . . Created by Man**

Using Titanium Rutile, International Gem's famed craftsmen took Nature's most precious jewel making secrets to give you more-brilliant than-diamonds Johannes Gems. FREE CATALOG gives exciting story, tells how to own a full carat of this wonder gem for as little as $10 plus tax. Lady's or Man's ring, 1k Johannes Gem in 14k solid gold, as little as $25 plus tax. Catalog also shows famous Calcutta Star Sapphires and Rubies. You owe it to yourself to see our catalog before ordering.

**WRITE FOR CATALOG B**

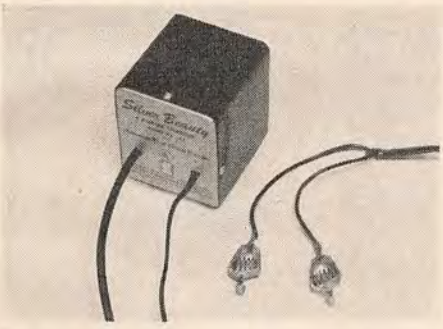
Buy with confidence — member of Jeweler's Security Alliance

**INTERNATIONAL GEM CORPORATION**
DEPT. T-10 18 John Street New York 38 N.Y.

# CHRISTMAS SHOPPING

For Pop or Junior, this handsomely hand-decorated, antique-style shaving mug, complete with his first name and the date, makes an original gift. Highly glazed pottery, it comes in blue or black with rich gold trim. Can also be used for cigarets, ivy, pencils or even Baby's milk. $6.25 ppd. from Eunice Novelties, Box 41, Rego Park, N. Y. Add 50c for extra name.

This gag apron has pockets loaded with 36 laugh items . . . everything from a Magic Sex Indicator to a pair of false teeth. Your Christmas or New Year's party guests will get several good guffaws out of the arrest warrant, divorce papers, dice and other such insanity. Apron is heavy twill, painted in red and blue. $3.95 ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. 11, 5858 Forbes St., Pittsburgh, Pa.



No need of sweating out the possibility of a dead car battery this winter. This 4-amp unit works on 110-volt AC and will re-charge a battery overnight. Equipped with automatic circuit breaker to prevent overloading. 4x4x4" size is small enough to fit in glove compartment. Lifetime guarantee. $11.95 ppd. Miles Kimball, 15 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wis.

Christmas time is fireplace time and this is the stuff that produces rainbow-colored blazes. Rock-like chemical chunks will burn an hour or more each, producing a really beautiful effect. Odorless and harmless. A 12-oz. box should be enough to last the holiday season. $1 ppd. from Blue Blazes Co., Box 47, Brightwood, Ore.

[*Continued on next page*]

For prompt, in-time-for-Christmas delivery, place your mail orders for these *TRUE Goes Shopping* gifts NOW. The stores listed with each item will make every effort to ship by the fastest way.

## Give SOMETHING DIFFERENT this Christmas—NOW FORST SMOKED DELICACIES for as low as $4.75.

For the first time the famed Forst Catskill Mountain Smokehouse is featuring low-priced gift items—festively packed in Forst's distinctive silver and brown box. The Peter Stuyvesant Smoked Turkey Selection at $4.75 includes ½ lb. can each of taste-tempting sliced smoked turkey, pate and handicut. (All sliced turkey—$5.75) Forst's new Cocktail Sausage Selection at $5.25 contains two cans each (6 in all) of three delicious treats —finger-size pork sausages, franks and smoked turkey sausages. Mail check and your gift list today. Be SURE to include your own family! No C.O.D.'s, please. FREE—Full color catalog describing the complete line of Forst Smoked Delicacies. Write TODAY! BEAUTIFUL CATALOG FREE.

THE FORSTS, Route 257, Kingston, N. Y.

## IDEAL GIFT FOR SPORTSMEN!

A personalized Whiskey Decanter in the shape of a pair of Binoculars, with a Genuine Leather carrying case, custom designed for distinction . . . your initials embossed in gold (limit 3), for the football games, hunting and fishing trips, skiing, etc. Priced at only $4.95 postpaid, for the entire package. Please specify initials to be embossed on Leather Case. Send check, money order or stamps to KINGSBURY TRADING COMPANY, P. O. BOX 5755, Chicago, Illinois.

## DeLuxe Bottle Carrier

***Avoid conspicuousness in carrying a bottle -- prevent breakage***

Makes ideal gift for travelers, sportsmen, fishermen, hunters. Made of beautiful quilted plastic. Will not crack or peel and is cleanable with damp cloth. Also acts as insulator for keeping liquids hot or cold. Snappy looking, zipper top. Colors: Brown, Red, Blue, Green, Black. Fifth Size, $2.00. Imprinted with name or initial, 50c extra. If not at your dealer's, send remittance for direct prepaid shipment.

BONE-CROW CO., Dept. I
FABRIC DIVISION
WACO, TEXAS

**For Sports—For Fun—For Xmas**

*World's Finest "EM-GE"*

## BLANK PISTOL

"Shoot the Works"—safely—with this handsome blank pistol. Looks, feels and sounds like "the real thing." But it can't hold regular cartridges. Six-shot magazine; safety catch. Precision-built of carbon steel. 3¼" long. A world-famous pistol, excellent value at..... **$10.95**

De luxe model with pearl handle ..$15.00

*100 blank cartridges* $1.50

**ORDER BY MAIL**

No Permit Required.

*Send Check or Money Order.*

Dealer Inquiries Invited

J. L. GALEF & SON, Dept. A-7, 85 Chambers St., N. Y. C.

## NEW GIFT IDEA for the GOLFER (BEGINNER OR 70 SHOOTER)

**PLAY GOLF WITH ONLY ONE CLUB**

The "MIRACLE" club positively "locks" into every position from driving to putting. Scientifically designed and balanced. You'll score *better,* because it's easier to groove your swing to this *one club.* Ideal for traveling, gifts, twilight games and golf widows. Stainless steel head, 10 day refund if *not* satisfied! 5 year guarantee. Specify 36", 37" or 38" right or left ..... **$22.50**

Order NOW for immediate delivery!

JUST DIAL YOUR SHOT

PUTTER
DRIVER
FAIRWAY
IRONS

**INTERNATIONAL GOLF PRODUCTS**
4469 W. MADISON, CHICAGO 24, ILLINOIS

GENUINE
Corcoran
PARATROOP BOOTS

Paratroopers! Sportsmen!! If you want the last word in comfort and foot protection, wear genuine Corcoran Paratroop Boots . . . the only boots made today to the original specifications for Paratroop Boots.

For design, appearance, comfort, wear . . . yes and price . . . no boot can compare with a genuine Corcoran Paratroop Boot, the paratrooper's pride and joy.

Not Government Surplus Stock

$14.87 POSTPAID IN U. S. A.

All Sizes 4–13¼, All Widths AA–EEE

Comes in highly polishable tan or black or with heavy oil waterproof finish. Send Coupon Today — your money back if not satisfied when you get them.

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Please rush a pair of genuine Paratroop Boots in tan ☐ black ☐ or with heavy oil finish ☐. Check ☐ Money order ☐ for $14.87 is enclosed.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Boot size and width.....
(Specify size and width of your former GI Army shoe or your most comfortable dress shoe.) TR-4121

FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD

"Short 'n' Sweet" GIFTS

A. "Dream Girl" SHORT NIGHTY $6.98 She'll love it! Sheer rayon with French Lace.

B. "Gay Paree" CHEMISE $5.98 NEW! Paris-born bra-top style. Rayon SATIN.

BOTH { Nude-Pink or Mist-Black with BLACK LACE
Bust Sizes: 32 to 40

COPYRIGHT 1951, FREDERICK'S OF HOLLYWOOD

FREDERICK'S of Hollywood, Dept. 223
4742 W. Washington Blvd., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

☐ I encl. payment plus 25¢ pkg. ☐ Send C.O.D.

HOW MANY ____ A. $6.98. Size ____; Color ____

HOW MANY ____ B. $5.98. Size ____; Color ____

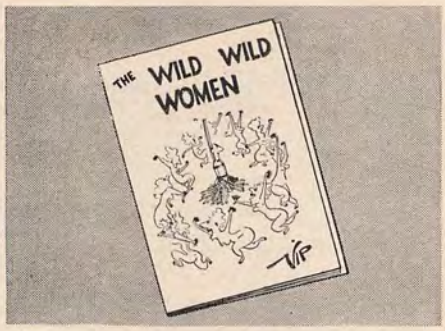
Name ____

Address ____

City & Zone ____ State ____

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

# TRUE goes Christmas Shopping




All the women with any sense left will take out for the hills when this newest stab at art by VIP gets into the right Christmas stockings. And, judged on the book's cartoons, Partch will still pursue 'em. No woman-hater, but a keen observer, his only aim is to expose females—as a social group. *Wild, Wild Women*, $1 ppd. Low-Pressure Co., Box 1309, G.C. Sta., New York 17, N. Y.

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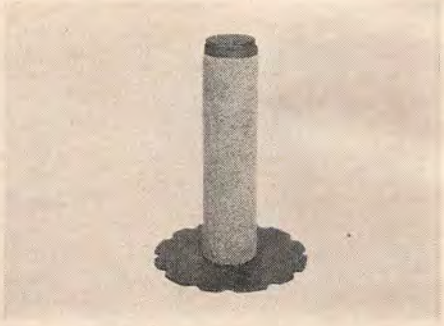

No sensible man will permit a durn cat to tear up the household furnishings for the silly purpose of claw sharpening. That's only an excuse anyway. Cats just love to destroy stuff. So, if you've given bed and board to one of these feline hurricanes, get it this 19"-high, carpet-covered, catnip-fillable post to rip into. $4.95 ppd. Bond Mfg. Co., 655 Battery St., San Francisco, Cal.

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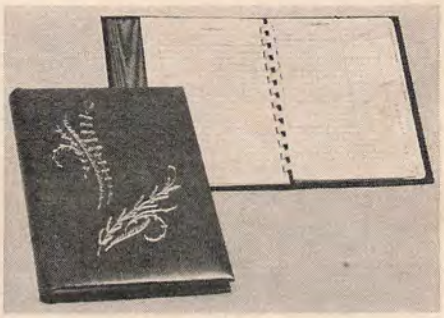

Do you send out a batch of Christmas cards every year? If so, here's a neat, permanent way of keeping a list of the people to whom you sent them—with space provided to show whether the wretches returned one. Leather-bound, gold-tooled book also contains pages for addresses, birthdays, anniversaries. In red, brown, ivory. $5.95 ppd. Preferred Gifts, 125 Park Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

[*Continued from page* 123]

and color of that on a drum, thin purple lips, large brown eyes and small brown teeth. His hands and forearms were massively out of proportion to the rest of him. There he sat in the hole-in-the-wall, a one-room combination home and place of business, day after day, sometimes deep into the dark hours, working away at his watches and his clocks. One look at Brother Ruest and the detectives figured him as just the boy to have fixed up a timepiece for an infernal machine. But *proof*. Where, again, was proof? None of *these* characters—Guay, Mme. Pitre, or Ruest—looked like vocal types, and the law, in the absence of anything more than a circumstantial case up to this point, could hardly expect any of them to suddenly develop voices. The Robitaille girl looked like she would talk, but the chances were she didn't know anything.

On September 20—eleven days after the blast—the law, canvassing all sources of dynamite, learned that an ugly woman in black had, a few days before the blast, gone into the hardware store of Samson and Filion, on St. John Street, in Upper Town, and bought ten pounds of dynamite, ten caps, and fifteen rat-rail fuses.

On that same day, September 20, Joseph Albert Guay made another visit to Mme. Pitre's house. He went from there to the hole-in-the-wall of Genereaux Ruest. Brother Ruest impressed detectives, watching him through spyglasses from hidden vantage points, as a badly shaken character after Guay left. The dicks watching Mme. Pitre's house couldn't see what her reaction to Guay's visit was; when they did lay gaze on the woman it looked as if it might be too late. A sick wagon roared into the Rue Monsignor Gauvreau and Mme. Pitre was hustled off to an infirmary. She had, it seemed, gone on a diet of sleeping pills.

For seventy-two hours the detectives sat by her bedside. Finally the old bag opened her eyes. Then she opened her mouth. She had quite a story to tell. The dicks, and Chasse, had had it substantially right from the very beginning. Guay had wanted to get rid of his wife and collect enough insurance to go to the end of the earth, or somewhere, with Marie-Ange Robitaille. Genereaux Ruest had made the infernal machine for Guay, but had not known that it was designed for murder. "My brother thought it was to be used to set off some dynamite to blow up a fish hole."

Mme. Pitre had bought the dynamite for Guay. Then, later, at Guay's behest, she had delivered the package—the package she now realized had contained the infernal machine—to the airport. Guay had told her the package contained a religious statue and to be very careful that it wasn't jounced. But, after Chasse's story in *Le Canada,* when Guay saw that the law was on the trail of Mme. Pitre, and that she might incriminate him, he called on her and set about selling her on the idea that the best thing she could do would be to commit suicide. He had come prepared to help her; he gave her a box of sleeping pills. Mme. Pitre at first thought the suggestion was ridiculous; then she saw the angle when Guay pointed out that he himself had neither purchased the dynamite nor delivered the infernal machine to the airport. Somehow, that part of Mme. Pitre's story about why she tried suicide gave the detectives mental indigestion. Would an authentic dupe have tried suicide—or was there a deeper reason for the woman's act?

Joseph Albert Guay was heaved into the sneezer on the basis of Mme. Pitre's story. Mme Pitre, Genereaux Ruest, and Marie-Ange Robitaille, whose only sin had been loving a gent with a wife, helped send Guay to the gallows. But before the little man hit the hemp, in Montreal last January, he opened up. He had first thought of dispatching his wife by putting poison in her favorite drink, cherry wine. Then, in May of 1949, he had read in the papers about the woman in the Philippines who had placed the bomb aboard the plane to get rid of her husband. The more Guay thought about the plot in the Philippines, the more it appealed to him. He decided to improve on it by having *his* plane blow up over the waters of the St. Lawrence so that the remains of the blast would never be recovered. By way of preparing for murder, Guay made a special trip from Quebec to Baie Comeau holding a watch in his hand. He noted that the plane was out over the St. Lawrence for fifteen minutes beginning at about 10:25. An infernal machine set to go off at 10:30, then, would do the trick. But the plane ran seven minutes late and Guay's infernal machine went off before the ship was out over the river.

Judging from Guay's confession, Mme. Pitre and Genereaux Ruest had not been the innocent dupes they had pretended to be; they had, on the contrary, been up to their eyeballs in guilt and had been declared in on the insurance that Guay was to have collected. As a result, Genereaux Ruest was tried for murder, found guilty, and sentenced to hang. Mme. Pitre was tried for the same thing and, nine days before this past Easter, was also found guilty and sentenced to hang. As of now, the crippled watch-and-clock repair man and his ugly sister are awaiting the outcome of appeals.

And Edmond Chasse? Ah, Edmond Chasse was a most happy man nine days before Easter. The case of the twenty-three murders had become a personal thing with him; he would never have rested until not only Guay, but Ruest and Mme. Pitre were found guilty. Yes, Edmond Chasse was a very happy man—happy as only a reporter—pardon, *journalist*—can be after an assignment well covered. It was only now that Edmond Chasse began to think of himself. He hadn't been feeling too well for some time. Maybe it was because he was now 63, maybe because of something else. So he went into a hospital for a checkup. There it was found that all the while Edmond Chasse had been stalking his killers, a killer had been stalking him. Cancer finished him on, of all days, Good Friday.

*Au revoir,* Monsieur Chasse, but not good-by.—**Alan Hynd**


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# "DEVIL IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT"

[*Continued from page* 41]

the *Alta Californian*. More was revealed by Maynard Price, one of Hubbard's companions on that ill-fated journey, and appeared in the San Francisco *Bulletin*, and a few years later, in 1861, other episodes were published in the Boston *Globe*. The rest has been gathered piecemeal here and there, from libraries and state historical societies across the continent.

Calvin Ewall Hubbard was born of Quaker parents in the city of Philadelphia on November 12, 1818. The eldest of nine children, he attended school until he was 12, then worked in his father's blacksmith shop on Chestnut Street. At 18, he joined a medicine show and traveled to Memphis, where he bought a half interest in a keelboat. By 1840, he was one of the best rough-and-tumble fighters on the river.

In 1841, young Cal ran for sheriff of Shelby County and was defeated by 14 votes.

He next helped organize and finance the LaGrange & Memphis Railroad, which made a trial run of six miles. But money to complete the project was hard to find and the company went bankrupt. The engine, coaches, and rails were sold by the sheriff to satisfy creditors.

Hubbard married Evangeline Singer, daughter of a Methodist minister, and bought a half interest in a general merchandise store on Main Street.

His partner, Jeb Shoot, died four months later and Hubbard was saddled with Shoot's 17-year-old son, Piny, a gangling, narrow-shouldered boy who had twice been in the Memphis jail. Hubbard undertook to do something for the youth. He sent him to a private school in Memphis, but in spite of this Piny was constantly in trouble with the police.

"What am I going to do with you, Piny?" Hubbard told the boy finally.

"Let me go west," Piny pleaded.

"Where west?" Hubbard demanded.

"To California, where they found the gold."

Always a restless man, Hubbard thought there might be great possibilities in California for himself. Mrs. Hubbard, who had borne him her first child, a girl she named Rose Marie, consented to the journey, but insisted that Piny be taken along. She thought the change would do him good.

Hubbard at once disposed of his store and set up a trust fund for Piny, over which he would have control until the boy was of age. Piny was his father's only heir.

Recruited for the overland journey to California were ten other wagon owners. They were Maynard Price, Ben Lazare, Alex Waterhouse, Charley Hostetter, L. B. Hunt, Andy V. Zahner, Frank Ryan, George S. Thompson, Philip Metz, and Al and Marty Ruark, who owned a wagon between them. The Ruark boys were cousins of Hostetter.

On the Sunday before the scheduled departure, all the churches in Memphis held services commemorating the event. The congregation of the Calvary Episcopal Church assembled in the yard and with eyes lifted to heaven prayed for a safe journey. Hubbard was to say months later, "God wasn't listening."

The caravan left Memphis May 12 and at Little Rock, Arkansas, joined another train of twelve wagons from Missouri under the leadership of Captain Asa Savage. At a meeting that night, Hubbard was elected captain of the entire party.

Thirteen days later, near Hope, Arkansas, a windstorm of great velocity ripped the canvas tops from every wagon and sent them hurtling over the countryside. A few were recovered, badly ripped, and were repaired, but most of the wagons had to be refitted, and since no canvas was immediately available, a delay of ten days was necessary.

For Hubbard, this was misfortune number one, the harbinger of a long string of calamities that followed him throughout the journey. That same jinx was to perch beside him on the wagon seat far out on the Texas prairies while he wrestled with his conscience, and again when his caravan left Camp Worth (later Fort Worth) for a thirty-three-day journey across "the hell and gone" of Texas. It was to sit beside him as he and his followers fought off thirst weeks later on El Camino del Diablo (The Devil's Highway).

During the enforced idleness of the travelers at Hope, two men quarreled over a woman and the inevitable happened. Andy Zahner accused L. B. Hunt of paying undue attentions to Mrs. Zahner. Hunt went for his pistol, but Zahner beat him to the draw.

Zahner pleaded self-defense and the coroner's jury, made up of Hunt's fellow travelers, exonerated him. Hunt had been a widower, and was accompanied by his daughter Doris, 17, and a son, Ben, 15. With no home to go back to, the son and daughter elected to continue the journey and Marty Ruark agreed to drive their wagon.

After the wagon tops had been refitted, the journey was resumed, but the shooting affair had created ill feeling. Many thought that Zahner had acted too hastily and predicted that before the journey was over there would be trouble. One of those aligned against Zahner was Ben Hunt, who felt that the slaying of his father should be avenged. But Marty Ruark, who was on the fence, exerted a powerful influence over the Hunt boy and held him in check.

Zahner's son, Arthur, 16, was just as outspoken in defense of his father and there the matter rested, with the party managing to travel together without open hostilities.

The Missourians had taken no sides in the matter at first, because none of them was well acquainted with either Hunt or Zahner. But after a few days some of them openly displayed their sympathy for the Hunts, while others thought the shooting had been justified. This served to split the emigrants into two factions, so that after a few days the caravan became a powder keg, ready to explode with the first igniting spark.

Aware of the situation, Captain Hubbard conferred with Savage. It was decided to disarm everyone and place the guns and pistols in Hubbard's wagon. At the stop that night, every traveler owning a weapon was told to surrender it to Captain Hubbard.

Some willingly turned over their firearms, but a few held back, pretending they did not own guns. Those who had turned in their weapons joined in a search of all wagons and seized half a dozen pistols and several muskets. All were deposited in Hubbard's wagon and to Piny Shoot fell the task of guarding them.

Mrs. Hubbard, who was going to have another baby in a few months, was nervous and begged her husband to give up the trip and turn back. She told him she was sure there would be serious trouble and she was not strong enough to face it.

"I have all the weapons stored in my wagon," he told her, "and without them these people are helpless. The situation is well in hand and there will be nothing for you to worry about." He was to admit later that his words were spoken only for his wife's benefit. He did fear trouble, but thought he would be able to handle the situation.

The second day after the caravan hit Texas, Zahner got down from his wagon and walked to a spring with a bucket in his hand. Two Missourians who had reached the spring ahead of him suddenly pounced on him and began beating him with their fists.

Young Hunt and four or five other partisans ran to the scene and were met by Zahner's friends. A free-for-all fight raged for several minutes before it was stopped by a rifle shot fired into the ground by Captain Hubbard, who was backed up by Price and Lazare, both armed with pistols hastily snatched up from the weapons stored in Hubbard's wagon.

When the battle was over, one Missourian was out cold and two members of Hubbard's company, young Hunt and Phil Metz, had bloody noses.

Hubbard was in a towering rage. "You behave like a group of children," he stormed at the combatants. "I'll have no more of this. The next man who starts trouble will be bull-whipped." Angrily he turned on his heel and strode back to his wagon.

Hubbard was a powerful man, with broad shoulders. He stood a little over 6 feet and his reputation as a fighter was well known. No ordinary man could stand up to him in a physical encounter.

But there was one person in the party who did not fear him—his wife.

"I can't tolerate any more of this!" she told him hysterically. "Please for my sake give up the journey and turn back."

Hubbard, when angry, was a stubborn man. "I'll take this caravan across," he said, "or die in the attempt. I've gone this far and I don't wish to turn back."

A sand storm enveloped the wagons for two days and nights, making progress difficult. Wind-driven sand found its way into bedding and food; it crawled down the necks of travelers and pelted their faces until tempers reached an exploding stage.

The Hunt boy was spreading his blankets when Zahner, in passing him, accidentally slopped some water onto the bed from the pail he carried.

Ben Hunt, tall and strong for his age, leaped upon Zahner and bore him to the ground, hammering away at him with his fists.

Acting to forestall a general melee, Hubbard quickly pulled them apart.

"I saw what happened, Ben," he said. "You will have to take the consequences. With the authority invested in me as captain of this caravan, I sentence you to ten strokes with the lash. Fetch me my bull whip, Piny."

He ordered Ben Hunt to strip to the waist.

Hunt glanced about, seeking friendly faces. But there were no friendly faces, for everyone realized that the captain meant what he had said.

When the youth hesitated and took a step or two backward, he was seized by Price and Lazare, who stripped him of his shirt and bound his wrists in front of him.

"Will you take your punishment standing up, or do you wish to be tied to a wagon?" Hubbard asked.

"I'll take it standing up."

Meanwhile, mothers not wishing their children to witness the ordeal dragged them back to the wagons and a circle was formed by grim-faced men.

Hubbard drew back the long bull whip and struck the first blow. A red welt appeared across the boy's shoulders as he gritted his teeth and winced from the pain.

Relentlessly, Hubbard swung the whip again, but this time he did not put much power into his wrist. He did not want to hurt the boy too much, but having delivered his ultimatum, he had to carry it out and make it look good.

After five blows, young Ben fell to the ground sobbing.

It was at this stage of the whipping that Mrs. Hubbard came screaming toward her husband and seized the bull whip in her hands. Already hysterical, she fainted and fell into the arms of one of the watching men.

"I reduce the sentence to five lashes," Hubbard said, tossing the whip to Piny. He picked his wife up and carried her to his wagon.

Hubbard's wagon led the caravan and all that next day those who came near saw him hunched on the seat, looking neither to the right nor left.

The emigrants had no more than shaken the sand from their bedding when a dust storm enveloped them. Soon the sky was filled with a brown-gray haze and visibility was reduced to a few feet.

Some of the Missourians proposed that Hubbard call a halt and wait out the storm.

"We can't make camp without water," the captain told them. "We will have to keep going until we find a stream."

The grumbling increased, for by now a heavy layer of dust covered the clothing of the emigrants, their wagons, and supplies. Wherever there was an opening in the canvas, or in the wagons, the fine gray earth lay an inch thick.

The caravan plodded on. The enveloping gloom darkened until the nearest wagons were but dim outlines against the horizon.

Then came thunder and lightning, followed by cold rain. The deluge came upon them so quickly that no one was prepared for it. Progress was impossible.

Hubbard gave the signal to halt.

There was no time to pitch tents. Canvas flaps were strapped down and the wagons made tight. The emigrants sat huddled in their respective wagons, waiting for the rain to abate.

It was a time for grumbling.

"He should have called a halt when we wanted him to."

"Now he's got all the water he wants, damn him!"

The Missourians were doing most of the complaining.

Hearing their grousings, Maynard Price drew on his sou'wester and went forward to report to Hubbard.

"Let them grumble," Hubbard snapped. "I'm running this train and if they don't like the way I run it, let them go their way and we'll go ours."

Price rose to leave, feeling that he could be of no help to the captain. As he stepped down from the wagon, there was a shot, and a woman's scream rose above the noise of the storm. Doris Hunt thrust her head and shoulders from between canvas flaps and cried out that her brother Ben had shot himself.

Hubbard found the youth lying across his blankets, dying from a bullet wound in the temple. The pistol in his hand could not be identified as having been taken from the store of weapons in Hubbard's wagon. Apparently it was one the youth had secretly carried, and which he had failed to surrender.

Questioning Doris Hunt, Hubbard learned that her brother had been brooding over the whipping. She had not known that he possessed a pistol, or where he obtained it.

Young Hunt was dead. The terrific impact of his deed, coupled with the storm's depressing influence, caused the grumblings to spread and the resentment of the Missourians against Hubbard's domination of the whole train reached a new high.

With the rain beating in his face and trickling from his sou'wester, Hubbard addressed the crowd: "This thing that has happened is most unfortunate and I am as deeply moved as any of you," he said. "But discipline must be maintained if we are to get across alive. We can not afford to let this unhappy incident mar our progress. Now get back to your wagons, all of you, and wait until the storm is over. We will proceed as soon as possible."

A group in sou'westers remained near the Hunt wagon in spite of Hubbard's admonition to disperse. But gradually it broke up and one by one the men returned to their wagons.

The downpour continued until the canvas tops were soaked. Some of the canvases that had been repaired following the big wind leaked and their owners sat about disconsolately with blankets draped over their shoulders.

Hubbard knew the signs of mutiny and it made him uneasy. But he was determined to beat it down, stamp it out at the beginning. Price and Lazare, with an ear to the ground, would keep him informed.

At last the rain let up and a grave was dug at the side of the road. Volunteers for the job worked silently while hammers banged away on a crude coffin made from boards supplied by emigrants who had picked them up along the way and stored them in their wagons for fuel.

Captain Savage intoned a prayer amid the sobs of the dead boy's sister.

The caravan went on, and it was not until camp was made at the end of the day that Captain Hubbard sensed the full effect of the suicide. He saw men and women staring at him as he tramped past their tents and was conscious of the talk that went on behind his back. The dissatisfaction of the Missourians over his alleged mismanagement of the caravan's internal troubles irked him.

"I can't understand these Missourians," he told Price. "We

**A True Book-Length Feature**

# "DEVIL IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT"

didn't ask them to join us. They asked us. Why should I lose any sleep over them?"

"It would be well to take precautions," Price advised. "Those muskets and pistols—they're too handy. In the event of trouble, the men would storm your wagon."

It was decided to shift the store of firearms from Hubbard's wagon to Price's, and the transfer was made quietly in the night. On top of the weapons Lazare piled several canvases. Hubbard tucked his own pistol into his shirt bosom.

Fortunately, for the next few days, the weather was pleasant and no hardships were encountered. The grumblings diminished.

At John Neely Bryan's camp site (now Dallas) there were accommodations for emigrant trains, including bathhouses, corrals, washtubs, and lines for hanging out clothing and bedding.

Here a three-day halt was ordered while each family scrubbed up and replenished its supplies from Neely's store. During the layover, Doris Hunt became the wife of Marty Ruark. The brief ceremony was performed by Captain Savage, an ordained Baptist minister.

The thirty-three miles to Camp Worth (Fort Worth) were made in thirteen hours, the farthest distance traveled by the wagon train on any one day. The emigrants were welcomed by Brevet Major R. A. Arnold, commander of a troop of Dragoons whose task was to protect travelers from hostile Indians.

Arnold warned Hubbard of the dangers ahead. The next stretch of the journey was across Texas "clear out yonder to hell and gone," he said, a distance of 650 miles to El Paso. They would pass through Comanche country and plains covered with buffalo. There would be plenty of meat along the way, but water holes were few and far apart. Army maps were available, however, showing watering places and suitable camping spots. The maps also indicated places where the Indians were most likely to attack and warned against surprises elsewhere, for the Comanches were tricky. There wasn't a town or trading post on the entire route.

Another caravan of twenty-three wagons from Kentucky, under Colonel Hudson, was waiting a few miles distant for reinforcements, Arnold said, and would welcome them as fellow travelers. This would make forty-six wagons in all, a formidable force for any band of roaming Comanches. Arnold urged Hubbard to join the other group for mutual protection.

Colonel Hudson (the title was honorary) welcomed them with open arms. He had been waiting five days, he said, for additional strength before heading across the Texas plains.

"I will relinquish my command so that you can take over," Hudson told Hubbard, and, according to Price, he actually seemed happy at having rid himself of the responsibility.

Within the hour, the entire forty-six wagons were moving. The only extra stock were oxen and horses for draft purposes. There would be no need for cattle on the journey, since buffalo meat was plentiful.

The next day the caravan met Captain Marcy and a party of U. S. Army explorers, who reported having sighted a Comanche war party near Buffalo Gap. Marcy examined the crude map Hubbard carried and found it inaccurate. He made certain penciled corrections and advised Captain Hubbard to observe them if he wished to avoid troublesome terrain.

With the start across the plains, the firearms taken from the original caravan had been returned to their owners, who might soon have to defend themselves against the Indians. But Hubbard was not worried. Captain Marcy had assured him that no band of Indians would be large enough to launch an open attack on forty-six wagons. They might, however, harass the travelers at night by creeping up near enough to shoot flaming arrows into the wagons, or stampede the horses, and against these possibilities Hubbard took precautions by posting guards at night and having all horses hobbled.

For the first eight days of the journey to El Paso, everything went well. Then, on the ninth day, three of the Missourians became ill with fever. A man known only as Dr. Davis, who claimed to have studied medicine and who was among the Kentucky crowd, pronounced the ailment "stomach fever."

Within a few hours, nine more persons came down with it, among them Hubbard himself. But Hubbard fought it off and remained at the reins. At times a dizziness came into his head, he said, and the prairie seemed to undulate, like waves on the ocean.

"Lie down and let Piny drive," his wife pleaded.

"My responsibility is too great to let a little fever get the better of me," he told her. "I must stay on my feet."

"You will not have the strength for it," she warned, "unless you rest."

"A little sickness," he chuckled. "What's a bellyache or two compared with the safety of the others? Soon it will be gone."

The next day a Missouri woman died and another was apparently near death. More than a dozen families had contracted the illness and there was a general clamor for a halt.

Burning up with fever himself, Hubbard faced those who demanded a layover.

"I can see no sense in stopping," he told them. "We will only lose time and it will save no lives."

"But the jolting of the wagons is hard on those who are ill," one man protested.

"Nonsense! What is a little jolting to a fever? Open a cask of whisky and let everyone drink of it."

First, the dead woman was buried, with Captain Asa Savage reading a few verses from the Bible.

The whisky, the first cask to be opened on the journey, was set up at the side of Hubbard's wagon. Those who were ill receiving generous portions, and then the others were told to help themselves. The men gulped it from tin cups, and those of the women who dared take a nip sipped it from emptied jelly glasses.

After a brief time, the tension of the travelers gave way to friendly conversation. The men began slapping each other on the back and telling smutty jokes. In some of the wagons, despite the sorrow of the dead woman's family, voices were raised in song.

When the cask had been drained, Hubbard tossed it back into his wagon and climbed upon his high seat. With a swing of his arm he motioned the caravan onward.

The rumble and creaking of wagon wheels was soon drowned out by singing.

Even Hubbard caught up the refrain and sang joyfully in spite of his burning cheeks. All the ache was suddenly gone from his belly and he told his wife he had never felt better.

But by the time the caravan halted at the next water stop, the effects of the liquor had worn off and the men demanded more.

"We'll save the rest for emergencies," he told them.

One Missourian, suffering from a hangover, pointed a wavering finger at Hubbard. "Look at that devil in the driver's seat!" he cried. "Look at him. He's drunk as a hoot owl and he don't want us to have any more."

The remark caused a roar of laughter, and it coined a phrase that was to be heard again and again as the wagon train rolled westward. Hubbard was referred to frequently as "that devil in the driver's seat," especially on occasions when he defiantly beat down the grumblings of his charges and rode roughshod over them.

The next morning Hubbard made a round of the tents to inquire about the fever patients. His own fever had vanished over night, and he later credited his rapid recovery to the whisky, "the best medicine I ever had."

In each tent the patients greeted him with a smile. The woman who had been reported near death had just eaten a hearty breakfast and claimed she felt fine.

Other caravans coming through later reported the same "fever" and the illness was subsequently traced by the Army to a contaminated spring.

For eighteen days after the sickness had abated, the caravan pushed westward with everyone in good spirits.

Short hunts produced an abundance of meat, for the plains were alive with buffalo. Some times herds containing as many as 25,000 were sighted. The prize dish was antelope, but these fleet-footed creatures often remained out of gun range.

Frequently Comanche war parties were sighted, but the savages gave the caravan a wide berth.

It was not until the train had been twenty-two days on its way to El Paso that trouble came. And quite unexpectedly.

When the wagons halted on the banks of the Pecos, Hubbard and Price standing together noticed two or three of the men staggering toward the river. Another, in the Kentucky section, fell out of his wagon and got up laughing at his own awkwardness.

"They act like they're drunk," Price said.

"Where could they have gotten the whisky?" Hubbard asked.

Simultaneously, and with but one thought in mind, Price and Hubbard started for the latter's wagon. Hubbard raised the canvas which covered the remaining whisky casks. One had disappeared.

"Must have stolen it last night," he said, "while Piny was watering the horses."

As they watched, more forms piled out of the Kentucky section and lumbered toward the water. One or two lost control of their legs and were helped along by others who themselves could scarcely navigate.

Practically every man in the Kentucky section was drunk. Up from the stream came the estatic refrain:

Oh, for my soul's happy,
Glory hallelujah!

Oh, for my soul's happy,
I'm on my journey home.

"Damn their hides!" Hubbard swore. "I'll make them pay for this."

Price calmed him. "You'd only start trouble," he said. "After all, it's only a cask of whisky. Let them have their fun."

A careful look about disclosed that there were no drunks among the Missourians or Tennesseans. The Kentuckians, therefore, had been responsible for the theft, and had kept all the whisky for themselves.

Up and down the line, the same question was asked: "Where did they get it?" There was, of course, but one answer—Hubbard's wagon. Feeling that the Kentuckians had cheated them out of something, the Missourians got angry.

"Why didn't they let us in on it?"

"Yeah, why didn't they, th' low-down polecats! Kept it all for themselves."

The fight started, as near as anyone could ever tell, when one of the Kentuckians made an indecent remark to a Missouri woman as she bent to fill a pail from the river.

At first there were only three or four involved, but within minutes the bank of the Pecos was the stage for a free-for-all involving some three dozen men.

Racing to the river, Hubbard, already furious at the Kentuckians, could not resist plunging in himself. Price said that as Hubbard waded in, swinging rights and lefts, he cut a swath through the Kentuckians like a mower scything through a stand of grain.

The Missourians, on whose side Hubbard found himself, were outnumbered, but Hubbard made up for it by flinging Kentuckians into the stream and knocking them cold with his hamlike fists. At one stage of the ruckus he faced half a dozen Kentuckians, according to the recollections of Maynard Price and knocked them down one after the other as they rushed him.

Had the fight been confined to fists, the results would not have been too serious, but soon shooting started, one of the Kentuckians firing first. Al Ruark, running to aid Hubbard, was killed instantly.

The fight ceased abruptly when the wife of a Kentuckian ran in among the combatants screaming that the Indians were about to attack. The caravan had long since left hostile-Indian territory, but her ruse worked. When it was all over, the Tennessean Ruark, two Missourians, and two Kentuckians lay dead. It was some time before the body of still another Kentuckian was found in the river, with a bullet hole in the chest. This made six deaths from gunshot wounds.

Hubbard sat by his wagon sadly shaking his head. He was ashamed of himself for having taken part in the battle, he told Price, but the loss of his whisky had infuriated him.

Colonel Hudson, white-faced and trembling, came up to Hubbard. "This is a most terrible thing that has happened," he said in a quavering voice. "Your men have demonstrated by their conduct that they are not worthy companions for other travelers. We feel we should withdraw our wagons from your train."

"That is the best news I have heard," Hubbard said.

A little later, with their dead on board, the Kentuckians pulled out.

Hubbard climbed onto the seat of his wagon to watch them go by.

From one of the wagons a hatchet-faced woman leaned out and pointed a bony finger at Hubbard. "You devil!" she screamed. "It's you that brought us bad luck, God damn you!" She shook a gnarled fist. As others passed, especially the children, they too screamed defiance at Hubbard.

The two Missourians and Al Ruark were buried by the Pecos with appropriate ceremonies, after which the Missourians and Tennesseans pulled out on the heels of the Kentuckians.

*"No, not an elk's tooth—it's my wife's."*

# "DEVIL IN THE DRIVER'S SEAT"

It is said that in California, years later, the feud the Pecos battle started between the Kentuckians on one side and the Missourians and Tennesseans on the other was carried on, but there is no proof of this. There is no record that any of the two factions ever met again, after their final parting on the California desert.

For eleven more days, the original caravan plodded behind the Kentuckians, sometimes sighting their dust, but never coming within shouting distance of them. Hubbard saw to that. He had had enough of "them damned Kentucks," he said, to last him a lifetime.

El Paso consisted of a huddle of squat one-story adobe houses wedged in between the mountain range and the Rio Grande. Hubbard camped at the river, having found that the Kentuckians had selected a spot north of the town. He gave orders that no one was to leave the camp except under supervision. Those wishing to replenish their supplies or purchase new clothing were placed in charge of Price and Lazare.

They tarried three days, and during that time there were no unpleasant incidents. After the Kentuckians had been gone a day, the Tennesseans and Missourians pulled out. Ahead lay the most dangerous part of their journey.

Three days out of El Paso, Hubbard heard rumors about Piny Shoot. He was told that Piny had sold the barrel of whisky to the Kentuckians.

"I don't believe it," he said, "but I'm certainly going to find out."

Striding up to Piny, who sat before their campfire, he demanded to know the truth.

Piny denied he had sold the whisky. Hubbard was pleased, and was about to denounce the rumormongers when he noticed something in Piny's face that roused his suspicions.

Going back to Alex Waterhouse, who had first passed the information along to him, Hubbard demanded a showdown.

"All right," Waterhouse said, "if you must know, I'll tell you. My own son, Tom, told me. Piny told him, and showed him the money." Sixteen-year-old Tom Waterhouse confirmed his father's statement.

Hubbard walked back to his wagon. "Piny," he said, "Tom Waterhouse tells me you showed him the money you got for that whisky."

Piny suddenly leaped to his feet, as though to back away, but Hubbard caught him in a firm grip. "Is that the truth?"

"Yes. It was my whisky as much as yours. My father owned half the store. I had a right to sell it."

Hubbard's grip on the boy's collar tightened. "I'm not questioning your right to the whisky. You know what my orders were. There is to be no whisky on this journey except as I issue it. By doing what you did, you caused six men to be shot to death."

"They'd have got the whisky anyway," Piny said. "They threatened me."

Hubbard let go with his open palm. Piny spun around and sprawled in the dust, blood trickling from his nostrils.

"You ungrateful fool, you! I ought to whip you!" By the shirt collar he pulled the boy erect and slapped him again, first with his palm and then with the back of his hand, the blows sounding like the crack of a blacksnake. Piny sank to the ground.

For a moment or two Hubbard stood quietly looking down at the youth, then he picked him up bodily and carried him into the tent.

In Arizona in the year 1849 there were two wagon roads west, one up along the Gila River, through Apache country, to the junction of the Gila and the Colorado, where Yuma now stands; the other, shorter and more famous—and the worst—was west to Sonoita, Mexico, then northwest out of Mexico across the corner of Arizona to the mouth of the Gila, where the two roads merged.

Those traveling the northern route were almost certain to encounter murderous Apaches, regardless of the size of the caravan, for the Apaches, unlike the Comanches, struck at anything that moved on wheels.

The southern route through Sonoita, called El Camino del Diablo because of its arid wastes and heat, was free of Indians. But there was one major drawback—the scarcity of water. The only water to be found along the way was the rain run-off that collected in natural rock cavities, and sometimes no rain fell for weeks on end.

On a day in mid-August, the Hubbard-Savage caravan of Missourians and Tennesseans reached the parting of the ways. They had heard already from a Santa Fe trader that the Kentuckians had taken the northern route. The question was raised: should they also take the northern route and risk the possibility of fighting Apaches, or should they choose the shorter Camino del Diablo and gamble on the water supply?

There was a division of opinion, and it became apparent that a vote would have to be taken.

Captain Savage, a man of quick decision, climbed upon his wagon and addressed the crowd. It was the first time during the journey that he had shown any initiative. "I do not wish to quarrel with Captain Hubbard over the relative merits of the two routes," he said, "but I do know I would rather fight savages than die of thirst. I hear the Camino del Diablo is strewn with skeletons bleaching in the hot sun. There is no water to be had except from infrequent showers. I for one vote for the route along the Gila."

Captain Hubbard gave his wife's hand an assuring pat. He stood up, a tall, impressive figure. During the journey he had grown a shiny black beard and had let his dark hair grow.

"Fellow travelers," he began, "it is your right to say which way you will go to California—north or south. But let me tell you this: these damned Apaches here in Arizona are the worst savages on the entire continent. They are cunning devils and do not hesitate to murder women and children. If we were a caravan of men, I would say take the northern route and fight them. But I have my wife and little one to think of. Would it not be better to go a few days without water than to expose your loved ones to such beasts? I vote for El Camino del Diablo!"

A short burst of applause greeted his announcement, but it was evident that the emigrants were still divided.

The ballots were collected and counted. Of the eighty-six adults, fifty favored the northern route and only thirty-six for El Camino del Diablo.

Hubbard then called for a standing vote, and it was apparent that each emigrant had voted the way his captain, Savage or Hubbard had indicated he was going to vote.

"Very well," said Hubbard, "my people vote to go with me and yours with you. We will split the train and go our separate ways."

Captain Savage was not pleased at this and tried to persuade Hubbard to alter his decision, but upon realizing that nothing could change Hubbard's mind once it was made up, he agreed to the separation, saying there was nothing else he could do.

Taking command of his wagons once more, Savage said he would wait for another group of emigrants before proceeding, for he would not feel safe crossing Apache country with only twelve wagons.

"I'll not have to wait," Hubbard told him happily. "We'll have no Indians to worry about. We'll beat you to the Colorado by many days."

Hubbard personally had preferred the northern route, but his wife had influenced his decision. With her first-born not quite a year old, and another on the way, she feared she would not be strong enough to face the terror of an Indian attack. Hubbard had merely voiced her opinion before calling for the vote.

Farewells were said and each group wished the other a speedy and safe journey.

As Hubbard waved his wagons toward Sonoita, Mexico, he cried, "And may God be with us!" Later he was to say, in the same spirit of his remark about unheard prayers at the journey's inception, "God got lost along the way."

El Camino del Diablo was first established in 1699 by Father Kino. For more than 150 years it was little used, until the Spaniards and Mexicans traveling to Yuma reopened it. In spite of its intense heat and lack of water, they preferred it to the northern route through Arizona. But these travelers adequately prepared for the journey by loading many mules with casks of water. Gold-crazed Forty-niners, anxious to reach California by any route, made no such extra preparations. They usually prayed fervently for rain and trusted the Lord to see them through. The report of the Boundary Commission issued in 1857 states that "during the few years that this road was much traveled, over 400 persons perished of thirst between Sonoita and Yuma, a record probably without parallel in North America."

As the Tennesseans neared Sonoita, three horsemen rode out of a grove of cottonwood trees. They were poorly clad, but in spite of their tattered clothing, they rode superb horses and carried the most up-to-date pistols.

One of them detached himself from the others and swung his horse alongside Hubbard's wagon. "You folks want any guides to Yuma? We've been over El Camino del Diablo many times."

Hubbard surveyed the stranger, noticing his clothing and pistols. "That all depends. Is it really necessary that we have guides? I hear the road is plainly marked."

The horseman explained that there were long stretches where shifting sands filled the wagon ruts and sometimes completely obliterated all signs of a road for miles.

"How about water?" Hubbard inquired.

"There'll be water. Always is, if it rains. But you'd better take some along."

Hubbard told him that every cooking utensil, pot, and pan that would hold water had been filled. Each wagon carried from three to five casks.

"Then you've nothing to worry about," the stranger assured him.

Hubbard called Price and Lazare and conferred briefly with them.

"What's your proposition?" Lazare asked the guide, who was a florid powerful man, with heavy rust-colored whiskers and a beaklike nose.

"We'll go along for our grub. That fair enough?"

Having been told that guides were unobtainable at any price, Lazare was somewhat surprised. "Are you a professional guide?"

The fellow rubbed up his mustaches with the palm of his hand. "Been a guide with the First U. S. Dragoons. We just brought a Santa Fe trader's wagons over the northern route through Injun country. We want to get back west, but we'd like to eat on the way."

Hubbard said it was a deal. The caravan would feed the men in return for their services to the Colorado. The spokesman for the trio was Jake Fleagle; he introduced his pals, Charley Free and Francisco Morales. Hubbard considered himself fortunate indeed. With the strangers' help, El Camino del Diablo would be just another pencil scratch on the map.

Since the cuffing Hubbard had administered to Piny for selling whisky to the Kentuckians, Piny had not been friendly. For the past several days, he had been riding back with the Zahners, on the excuse that he wanted to avoid annoying Mrs. Hubbard, who was not feeling well.

Hubbard had said nothing about this new arrangement, thinking that he would soon have a talk with Piny and try to straighten him out on a few things.

On the second morning after the caravan set out for Sonoita, Hubbard heard hoofs pounding by and saw Piny and the Zahner boy flash past on the two ponies Zahner had brought along. The boys galloped forward to join the three guides, their intention evidently being to ride at the head of the caravan, a privilege reserved for guides and other designated persons.

"Get back to your places, you two!" Hubbard shouted. "Ride back there where you belong."

Piny swung out of line and faced Hubbard. "What's the difference where we ride? We're no longer in Indian country."

"I'm not arguing with you, Piny. Get back there, both of you."

At mealtime that evening, Piny filled his plate and went to sit with the three guides, who remained apart from the emigrants. This was his way of annoying Hubbard.

An adventurous young man to whom the vast, wide-open spaces of the West had a special appeal, Piny seemed during the next few days to have found in the rough, unsociable guides the type of men he admired, for he ate all his meals with them and spent as much time as possible in their company.

It was Zahner's plea which caused Hubbard to relax his rules governing those wishing the place of honor at the head of the caravan. Piny and the Zahner boy rode up there constantly, now that they had Hubbard's permission.

The heat was becoming more oppressive by the hour as the caravan moved deeper into Mexico. It was so hot, Price wrote later, that all the axle grease ran out of the wagon wheels.

At the river the pots and kettles were again filled, along with the casks, and a fresh start was made. In the distance, the heat devils danced and not a living thing moved. The country was uninteresting, rocky and bare of vegetation, except for greasewood and occasional clumps of mesquite.

On the third day after leaving Sonoita, Hubbard, weary of the monotonous grind, made a remark that was to find its way, in most cases improperly quoted, into the history books of the Southwest. He cried out in despair: "I can't see what God Almighty made so much land for!"

The intense heat slowed the caravan's progress. Heretofore

5.

6.

7.

it had been making from fifteen to eighteen miles a day; now the pace dropped to eight miles.

On the fourth day out of Sonoita, a horseman caught up with the caravan to inform Hubbard the Missourians had changed their minds and were trailing him by a few miles. On the day the Tennesseans left, word had come through that the Kentuckians had been set upon by Apaches. Half the people of the caravan had been massacred. Putting up a desperate resistance, the remaining members had escaped with their lives by traveling at night. The Missourians thereupon had prevailed upon Captain Savage to follow Hubbard.

Hubbard called a halt to wait for the Missourians. There was no shade and the heat of the day was almost unbearable, but when night came on the travelers were more comfortable.

The Missourians overhauled the Tennesseans at 9 o'clock the next morning, with their water supplies already running low. They had not taken the precaution of filling all available containers and Hubbard was alarmed. But there was nothing he could do about it, for no water was in sight.

The next day, the travelers came upon the first grim evidence of the human toll which El Camino del Diablo exacted of those who defied its many hardships. They saw carcasses of animals bleaching in the sun and three crude crosses marked the graves of those who had perished of thirst. On one of the crosses someone had written, "Lucy Crane, 1820-1849, beloved wife of Jim Crane, died here on this spot for lack of water, God Rest Her Soul." The other crosses were unmarked.

By the next day, the Tennesseans were sharing their water supplies with the Missourians. That same day, the caravan crossed back into Arizona, and over a distance of eight miles sighted twenty-seven graves.

The last of the water was used the following morning for coffee. The animals had had no water for two days.

All that day, the teams strained at the harness as though hopeful of reaching some oasis in the distance. Nightfall found the travelers camped in a dry riverbed.

On the theory that water traveled beneath a dry river, a hole was dug several feet deep, the men working in relays in the light of campfires, but no water was found. Instead, a hard layer of impenetrable rock defied their picks.

During the night, shifting sands blown along the riverbed by a hot breeze added to the discomfort of the sleepers. The rising wind, believed to be a harbinger of rain, cheered everyone, but when day dawned there was not a cloud in the sky and the sun blazed hotter than ever.

It was that afternoon when Mrs. Hubbard's baby was born prematurely, an ordeal that taxed both her strength and courage. The lack of water complicated matters. The child did not live and was buried by the roadside.

Though the pace was slow, one of Charley Hostetter's horses gave out and dropped in its tracks. All the buffalo meat had spoiled in the heat, so the animal was shot and dressed, each wagon receiving a portion.

By evening, children were crying for water and there was none.

Hubbard had no patience for the Missourians. Captain Savage's failure to take on extra water was a threat to the safety of the entire caravan. The Missourians had consumed the extra water Hubbard's wagons carried and now the party faced the possibility of dying for lack of it.

That evening there was no water with which to prepare the meals. Horse meat was broiled over the coals.

Hubbard summoned Fleagle.

"There is bound to be a little water ahead somewhere, is there not, Mr. Fleagle?" he inquired hopefully.

Fleagle shook his head slowly. "You'll be lucky to find water two days from now," he said.

His statement resulted in a minor panic.

The next morning Mrs. Hubbard died from an infection which had spread rapidly through her dehydrated body.

Heartbroken and despondent over her loss, Hubbard told Price he had no desire to go on. "Leave me here beside her and continue," he pleaded.

"But you have your baby to think about," Price reminded him. "The entire caravan is depending upon you."

Hubbard shook himself, as though to clear away a fog. Rising, he addressed the others. "If you have a will to live," he said, "you will not die. We will find find water before the day is over."

The Hostetters took over the care of Hubbard's baby and with heavy hearts and parched throats the pioneers headed once more into the trackless wastelands.

Cal Hubbard had exerted a great deal of persuasion before his wife agreed to go west, and now he felt guilty, as though his own selfish ambitions had killed her. It was a blow he had least expected and he felt his loss deeply. Those riding directly behind his wagon saw him mop his eyes repeatedly. Rather than suffer with him, they turned their heads away to look hopefully at the sky.

There were still four riders at the head of the caravan—Piny Shoot and the three guides. The Zahner boy had dropped back.

Hubbard saw a head bob up, then Zahner climbed into the seat beside him.

"Cal," Zahner said, "I believe there is something wrong. I know how you feel and it's a bad time to mention it, but it's serious."

"Go on," Hubbard urged. "What is it now?"

Zahner called Hubbard's attention to the fact that they had seen no wagon ruts or other signs of a road for two days. He believed they were off their course. Even though El Camino del Diablo was from three to five miles wide, he thought surely there would be an occasional sign, such as the remains of campfires, the droppings of animals, and carcasses. They had seen no bones or graves for more than forty-eight hours.

Hubbard's eyes searched in vain for signs, but he saw only a flat, dry uninviting vastness unmarked by either animal or man, and beyond that a blazing sky.

He conferred at once with Fleagle, but the senior guide assured him they were on their course. They were traveling in the general direction of Yuma, as indicated by the sun's position.

"What's our chances of finding water today?"

Fleagle assured him that ahead a few miles they would find a steep incline of solid rock, formed by an old lava flow. There were crevices in the rock several feet deep which held water almost the year round and he was certain the supply would be adequate for their needs. He had found plenty of water there on his last trip, he said.

Zahner passed the word along that water would be reached before the day was over and those still able to exercise their lungs cheered lustily. But the lips and tongues of many had already swollen to the point where any vocal expression was an effort.

Some of the draft animals became so listless that they had to be lashed to keep them moving, but at best the pace was no more than a mile or so an hour.

"Water! Water!"

As the day drew on toward a close the cry went up from wagon to wagon.

Hubbard drew rein and invited all to come forward bearing tin cups.

He brought out his last cask of whisky, a small one containing about three gallons, and drove the bung home. Into each cup he poured three fingers of the firey liquid.

"Don't gulp it," he told them. "Sip it."

When all had been served, a little remained. Hubbard poured himself a slug and divided the rest.

The whisky was wet and it helped to brighten the spirits for a time; it even made a few hilariously drunk, but it did not take the place of water. When its effect wore off, the craving for water was even more pronounced.

At sundown the caravan was barely crawling and there was no water in sight.

"It's going on the third day," Hubbard told Price. "Human beings can't survive much longer than that without water."

He conferred again with Fleagle.

"Five more miles," Fleagle estimated.

Again the word was passed down the line that water lay only five miles ahead. Those who still had command of their voices cheered, but there were fewer of them now, for lips and tongues had swollen painfully during the afternoon.

Hubbard was finding his own tongue thick. "If I die," he told Price, "you take charge."

Cheered on, the emigrants made a superhuman effort, but the animals could not be hurried.

There was a bright moon that night and Hubbard kept the caravan moving until 10 o'clock, when he realized he had driven both men and animals beyond the limit of endurance.

"You and your water!" Hubbard accused Fleagle. "I don't think you have any more of an idea where we are than I do. We're stopping here and it's up to you to find water."

Fleagle said he had misjudged the distance, but it couldn't be many more miles. He and his companions would ride ahead. "Give us your canteens and we'll bring back enough to sustain your people tonight."

"How about the stock?" Hubbard asked. "These animals need water as badly as we do."

"Unhitch your horses and oxen," Fleagle proposed. "We'll drive them to water."

"And let them scatter all over the desert?" Hubbard asked.

"They're too tired for that," Fleagle told him. "We can round them up in the morning."

Hubbard passed the word along for everybody to unhitch their teams and free all animals. "And turn your canteens over to the guides," he ordered. "They are going to return with water." He then went from wagon to wagon inquiring about the condition of the emigrants.

"Water! Please, some water!" The words were a faint whisper from a Missouri woman who appeared to be near death.

Three children, their tongues swollen so tightly in their mouths they could scarcely breathe, lay stretched on the ground.

Hubbard promised only that the guides had gone for water and would be back soon. When he talked with Price a few moments later, he was skeptical. He said Fleagle might be far off the course, even though he had assured him otherwise.

Suddenly Hubbard began calling for Piny. He was told that Piny had ridden off with the guides. In fact, Piny had helped gather the canteens.

"He did, eh?" Hubbard grinned at Price in spite of his swollen lips. When he spoke again there was a ring of pride in his voice. "Good boy, Piny. He's tough. Tougher than I am."

The hours dragged by. One o'clock. Two o'clock. Still no guides, and no sign of them.

"Water!"

Up and down the line of wagons the word was heard over and over again.

"Water!"

Hubbard bore it as long as he could. "I'm going to find out why they're not back," he told Price. "Take over."

Price tried to dissuade him, but it did no good.

"I'm going," Hubbard said. "Don't try and stop me."

He lunged off into the moonlight, walking crookedly. Stumbling at times over rocks, he kept going in spite of his weakened condition.

Sighting ahead a bulky shape, he walked up to it. It was one of his own horses, too weak to take another step. He gently patted its neck and went on.

He next came upon two oxen, both down. One appeared to be dying.

Within a short time he saw other animals, some standing listlessly, others lying down. He was sure that some were dead, or were in the throes of death.

"Piny!" His voice was but a feeble croak in the night. "Piny!"

There was no answer. Ahead he heard the mournful bellow of an ox.

Removing one of his pistols, he fired it into the air. He thought there was an answering shot, but decided it was only an echo.

He did not want to go back without water. If there was water ahead, as Fleagle had said, he meant to find it.

Trudging on, he noticed there were no more oxen or horses. Nothing but a dry, vast landscape that was suddenly devoid of moonlight.

Darkness enveloped him.

When he opened his eyes again it was daylight, and he was soaking wet. It was raining.

Water at last, sent from the heavens! There were muddy pools everywhere, and off to his left a little creek ran full from bank to bank.

When it rains in southwestern Arizona, the effect is like the opening of floodgates. Every dry streambed becomes a rushing, roaring river. And that's what had happened during those last hours of the night.

Hubbard drank his fill of the sweet, muddy water and immediately his stomach rejected it. He promptly drank more.

Presently he began feeling better and started walking back the way he had come. He came upon several animals that had not survived the night, but the others were scattered along the rushing creek, some standing knee-deep in water and obviously enjoying it. Others were browsing on dead grass.

When he arrived in camp, he found some of the emigrants bustling about, filling pails and casks, but many still were on their backs. The gift from the skies had come too late for others. During the middle of the night, twelve had died. Seven of them were Missourians, including Captain Asa Savage. Those of his own caravan who had not survived were Doris Ruark, Mrs. Cora Zahner, the two Ryan children, and Charley Hostetter.

"And where are the guides?" Hubbard inquired. "Where is Piny?"

No one knew. They had not returned.

Calling for volunteers, Hubbard sent half a dozen men to round up the stock.

When the horses had been brought in, those appearing to be in the best condition were saddled and five men were dispatched to search for the guides and Piny.

Some of the oxen were still in poor condition and Hubbard decided to establish a camp. The loss of stock which had died before the rain left three of the wagons without pulling power. All available horses, including the saddle animals, would have to be used if the entire caravan moved again. This would leave not one spare animal.

After four hours of steady riding, the searchers returned. Because of the rain, they had been unable to find any tracks. If the guides and Piny had become lost, Hubbard reasoned, it was unlikely that all would have perished, for the rain would have saved them, as it had saved the others.

Hubbard sent riders east and west to search for El Camino del Diablo.

## IT'S ONLY YOUR IMAGINATION

HAVING THE BOSS TO DINNER

Meanwhile, bedding that had been soaked by the downpour was dried and tents were pitched. Now that rain had fallen, there would be a plentiful water supply for several days and Hubbard planned to spend at least two more nights at the caravan's present location to give both animals and travelers a breathing spell. Forage for the oxen and horses in this dry, hot climate was practically nonexistent, but most of the wagons carried oat straw for an emergency and these supplies had hardly been touched, due to the fine grass that had been so plentiful across the Texas plains.

It became apparent before nightfall that one of the Missouri women (unnamed in the records) would not recover from her suffering. She died shortly before sundown, bringing the death toll to thirteen.

Because of their weakened condition, Hubbard had not asked the men to dig graves. He was putting the task off until the following day. The bodies lay in a row, covered with spare blankets.

With the whole camp in mourning, it was a sad place, Price related. Not even the disappearance of the guides and Piny was given much thought, unless by Hubbard himself who, in spite of Piny's unwholesome character, retained a secret affection for the youth he had practically adopted.

The three men who had ridden west returned at midnight to report the discovery of a well-marked wagon road, some fifteen miles distant, which they believed to be El Camino del Diablo. Since there was no other route in that part of the country, it appeared certain that the caravan had been fifteen miles east of its course.

The pair who had been sent east returned later to report they had found no sign of a road. Instead, they had encountered a range of mountains, through which there appeared to be no pass. (These are believed to have been the Gila Mountains.)

Having established his position, Hubbard decided to pull out the next morning, providing all the patients were sufficiently recovered.

During the night there was a disturbance in one of the tents. A Missouri woman began screaming hysterically that she had heard moaning among the dead, and insisted that someone investigate. With a lantern in his hand, Captain Hubbard went from body to body, but found all the corpses cold. He advised the woman to go back to sleep and stop thinking of the tragedy.

The next morning a trench to accommodate the thirteen bodies was dug and a mass funeral was held, with Captain Hubbard reading from the Bible. He selected chapter 14 of St. John:

" 'Let not your heart be troubled: yet believe in God, believe also in me. . . . In my Father's house are many mansions. . . . And if I go and prepare a place for you—' "

Leaving their dead behind in this barren land they would never see again, the pioneers turned their faces westward, to hope and dream anew of a happier life in California. They were of sturdy stock, these first westerners.

There was no mistake about the new-found road being El Camino del Diablo, for almost immediately Hubbard's stricken caravan encountered more bleaching carcasses and crude crosses. Now that the travelers had experienced a soul-searing tragedy of their own, such sights as they came across held no terror, for they had lived through worse.

But where was Piny, and where were the guides?

Hubbard told Price he believed the guides had discovered their error, but too late to save the wagon train, and had decided to escape with their own lives.

"What about Piny?"

"I don't like to say it," Hubbard said, "but I believe Piny went with them. The way I've got it figured out, Fleagle was uncertain of his location. Rather than admit it, he kept talking about that stretch of lava rock where he said we would find water. He thought it was five miles ahead. When we'd gone nearly ten and didn't come to it, he realized he was lost. As a last gesture, he drove our cattle and horses away and then he abandoned them. He knew we could not move another mile without them and believed we would perish during the night. Then he and the others, including Piny, struck out for El Camino del Diablo. They knew they wouldn't make it if they strung along with us, so they ran for their own lives, and if ever I lay my hands on Piny, so help me God I'll kill him!"

As though to confirm Hubbard's theory, the lava-rock formation came into view around the next bend. It stretched back from the road, rising gradually like the steps of a giant stairway, and each step was now a pool of brown water left by the storm.

Hubbard ordered camp made near by so that the animals could drink their fill.

A little way from the pools, the remains of a rained-out campfire were found and near the charred sticks a canteen hung from the branch of a mesquite tree.

"Why, that's one of my canteens," Hubbard said when it was shown to him. "It was one Piny carried." He unscrewed the top and discovered it was half filled with clear water.

He poured a little of the water in the palm of his hand and touched his tongue to it. He turned and looked at Price, a strange expression having come into his face. "This water came from Sonoita," he said. "It has that peculiar sulphur taste to it, and it's clear, which means it was not dipped from a desert pool."

Price understood. Hubbard meant that the canteen Piny had carried away with him when he left with the guides had been filled with water at the time. Piny somehow had managed to hoard water for himself and never at any time had suffered for the lack of it.

Near the fire were four layers of mesquite leaves which had served as beds. Piny and the three guides had camped here, likely bunking down before the rain set in. When the rain came, washing out their fire, they had moved on, and in their haste to get away, Piny had forgotten his canteen, grim evidence of his selfishness.

As Hubbard looked at the evidence, he trembled with a violent anger. But he made no further comment, not even when Price sought to draw from him some indication of what he intended to do about it.

The next day the caravan rolled on toward the Gila. Fully recovered now from their ordeal in the desert, the travelers' spirits rose. They wanted to forget what lay behind, though it was hard to forget loved ones.

Charley Hostetter's team was now driven by his eldest daughter, Ella May. All twenty-three of the wagons had come through, though some were without the drivers who started with them. Nine of Hubbard's original party of Tennesseans were dead, as were eleven Missourians. Not all had died on El Camino del Diablo, but the Devil's Highway had taken most of them.

Later that afternoon Price sighted a riderless horse in the desert and notified Hubbard, who told him to unhitch his horses and go with Lazare to bring it in.

When they approached the animal they saw that it bore a saddle. They found Charley Free, one of the guides, lying near by, seriously wounded. He said he had been shot by Jake Fleagle, following a quarrel.

Brought in, he was questioned by Hubbard.

Realizing that he was near death, Free told how Fleagle had planned to scuttle the caravan, so that he and his comrades could come back and loot it after all the emigrants had died of thirst. He had purposely led the train astray, far off the road, so that it could not reach water in time to stave off death.

Free said Fleagle had prepared for this by having Piny fill several canteens from the last of the water and hang them on the radius rod beneath Hubbard's wagon. When the stock and travelers finally reached the limit of their endurance, he proposed to forsake them and return in two days to harvest the loot. He figured that among the travelers there would be at least $20,000 in cash, and by leading them off the beaten path, the disaster would not be discovered immediately by other travelers, thus saving the rich harvest for himself and companions.

Fleagle had needed Piny's help in filling and concealing the canteens, but planned to do away with the youth later. Free said Piny had been so gullible that he had readily agreed to the plan on a four-way split.

Everything went off as planned, except that the stock, which Fleagle had hoped to drive far into the desert, went only two miles and then refused to budge.

Certain that the caravan could not save itself, even though it recovered its animals, Fleagle struck out for the lava rock,

the only sure water supply in the region, twenty miles away. They found scarcely enough water left in one pool, Free said, to satisfy their own needs. Soon after they had made camp, a few drops of rain fell. Then came the downpour, washing out their fire and drenching them.

Realizing that the rain had saved the caravan, Fleagle decided to tarry no longer. They started at daybreak for the Gila. On the way, Free accused Fleagle of mismanaging the whole affair and wanted to go back, pretending they themselves had become lost. But Fleagle refused. They quarreled and Free threatened to go back alone, he said. Fleagle drew his pistol and fired as Free put spurs to his horse. The other three conspirators followed him for a distance, then suddenly turned back and he saw no more of them.

Fleagle's bullet had struck Free in the back and after riding a short distance he became too weak to stay in the saddle. Believing he was about to die, he led his horse off the road a short distance and there he had remained throughout the night and far into the next day. He had tried once more to mount, but was too weak. Finally he settled down to spend another night and wait for Hubbard's caravan. He had had water, but no food.

"Are you telling the truth about Piny?" Hubbard asked. "He was not forced to do these things, was he?"

"No, he agreed to it from the start."

Hubbard rose and strode to his wagon. "See that this man gets the best of care," he told Price. "I want him to live until he faces Piny." But in spite of everything that was done for Free, he died that night.

The next day Hubbard literally drove the caravan with a whip in his hand. He was indeed "that devil in the driver's seat."

"His anger was seething," Price wrote. "He was boiling over and for a righteous cause."

At the junction of the Gila and the Colorado rivers, camp was made, for it was necessary for the cattle and horses, which were galled and skinny, to be rested for a few days.

After the Tennesseans had been two days in camp, the Kentucky group arrived. Of the original twenty-three wagons, only seventeen reached the Colorado. Twenty-one men, women, and children had been killed during the fight with the Apaches, including Colonel Hudson himself. Five others had died along the way and several others were suffering from serious wounds.

The Missourians and Tennesseans quickly forgot their feud with the Kentuckians and pitched in to do all they could. What medical supplies were available were turned over to those who undertook the task of nursing the injured. Most serious were infected arrow wounds, which were treated with a remedy furnished by the Yumas. Miraculously the green salve soon relieved the pain and reduced the swelling. Within a few days all the patients except one was on the way to recovery. The exception, a boy of 14, who had received an arrow deep in the shoulder, died on the fourth day after his arrival.

Word reached Hubbard that another tribe of Yumas from downriver were on the warpath and he became restless. He wanted to move on at once and urged his followers to be prepared.

The meat from the oxen which had perished of thrist was now gone, having spoiled along the way. Hubbard's caravan had no others for meat, but the Kentuckians had four spare animals.

Hubbard told Price he believed it would be a convenient arrangement if the Kentuckians could be induced to accompany them, for he saw no other way of procuring meat for the next stage of the journey. Price learned that the Kentuckians would be delighted to rejoin the Missourians and Tennesseans under Captain Hubbard. Inquiries meanwhile failed to reveal any trace of Piny and the two guides.

The crossing of the Colorado required most of one day, for each wagon had to be driven onto a flimsy ferry operated by the Yumas and taken across separately.

After the crossing, the caravan traveled south for only a few hours and prepared for the ordeal of the sand dunes. Captain Hubbard had talked with two traders and from them had gained considerable knowledge of the pass. He warned the travelers that they would have to walk for three days and put their shoulders to the wheels.

To lighten the wagons as much as possible, barely enough water was carried to see the emigrants through, and none for the animals.

Except for the ordeal of El Camino del Diablo, Hubbard said later, the crossing of the sand dunes was the most trying experience of the entire journey. For three days the animals and travelers alike labored in a merciless sun, pulling, pushing, lifting. Wheels would sink to their axles in the white sands and the entire wagon would have to be lifted out by manpower. Sweating from their labors, the men required more water than had been anticipated and the supply ran low.

Price declared in his articles for the San Francisco *Bulletin* that he could have written a book about the remainder of the journey to San Jose, California, but didn't because he would have to "remember too much." Quoting vital statistics, which he seemed to have the time and patience to record, six babies were born on the way and there were two deaths.

In the California desert, the Kentuckians took the route to San Diego and the Tennesseans and Missourians headed northward, arriving in San Jose on December 7, 1849.

The primary objective of the Tennesseans was Sutter's Fort, but the Missourians had set out to make a settlement and here at San Jose they found a wide, fertile valley waiting for them.

Though the journey from San Jose to Sutter's Fort could easily have been made in two weeks, the Tennesseans tarried three months on the way, and no explanation is given. It is possible they stopped along the banks of the Sacramento to trap

*"If I gave you a raise, Murdock would want one, too . . . then Jones, of course . . . then Kelly'd want one. Then I'd want one—and I don't deserve a raise; I'm getting plenty now."*

beaver and other fur-bearing animals, which were plentiful in the region, or they could have been delayed by illness, or held up by the need to repair their decrepit wagons.

In any event, on March 17, 1850, Hubbard looked for the first time upon what had been Sutter's Fort, but which was now called Sacramento. He had been ten months and five days getting there.

Thousands of gold-hungry men had poured into the river town to outfit for the diggings. Gold seekers were camped along the riverbank in tents, in box houses, and even under trees. Bearded men strode along the muddy streets packing six-shooters. Fandango halls, gambling houses, and saloons were crowded.

All eleven wagons from Tennessee had made the journey from Memphis, but were now falling apart. Anxious to dig for gold, their owners either sold them or left them standing and hurried off to the hills.

Hubbard found a nursing home for little Rose Marie, who had stood the journey as well as anyone, and with Price and Lazare moved to Placerville, where it was reported gold nuggets were being panned by the bushel. They staked claims on Hangtown Creek, but these holdings produced little of the yellow metal.

"Hell," Hubbard said, "I guess I was never meant to be a rich man. What this town needs is a lodginghouse that the bedbugs haven't taken over. I've got just enough money left to build one."

While Hubbard was busy constructing his lodginghouse, Price dabbled in real estate. He obtained options on many of the vacant lots in the town and sold them at a good profit. Lazare took up gambling as a profitable occupation.

Hubbard had his lodginghouse in operation by the late fall of 1850 and every room was occupied. He regretted that he had not made it larger to accommodate those he had to turn away. Among his guests were such distinguished visitors as Dr. Robert Semple, editor of the *Californian;* James Marshall, who discovered gold at Coloma; E. C. Kemble, editor of the *Star*, and later Mark Twain and Bret Harte.

In June of 1851, Hubbard wrote the Bank of Memphis, stating that he was unaware of Piny Shoot's whereabouts and inquired if the bank had heard from him.

It was the end of February, 1852, when the reply came. The bank informed Hubbard that it had heard from Shoot in November of 1850, through Dennis Currey, a lawyer of 44 Market Street, San Francisco. A copy of the letter from Currey was inclosed. Currey had stated that to the best of Piny Shoot's knowledge, Hubbard, his guardian, was dead, and demanded that the trust fund be turned over to Shoot. This the bank refused to do, on the grounds that Shoot would not be 21 until June of 1852. One of the provisions of the trust was that it was to be held until the beneficiary was of age, unless meantime Hubbard saw fit to release it.

"Piny's in San Francisco," Hubbard told Price in the latter's office a few minutes after he had received the letter. "I am going down there."

In San Francisco two days later, lawyer Currey, who was one of the leaders of the Vigilantes, said Shoot had engaged him in July of 1850 to represent him in the proceedings, saying he would get in touch with him at some later date. Currey was still waiting for Shoot to contact him.

"Have you some notion of opposing the proceedings?" Currey asked.

"None whatever," Hubbard replied. "But if Shoot should appear, tell him I am waiting in Placerville for him. It is very important."

Upon Hubbard's return to Placerville, he found Price pacing the floor of his office.

"Your trip to San Francisco was not necessary," Price said. "Piny Shoot is right here in Placerville. I saw him two nights ago on the street. He was in company with a couple of rough-looking characters. They all carried six-shooters.'

Hubbard's thick-jowled face looked thunderstruck. "The devil you did!"

Hubbard returned to the hotel to arm himself. For the remainder of that day and far into the night he haunted the saloons along Main Street, but saw nothing of Piny Shoot.

For a week he continued his vigil night and day, "sleeping by spurts," as Mark Twain wrote in the *Alta Californian*. Almost at any time over a twenty-four-hour period he could be seen prowling the streets, going in and out of saloons and standing for long periods on street corners, his eyes scanning faces and prying into passing vehicles.

Hubbard was not quite 34, but looked 45, the Camino del Diablo ordeal having aged him considerably. His black beard, which he now wore as a Van Dyke, was streaked with gray and there was gray at his temples.

One morning Hubbard met the Overland Stage to collect a package of linens he had ordered from San Francisco. He stopped briefly to talk with Philip D. Armour, who ran a small butchershop in the center of town. Armour was later to attain fame as a meat packer.

Several passengers descended from the stage. Suddenly Hubbard cut short something he was saying to Armour.

The butcher looked toward the stage, curious as to why Hubbard had ceased speaking. "Expecting someone, Cal?"

"No," Hubbard said, "I wasn't. But I think someone I want to see very badly got off. Will you excuse me, sir?"

As Piny Shoot walked down the street, Hubbard followed him. Without looking back, or realizing he was being followed, Shoot stepped into a saloon.

Returning quickly to his rooming house, Hubbard strapped on his six-shooters.

Ten minutes later, as he approached the saloon, Shoot stepped out.

Recognition was instant. Without the slightest hesitation, Piny Shoot reached for his weapon.

Hubbard fired from the hip. Piny reeled back against the door and slowly sank to his knees. His six-shooter dropped from his hand and he lay over on his side.

Walking up to the youth, Hubbard saw that Piny's eyes were still open.

Contemptuously, he said, "Piny, this is the kind of thing we do to traitors." He fired a bullet into the youth's head, turned on his heels, and strode off.

A half hour later, Hubbard was taken before the alcalde, or justice of the peace, to explain his act. But no explanation was needed, for two miners, Jim Fiske and O. L. Oury, quickly identified the body as that of one of a party of three who had held them up in their diggings the week before, robbing them at gunpoint of their store of gold nuggets. In the pockets of the dead man the alcalde found two pokes stuffed with nuggets.

Though he was to become wealthy, Hubbard never actually panned a dollar's worth of gold, according to Price. He sold his rooming house in 1858 and, like many another disappointed gold seeker, went into the merchandise business in Sacramento.

Hubbard finally realized his ambition to help build a railroad when he and other Sacramento merchants backed Theodore Dehone Judah, the engineer who constructed the Central Pacific Railroad, later to become the Southern Pacific. Though the original road was controlled by the "Big Four"—Mark Hopkins, Charles Crocker, C. P. Huntington, and Leland Stanford—Hubbard sold his interests in 1869 for a sizable sum. He died in San Francisco in 1874 at the age of 56, leaving his wealth to his daughter, Rose Marie, then 25, who later became the bride of E. A. Bennett.

Francisco Morales was never heard of again, but the list of casualties issued by the Army following a battle between the Union forces and Indians in Apache Pass, in Arizona, in July of 1862, carries the name of Jake Fleagle, a guide, as having been killed. Whether this was the same man who plotted the destruction of Hubbard's wagon train thirteen years before is not known. But it likely was, for Hubbard, so far as known, made no report of Fleagle's treachery. He seems to have saved his vengeance solely for Piny Shoot, the youth who set him on the road to California and then betrayed his trust.—**Tom Bailey**

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